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PRIZE OFFERED FOR A HYMN.

A PRIZE HYMN WANTED.

"The Rocky Mountain Presbyterian," (Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., Editor, Denver, Colorado), is authorized to offer a PRIZE of *one hundred dollars* (\$100), for the best Home Mission HYMN, suitable for public worship; also, a PRIZE of *fifty Dollars* (\$50), for the best Home Mission POEM, of not less than 48 lines. The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as a committee of award: Rev. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, D. D., Rev. IRENÆUS PRIME, D. D., and the Rev. THOMAS S. HASTINGS, D. D., all of the City of New York. Contestants will address the Rev. Dr. HATFIELD, on or before July 1st 1875, attaching a *nom de plume* to their hymn, or poem, and giving their true name in a sealed envelope. Honorable mention will be made of the more meritorious hymns and poems. Should forty or fifty suitable hymns be contributed, they will be published in a small volume, as a Home Mission Collection of Hymns. All the manuscripts forwarded to be at the disposal of the "Rocky Mountain Presbyterian."

POETS MUST DISCRIMINATE. We have noted the generous offer of Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson of prizes of \$100 and \$50, respectively, for the two best Home Mission hymns and poems, *the latter* to be "of not less than forty-eight lines." We fear that many of the contestants may overlook the fact that this restriction is to be applied to the "poem," and not to the "hymn." We shall commiserate our editorial brother if this discrimination is not made. Think of giving out in these days a hymn of twelve verses! He must have required no common boldness to have offered such prizes; but even a "Rocky Mountain Presbyterian" would not have had the temerity to suggest that any well-regulated church could stand, or choir could sing, a hymn of more than four verses. Twelve verses would cause a "strike" in most of our orchestras!

OUR COUNTRY.

At the Home Missionary meeting of the Assembly a large map of the United States was stretched across the end of the church. Its broad expanse showing St. Louis, Kansas City, Leavenworth and Omaha, as east of the center of the country, was a most telling speech as to the greatness of the land yet to be possessed for Christ. My Country's Portrait! on yon canvas wide,
Her bold, bright features greet my raptured eyes;
A mighty ocean rolls on either side,
And here and there her dark-browed mountains rise.

There are her rivers! broad and deep and wide,
Mid wooded banks, or mid the prairie vast.
There glides the stream New England's loving child
Remembers well, where'er his lot be cast.
At Oregon, or where the golden mine
Allures his steps from home and kindred dear,
His thoughts, beloved Connecticut, are thine.
He to thy mem'ry sheds the frequent tear,
And hears, in dreams, the music of thy waves,
Which sigh from near his fathers' graves.

America! my country, dear thou art,
Not only in the spot that gave me birth;
Thou art *all* mine! I wear thee in my heart
From heaven above thee, to thy lowest earth;
From East to West; far as the eye can see
In yonder picture, reaching wide and fair.
From the great lakes' united family,
To orange groves that wave in Southern air—
Thou art *all* mine! thou land of liberty;
Thy hopes, thy fame, thy power belong to me.

But not for these I love thee, though I glow
To call thee mine! Not for the new-found wealth,
Thy giant mountains and thy rivers flow,
Nor yet because earth's weary ones have found
The tranquil shadow of thine eagle's wing.

Home of the Church! here let her children flee,
As they have fled, from superstition's power.
Lo! from our blood-nursed soil a glorious tree
Shelters the nations in earth's stormy hour.
Watered by tears, and fanned by martyrs' sighs,
It blooms and brightens mid the wrecks of time;
While from its branches notes of gladness rise,
Till distant islands catch the strain sublime;
For o'er its tops *REDEMPTION'S* morning glows;
The desert buds and blossoms as the rose!

M. A. H.

HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

REV. NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D.D.

TUNE—*America.*

Land! great, and rich, and free!
Now and forever be
Immanuel's land.
Tribes of the earth, oppressed,
Come and with us be blessed;
Our fathers here found rest—
The Pilgrim band.

Here you shall never feel
Oppression's iron heel,
Nor tyrant's frown;
The nation bows the knee
To Him who made us free,
Light, love and liberty,
Our triple crown.

O'er wondrous vales and streams
Our soaring eagle screams,
Each day, new joy;
He leaves the Atlantic East,
Gains the Pacific West,
Yet, still at home finds rest
Under our sky.

Rise! follow in his flight!
Pour forth the gospel's light
On every soul.
Great family of States!
Nations arc at thy gates;
Reign, Lord of Potentates,
Over the whole.

Hymn for the West.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Our fathers plowed the ocean,
To plant an empire here;
And in the dead of winter
Began their mission drear.
The wild beast and the savage
Roamed through the trackless wild;
A truly Spartan nursing
Gave freedom to her child.

But from that little handful
Sifted from land to land,
God took the precious seed-corn
And sowed it with his hand.
And now its fruit is shaking
From East to Western shore;
And all the wakened nations
Stand knocking at our door.

Shall we, sons of the Pilgrims,
Be faithful to our sires?
Shall we go westward lighting
Religion's sacred fires,
Until the white Sierras
Shall to our anthem wake,
And on the calm Pacific
Its swelling echoes beak?

I see by faith's clear vision,
The star of empire rise,
And in the nation's future
Kindle the sunset skies:
Exalt the lowly valleys,
Plains let the mountains be,
Until our Jesus triumphs,
Go westward to the sea!

—*Home Miss.*

GOD, HOME, AND NATIVE LAND.

Dedicated to the Christian Temperance Women of
our Country by MARY L. SHERMAN.

TUNE, AMERICA.

God, Home, and Native Land,
For love of thee we band;
For thee we pray;
For thee we brave all scorn,
To thee our eyes we turn,
Blessing the coming morn
Of perfect day.

Love, land, eternal life.
Lost if we lose this strife!
God hear our prayer!
Hear, mothers, daughters, wives,
Join their heart-breaking cries
'Gainst death, that never dies—
Endless despair.

Justice is in thy curse,
Yet turn thy wrath from us,
Break the cup's power;
Lest, shut from life's estate,
Outside of heaven's gate,
Hopeless all drunkards wait
Doom's dreadful hour.

Oh, Christ, who hanging high,
Noted the agony
Thy mother bore,
Pity, oh, pity us!
No crown is on our cross,
Ours is eternal loss—
Death evermore.

God of all mysteries,
Faithful in promises,
Thou art our strength.
Thy strength can never fail,
Thou with us, we prevail;
Hail! Son Eternal, hail!
Love rules at length.

God, Home and Native Land!
Faith paint a future grand,
Links earth and heaven;
When reason's stairway clear
Brings heaven to earth so near
No demons may walk there,
Angels are-given.

"Home, Land, and God on high,"
Motto and battle cry,
Song and refrain;
One with the advent hymn,
"Glory to God," again,
"Peace and good will to men,"
Hail, and Amen.

—Selected.

Crossing of the Sierra Nevada Mts. on the Pacific Railway.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

At last! at last! O steed new-born,
Born strong of the will of the strong
New World,
We shoot to the summit, with the shafts of
morn,
Of the Mount of Thunder, where clouds
are curled.
Below, in splendor of sun-clad seas,
A kiss of welcome on the warm west breeze
Blows up with a smell of the fragrant pine,
And a faint, sweet fragrance from far-off
seas
Comes in through the gates of the great
south pass,
And thrills the soul like a flow of wine.
The hare leaps low in the storm-bent grass,
The mountain ram from his cliff looks back,
The brown deer hies to the tamarack;
And afar to the south with a sound of the
main
Roll buffalo herds to the limitless plain.

On, on o'er the summit; and onward again,
And down like a sea bird the billow en-
shrouds,
And down like the swallow that dips in the
sea,
We dart and we dash and we quiver and we
Are blowing to heaven white billows of
clouds.

The Humboldt desert and the alkaline land,
And the seas of sage and of arid sand,
That stretch away till the strained eye
carries
The soul where the infinite spaces fill,
Are far in the rear, and the fair sierras
Are under our feet, and the heart beats
high
And the blood comes quick; but the lips
are still
With awe and wonder, and all the will
Is bowed with a grandeur that frets the
sky.

A flash of lakes through the fragrant trees,
A song of birds and a sound of bees
Above in the boughs of the sugar pine;
The pickax stroke in the placer mine,
The boom of blasts in the gold-ribbed hills,
The grizzly's growl in the gorge below,
Are dying away, and the sound of rills
From the far-off shimmering crest of
snow;
The laurel green and the ivied oak,
A yellow stream and a cabin's smoke,
The brown bent hills and the shepherd's
call,
The hills of vine and of fruits, and all
The sweets of Eden are here, and we
Look out and afar to a limitless sea.

MY RUINED COAT—A N ELEGY

*Dedicated to Ladies' Sewing Societies who
Decline to Work for Unmarried Mission-
aries.*

Alas! alas! I'm troubled sore,
My coat has lost the tail o' it,
And never more can it be wore
To meetin', for the ail o' it!
I mourn—forlorn—
But grief will not renew it;
I'm done—with fun—
And only live to rue it.

That coat, it was my "Sunday best,"
From Princeton town I wore it;
'Twas orthodox, as Calvin's socks,
But when "out West" I tore it.
And now—I vow—
To drift without a rudher,
Is rough - enough—
To make one cry for mother.

But sure 'tis not *my* coat alone
This "roughing it" has rended,
Full many a one—like Joseph's own—
Is torn and *never mended*.
'Twill be—ah me!—
Sent back some day or other,
And then—who'll ken—
The coat of son or brother.

If ever I get back again
To where old clothes are mended,
No more so vain to "cross the plain,"
I'll stay at home contented.
And there—I'll wear—
My *life threadbare* serenely;
No need—indeed—
To live and dress so meanly.

—Home Missionary.

POEM

ON ORGANIZATION OF FIRST PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH, STOCKTON, CAL., MARCH 17, 1875.

BY MISS LUCY GROVE.

The night is calm, no thoughts of sleep
Invade the chambers of my brow,
For feelings solemn, pure and deep,
Hold converse there with memory now.
Back through time's dim and trackless flight
Remembrance wings her silent way,
And kindred forms of life and light
Before my fancy's vision play.
Full five and twenty years or more,
Have passed, since first the tidings sped,
That out upon this Western shore
The Gold of Ophir had its bed.
In eighteen hundred forty-nine,
With lightning speed the news flashed round,
And old and young prepared to mine,
For California's shores were bound.
With hopes so bright and plans well made,
They left their homes and friends so dear,
To dig and delve with pick and spade,
With naught to gladden—none to cheer.
They struggled on across the plains
For weary months, and days and nights,
Their minds intent on future gains—
Nor deemed their hopes were doomed to
blights.
A little bark all rigged and manned,
Left port with precious souls on board,
Attracted—not by golden sand—
Nor wish, the sordid dust to hord.
For eight long months they braved the tide,
Tossed too and fro by adverse winds,
Reaching at last this sunny side,
Wearied in flesh, yet strong in minds.
And many others, in the prime
Of manhood's strength, without decay,
Sought fortune in this sunny clime,
Where Winter smiles as blithe as May.
But ah ! how transient were the hours
Of joy, that marked their pathway here,
Hopes, fleeting hopes, like summer flowers,
But bloomed to fade and disappear.
For yet e'er passed one fleeting year
Since first they left their happy home,
A messenger 'mid scenes so drear,
Bore friend and brother to the tomb:
We'll change the scene for one more meet,
And back with memory wing our flight
To a little shop on Center street,
And view with pleasure and delight,
Where five and twenty years to-day,
A little band—not half a score—
Met where the anvil held its sway
And to God's love, sweet memory bore.
A man of God—good Father Woods,
His heart all filled with faith and trust,
With not a care for this world's goods,
Sought treasure free from moth and rust.
Erecting there, an altar true
Of worship to the God of love,
To Him, who died for me—and you—
Yet sits enthroned in light above.
No spired dome, nor stately hall
Bore witness to the solemn rite ;
No arching roof, no tinted wall,
Nor flowers rare, beamed on the sight.

Within that little dingy place,
Whose walls with dust and cobwebs hung,
Were hearts all tuned with love and grace
As hymns of praise to God were sung.
And who, of all assembled here,
But feels the impress of that hour ?
Behold our church ! to us so dear,
A witness of the Spirit's power,
The seed thus sown in mellow ground
Watered and tilled, found depth of root,
Which soon in fullness did abound
Yielding to God the richest fruit.
But where are they ? that little band
Whose works of love so brightly shine ;
Scattered throughout this goodly land,
Or, passed to Heaven's more genial clime ?
Beyond the river do they wait ?
The pure ones, bright ones, gone before,
Pointing us to the pearly gate,



In Yosemite Valley.

Sound ! sound ! sound !
Oh, colossal walls, as crowned
In one eternal thunder !
Sound ! sound ! sound !
Oh, ye oceans overhead,
While we walk, subdued in wonder,
In the ferns and grasses under
And beside the swift Merced !

Surge ! surge ! surge !
From the white Sierra's verge,
To the very valley blossom.
Surge ! surge ! surge !
Yet the song bird builds a home,
And the mossy branches cross them,
And the tasseled tree-tops toss them,
In the clouds of falling foam.

Sweep ! sweep ! sweep !
Oh, ye heaven-born and deep,
In one dread, unbroken chorus !
We may wonder or may weep—
We may wait on God before us ;
We may shout or lift a hand—
We may bow down and deplore us,
But may never understand.

Beat ! beat ! beat !
We advance, but would retreat
From this restless, broken breast
Of the earth in a convulsion.
We would rest, but dare not rest,
For a spirit of expulsion
From this Paradise below
Is upon us, and * * * we go.

"Seeing the Blood."

BY LUCY WADE HERRICK.

Founded on a legend, very affectingly told by Mr. Moody, the Evangelist.

"FATHER, I cannot sleep, the prophet's words
Ring in my ears, they fill my heart with fear;
For am I not the first-born, and the one
On whom the destroying angel's shaft would fall.
Were not the token on the lintel found?
Thrice have I named the patriarchs, and once
The creatures great and small that Noah drove
Before him in the ark; but all in vain.
I cannot sleep. O father, art thou sure
The blood is sprinkled as God gave command?"

"Peace, peace, my child, just as the evening fell
The fairest lamb of all the flock was slain,
And roasted then with purifying fire;
With bitter herbs and bread devoid of leaven,
In haste we ate the Lord's appointed feast.
Nor were the means of saving thee forgot;
Scarce was the yearling slain ere I gave word
For sprinkling of the blood upon the door;
Sleep, then, my first-born, God's avenging one
Will see the signal and pass over thee."

Thus on that dark night which God had chosen
For passing throughout all fair Egypt's land,
To smite on every side the loved first-born,
Sparing not e'en the firstlings of the flock,
A Hebrew father soothed his restless child;
Restless himself, as now with girded loins,
Sandals upon his feet and staff in hand,
He waited for that solemn midnight hour
When God's almighty arm should break the chain
That bound his people to proud Pharaoh's throne.
The bread unbaked was in the kneading trough,
The scattered flocks were gathered in the fold,
And all betokened plans for hasty flight.
There was a thrilling silence in the air;
A quiet joy burned in the Rabbi's breast,
Joy that was not unmingled with regret
At leaving thus his birthplace, though it was
A house of bondage, for the promised land;
Just as we tremble sometimes at the thought
Of changing earth for heaven.

The night wore on,
And yet again the pleading voice was heard;
"Father, sleep will not come, before my eyes,
I see the angel pass and at our door
Pause sadly, as though he wept to enter,
Yet dared not hasten unavenging by.
O father, if the blood has been removed,
Or if the herdboy heeded not thy voice,
Then never shall my weary eyes behold
The land of Canaan with its waving fields."

"Rest, little one, faithful our Jared is,
Not only on the side-posts of the door
Should be the stain, but on the one above,
So if some hungry dog should from its place
One token lick, the others would remain.
Sleep, my sweet child, for thou hast need of rest;
The journey will be rough for little feet."

The anxious voice was stilled, for in that home
Obedience reigned supreme, though not as yet
The law had sounded forth from Sinai's top;
With patience dutiful she sought to woo
Soft slumber to her long unclosed eyes;
Sleep came at last, but with it dreams of fright,
Wherein she tossed, and moaned, and oft cried out.

The midnight hour drew nigh; unbroken still
The darkness' solemn hush; the child awoke
With a loud cry, "Father, I thought I heard
The cock's shrill crow to greet approaching morn,
My heart is beating with a sick'ning dread
Of danger near. Oh! take me to the door,
And let me see the red blood sprinkled there."

Lighting a torch, the father gently took
His first-born in his arms, and bore her forth,
Started and paled to see no paschal sign,

No warning that their door should be passed by.
With trembling hand he snatched the hyssop then,
Himself applied the blood in eager haste.
A long sigh of relief escaped the child,
Almost before he placed her on the couch
Sweet sleep had fallen on her heavy lids,
Nor when that "great cry" rose did she awake;
That agonizing wail of man and beast
Reached not her ears, with drowsy slumber sealed,
And at the dawn they bore her sleeping still
Away from Egypt's darkness and despair.

* * * * *

Christ, our blest Passover, is slain for us,
The "blood of sprinkling" for our sins is shed,
Have we the atoning sacrifice applied,
Made sure our entrance to the Promised Land?

NATION, BY THE LORD EX- ALTED.

REV. J. E. BANKIN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Nation, by the Lord exalted,
With thy realm from shore to shore,
Hast thou on thy mission halted?
Dost the Master's cause give o'er?
Forward thy detachments throwing,
Press thou onward to the West;
First to Him allegiance owing,
With Time's movements keep abreast.

Where with bloom the prairies waving,
Rise and fall, like inland seas;
Unknown wilds primeval braving,
Scorning all life's early ease;
Up the stern Sierras sweeping,
Fearless of eternal snows;
Down the slope Pacific leaping;
There the tide of empire goes!

What are bridges, with proud arches?
What are mountains tunneled through?
What thy forced and rapid marches,
That the old world never knew?
What thy green embosomed waters,
Pulsing on their mighty way,
If thy teeming sons and daughters
To their Maker never pray?

What are mines and harvests golden?
What are cities, magic-built,
If they rival cities olden,
In their luxury and guilt?
What are august Christian churches,
With their pomp and worldly tone,
If God's Spirit, when he searches,
Can not find within his own?

Oh the might of this great nation!
Oh her majesty and power!
If she knew her visitation,
If she knew her day and hour;
If, with God's own smile upon her,
She should her proud office meet;
She should lay her wealth and honor,
Humbly down at Jesus' feet.

Oh the might of this great nation,
In the center of the world,
Were the banner of salvation,
Boldly at her front unfurled!
Onward, onward, still advancing,
Should the cross of Jesus go,
Like the sun, triumphant glancing,
Till all lands His love should know.

6

The Prize Hymn

A HOME MISSIONARY HYMN,

BY

"A LADY OF VIRGINIA."

[8s, 7s, and 4.]

I.

Saints of God! the dawn is brightening,
Token of our coming Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whitening;
Louder rings the Master's word,—
"Pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord."

II.

Feebly now they toil in sadness,
Weeping o'er the waste around,
Slowly gathering grains of gladness,
While their echoing cries resound,—
"Pray that reapers
In God's harvest may abound."

III.

Now, O Lord! fulfill thy pleasure,
Breathe upon thy chosen band,
And, with pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land,—
Faithful reapers,
Gathering sheaves for thy right hand.

IV.

Ocean calleth unto ocean,
Spirits speed from shore to shore,
Heralding the world's commotion;
Hear the conflict at our door,—
Mighty conflict,—
Satan's death-cry on our shore!

V.

Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By thy Spirit,
Bring thy ransomed people home.

VI.

Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come,—
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest Home:
Saints and angels!
Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

OUR LAND FOR JESUS.

7's & 6's.

BY REV. G. S. PLUMLEY.

From ocean unto ceean,
From hills and plains arise
The music of devotion
To God, the only wise;
He sends his word victorious
To heal our ruined race,
And build his kingdom glorious,
To him be all the praise!

Our western home rejoices
The gospel light to see;
We raise, O God, our voices
In grateful thanks to thee,
Who thy own Son has given
To bear our sin and shame,
New, living way to heaven,
All glory to his name!

From our most eastern border
Where sounds Atlantic's roar
We march with ranks in order
To the far Pacific shore:
Where Mississippi treadeth
Her pathway bold and free,
Where each fair valley spreadeth,
Where gleams each inland sea.

To mountain top we carry,
To plain, to moor, and moss,
To glen, ravine, and prairie,
The story of the cross;
To flowery Texas, twining
Rich blooms of hues untold,
To California, shining
Profuse in gems and gold—

To Colorado's grandeur,
And to Montana bear,
The Babe of Bethlehem's manger,
The royal David's heir;
Till o'er thy wide expanses,
Proud land we love so well,
In victory advances
Thy sway, Immanuel!

Take thou our favored nation
Beneath thy fostering care,
The news of thy salvation
Let countless heralds bear;
Thine are our hearts, believe it,
We give them to thee, Lord,
Thine is our wealth, receive it,
To spread thy precious word!

From sea to sea obtaining
A kingdom never moved,
Within our borders reigning
Feared, honored, and beloved.
North, south, east, west, thy banner
Be ever wide unfurled,
Ten millions sing Hosanna
Throughout our ransomed world.

HOME MISSION POEM.

Our land, our land for Jesus!
Let this the watchword be,
As, lifting up the standard,
We rally, Lord, for thee;
Far o'er the mountains pealing,
The bugle-call we hear,
And God, his arm revealing,
In this glad day draws near.

Our land, our land for Jesus!
Hear ye the battle-cry,
As onward press the legions
To death or victory?
Where waves the starry banner,
Fair ensign of the free,
A nation's glad hosannas
Shall rise, dear Lord, to thee.

Our land, our land for Jesus!
God speed the morning dawn,
When every Christian soldier
Shall gird the armor on;
And in the name of Jesus
A mighty host shall move,
From shore to shore unfurling
The banner of his love.

While hearts in death are falling,
And hosts of hell move in,
Shall we, whom God is calling,
With folded hands sit down?

Our land, our land for Jesus!
Fear not the toil and strife;
On to the plains of glory,
On to the "crown of life!"

Oh! sing the love of Jesus,
Till all shall catch the strain,
And like the balmy breezes
It wafts from plain to plain;
Till o'er the Rocky Mountains,
And from the land of gold,
In gushing, springing fountains,
Shall burst that song of old.

Oh! tell the love of Jesus,
Dear love of Calvary,
Till all shall sing his praises,
Till all in him are free.
Sweet sunlight of salvation,
Let thy bright beams shine on,
Till breaks o'er all this nation
The glad millennial dawn.

Our land, our land for Jesus!
Ring out the watchword clear;
Bear on the blood-stained banner,
For Zion's King is near.
He comes to reign forever,
His arm shall save at length,
"For in the Lord Jehovah
Is everlasting strength."

H. E. B.

A HOME MISSION POEM.

Hear ye not God's marching orders
To the poor of every land?
Lo! upon our homeless borders
Soon a million homes will stand.
Westerly the shining star
Of empire takes prophetic way,
Guiding nations from afar
To a new birth in a day.

Where a continent's arteries meet,
And the world's great heart must be,
Pulsing with each iron beat,
Streams of life from sea to sea—
Where broad rivers' silvery courses,
Wind through thousand miles of green,
And vast hosts of slumbering forces,
Like armies in a dream.

Prairies wide for Christ are waiting,
With their hidden harvest store,
And cloud-mantled peaks are standing
Guard o'er mines of precious ore;
Golden-hearted plains and mountains
Wait the blow from Jesse's rod,
To smite them into golden fountains
For the kingdom of our God.

Ever blooming undulations
O'er the Storm King's mountain throne,
See the pathway of the nations
In a double iron zone!
Silence so long unbroken,
Save by beasts' or tempests' roar,
Thunder now 'neath wheels of commerce,
Rolling on forever more.

Zion, rise! thy cords to lengthen,
Hear the Master's rallying call,
Forward! all thy stakes to strengthen,
Plant thy banners over all.
The mantle of a century,
O'er a mighty empire lies,
On whose brow millennial glory
Of the Church of God shall rise.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Sow thy seed o'er all the sod—
By the hands of sons and daughters
Sow this continent for God.
Deeds and dollars turn to treasure,
Sown in Jesus' holy name—
Treasures of eternal pleasure,
Crowns of bright, undying fame.

—Rev. George L. Spining.

Hymns for Home Missionary Meetings.

TUNE—"Nearer my God to thee."

REV. ROBERT F. SAMPLE.

Jesus, our risen Lord,
We come to Thee,
And for our land we plead.
Thine let it be.
O send Thy truth abroad,
Thou glorious Son of God,
Where'er man's foot hath trod.
From sea to sea.

Jesus, gird on Thy sword,
Upon Thy thigh,
With majesty ride forth
From out the sky :
Bid every error flee,
Bow down the stubborn knee,
And set the captives free,
Else all will die.

O let Thy kingdom spread
Our broad land o'er,
From lakes to Southern gulf
Where surges roar,
And may the distant West,
With Thine own peace be blest,
To where the wave's white crest
Breaks on the shore.

And when these fleeting years
Are all gone by,
When earth and sea shall burn
And fade the sky,
Our coming Thou shalt greet,
As at Thy pierced feet,
A ransomed world shall meet.
No more to die.

TUNE—"Webb."

REV. ROBERT F. SAMPLE.

In regions to the westward,
On mountains, hills and plains,
Oppressed with sins and sorrows,
And worn with mortal pains,
Behold our sons and daughters
To us outstretched their hands,
Their need always appealing
With that from other lands.

Remember Christ's commission,
Unchangeably the same ;
In Salem's home beginning,
Go spread abroad my fame ;
To those whose claim is urgent
All other claims above,
First tell the old, old story
Of my redeeming love.

From Lebanon to Hebron,
From Jordan to the sea,
He preached to his own people,
The year of jubilee.
Shall we not heed the teaching,
Of His own life and word,
That this, our own loved nation,
May own him Christ and Lord ?

Then shall the blest evangel
Haste o'er each stormy main,
Our greatful hallelujahs
Return to us again ;
Then shall the deserts blossom,
The darkness flee away,
And Jesus reign victorious
Through an eternal day.

TUNE—"Harwell."

Hark ! the sound of angel voices,
Over Bethlehem's star-lit plain ;
Hark ! the heavenly host rejoices,
Jesus comes on earth to reign.
See celestial radiance beaming,
Lighting up the midnight sky ;
'Tis the promised day-star gleaming,
'Tis the day-spring from on high.

Westward, all along the ages,
Trace its pathway clear and bright ;
Star of hope to Eastern sages,
Radiant now with gospel light.
Angels from the realms of glory.
Peace on earth delight to sing ;
Christian, tell the wondrous story,
Go proclaim the Savior King !

Where the woodman's ax is ringing,
Where the hunter roams alone,
Where the prairie-flowers are springing.
Make the great Redeemer known.
While, from California's mountains,
Pure and sweet the anthem swells ;
Oregon's dark wilds and fountains
Hail the sound of Sabbath-bells.

Like an armed host with banners,
Terrible in war array,
Zion comes with glad hosannas,
To prepare her Monarch's way.
Unto him all power is given,
All the world his sway shall own,
And on earth, as now in heaven,
Shall his will be done alone.

Home Missionary.

TUNE—"Middleton"—REV. ROBERT F. SAMPLE.

Jesus, Thou art God's anointed,
Let the nation bow the knee :
King eternal, love appointed,
Claim we now this land for Thee :
Make the light of truth resplendent,
Shining far, from sea to sea,
Let Thy kingdom, now ascendent,
Still more great and glorious be.

Day by day we've sown with weeping
Precious seed which cannot die,
Waiting for the joyful reaping
And the angels' song on high :
Through the night of fear and sorrow,
With our faces toward the East,
Hoping for the glad to-morrow
And the promised harvest feast.

Hark ! we hear the cheerful pealing
Of millennial Sabbath bells,
From yon heaven softly stealing.
And of world-wide triumph tells :
Happy they who tell the story
Of the grace which saves the lost :
Thine the glory, all the glory,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

AIR—"We're traveling Home to Heaven above"—BY REV. WM. NEWTON.

Go, preach the gospel, saith the Lord :
Who will go ? who will go ?
Unfold the riches of my Word—
Who will go ? who will go ?
The glorious news of saving grace
Proclaim to all the human race,
And bid them seek a Father's face—
Who will go ? who will go ?

To the wide prairies of the West,
Who will go ? etc.
The poor, the outcast and oppressed,
Who will go ? etc.
Tell how for them the Savior died ;
Tell how the Lord was crucified ;
And lead them to his bleeding side—
Who will go ? etc.

Lord, make me willing now to say,
I will go ; I will go.
Take all that hinders me away,
I will go ; I will go.
For me, for me the Savior came ;
May I not, then, to some proclaim
Salvation through the Savior's name ?
I will go ; I will go.

9
Home Missionary Hymn.

BY REV. ROBERT F. SAMPLE.

Tune: "Nearer, my God, to thee."

Jesus, our risen Lord,
We come to thee,
And for our land we plead,
Thine let it be.
Oh send thy truth abroad,
Thou glorious Son of God,
Where'er man's foot hath trod,
From sea to sea.

Jesus, gird on thy sword,
Upon thy thigh;
With majesty ride forth
From out the sky.
Bid every error flee,
Bow down the stubborn knee,
And set the captive free,
Else all will die.

Oh let thy kingdom spread
Our broad land o'er,
From Lakes to Southern Gulf
Where surges roar;
And may the distant West
With thine own peace be blest,
To where the wave's white crest
Breaks on the shore.

And when these fleeting years
Are all gone by;
When earth and sea shall burn
And fade the sky,
Our coming thou shall greet,
As at thy pierced feet
A ransomed world shall meet
No more to die.

HOME MISSIONS.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL.

We pray for those who do not pray,
Who waste, O Lord, salvation's day;
For those we love, who love not thee,
Our grief, their danger, pitying see.

Those for whom many tears are shed,
And blessings breathed upon their head;
The children of thy people save
From godless life and hopeless grave.

Hear fathers, mothers, as they pray
For sons, for daughters far away—
Brother for brother, friend for friend.
Hear all our prayers that upward blend.

We pray for those who long have heard,
But still neglect thy gracious word;
Softened the hearts obdurate made
By calls unheeded, vows delayed.

Release the drunkard from his chain,
Save those beguiled by pleasures vain;
Set free the slaves of lust, and bring
Back to their homes the wandering.

The hopeless cheer, guide those who doubt;
Restore the lost, cast no one out;
For all that are far off we pray,
Since we were once as far off as they.

SURREY PARSONAGE, London.

A HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

This Land for Christ.

BY REV. WILLIAM BISHOP.

I.

This land of wealth and beauty,
Outstretched from tide to tide—
List! hear the voice of duty—
Redeem for Him who died.
Preserved has been our nation,
'Mid shifting hopes and fears,
That Christ and his salvation
Might fill our future years.

II.

Servants of Christ! no sleeping!
For lo, lift up your eyes;
The grain is ripe for reaping
For garnerers in the skies.
The harvest fields are waving,
Go, thrust your sickles in,
Thus sheaves of glory saving
Amid a world of sin.

III.

Soldiers for Christ! no fainting!
The helmets gleam afar;
Heroic souls are panting
To gird on swords for war.
The conflict of the ages!
Lay not your armor down;
For still the battle rages
For Jesus' cross and crown.

IV.

Workers with Christ! no dreaming!
Toil on; for who can tell
What millions, wavelike streaming,
Are rushing down to hell?
Go, tell the "old, old story,"
Of Jesus and his love,
And how, enthroned in glory,
He intercedes above.

V.

Spirit of truth and burning!
Give life, or all is vain;
'Tis thine, the overturning,
Till Jesus come to reign.
Then shall our land be glorious,
This earth like Eden bloom;
To heaven ascend the chorus,
"Thy kingdom, Lord, is come!"

HOME MISSION HYMNS.

I.

HOME EVANGELIZATION.

8s and 6s.

O love divine! which leads us forth
O'er distant lands to roam,
Shall thy constraining pow'r not move
Our love for souls at home?

The souls who urge no pressing need,
And boast a Christian claim,
Are yet, without his blood, as those
Who never heard his name—

Save that their doom will greater be,
To whom the light has come;
O Christian, for these privileged ones
There's work for thee at home;

And many, many priceless souls,
From whom no seas divide,
Have never heard the precious name
Of Jesus crucified.

They dwell in darkness as profound
As those beyond the sea,
And need alike a Savior's power
Their souls from sin to free.

To us they send a mute appeal,
And shall it be denied?
Ah! surely we must feel their woes,
Since Christ for sinners died.

II.

CROWNING THE SAVIOR.

BY REV. W. P. TEITSWORTH.

Tune, "I Will Sing for Jesus."

America for Jesus,
Let happy voices sing;
America for Jesus,
For Jesus is our King.

Chorus.—Oh, help us crown the Savior,
Oh, help us tell the story
Of him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

America for Jesus,
For which our fathers bled;
We give it all to Jesus,
For he will raise our dead.

America for Jesus,
Her hills and valleys ringing—
"Bear messages of mercy"
The old and young are singing.

America for Jesus,
Her lofty mountains call;
Her brooks and rivers, too,
We consecrate them all.

America for Jesus,
Her silver and her gold;
We bring it all to Jesus,
He brought us to his fold.

III.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

TUNE—"Webb."

REV. ROBERT F. SAMPLE.

In regions to the westward,
On mountains, hills and plains,
Oppressed with sins and sorrows,
And worn with mortal pains,
Behold our sons and daughters
To us outstretched their hands,
Their need always appealing
With that from other lands.

Remember Christ's commission,
Unchangeably the same;
In Salem's home beginning,
Go spread abroad my fame;
To those whose claim is urgent
All other claims above,
First tell the old, old story
Of my redeeming love.

From Lebanon to Hebron,
From Jordan to the sea,
He preached to his own people,
The year of jubilee.
Shall we not heed the teaching,
Of his own life and word,
That this, our own loved nation,
May own him Christ and Lord?

IV.

OUR LAND FOR CHRIST.

BY REV. ADAM CRAIG. H M

(Tune "Lenox," without repetition of words.)

Our land for Christ the Lord!
The North, South, East and West;
Our arm the Spirit's sword,
Our law the Lord's behest.
Be sin and Satan outcast hurled,
Let the broad banner be unfurled,
Our country Christ's—Christ for the world.

On Territory, State,
On river and on lake,
On car and precious freight,
On whatsoever make
The private wealth, the public weal,
On toil, and trade, and patriot zeal,
Impress the Lord's peculiar seal.

Happy United States!
Aye be thy people free
From war's malign debates,
From conscience' tyranny;
Be thy bright banner still unfurled,
Till Satan from his seat be hurled—
Be Christ's the kingdoms of this world!

V.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

8s and 6s.

What honored work a Savior's grace
For woman doth provide!
A door of loving ministry
The cross has opened wide;

And shall we at this open door
Unmoved or waiting stand,
Nor heed the call that bids us work
For woman in our land?

We own her need on foreign shores,
And to her succor flee;
But, oh! to lift her out of gloom
We need not cross the sea.

The work for her at home demands
Our earnest, thoughtful care,
And bids us give our time and means,
Our sympathy and prayer.

And if we are not called to take
Our places in the field,
We can, to workers toiling there,
Our aid and comfort yield.

O Christian women, may we not,
As one harmonious band,
In faith and love promote the work
For woman in our land?

JEAN SINCLAIR.

VI.

HOME MISSIONS.

6s and 7s.

Christian, stand not idly dreaming,
Through this golden harvest time;
When the work which calls for action
Is so noble, so sublime.

Wake thee! rouse thee from thy slumbers;
Souls are dying just at hand;
For the bread of life are starving,
In this Bible-hallowed land.

Rouse thee! take thy talent quickly
From the napkin, where it lies;
And to truer, purer, better
Deeds of Christian love arise.

Go not only to far countries
Seeking for the gospel poor,
While at home, in sin and sorrow,
Thousands perish at thy door.

Work with zeal, and work in earnest;
Work with an unselfish love,
Seeking strength from Him who sitteth
On the throne of power above.

The Seer.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I hear the far-off voyager's horn,
I see the Yankee's trail—
His foot on every mountain pass,
On every stream his sail.

I hear the mattock in the mine,
The ax-stroke in the dell,
The clamor from the Indian lodge,
The Jesuits' chapel bell

I see the swarthy trappers come
From Mississippi's springs;
And war chiefs with their painted brows,
And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the seared squaw's birch canoe
The steamer smokes and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

By forest lake and waterfall
I see the peddler's show;
The might mingling with the mean,
The lofty with the low.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
*The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.*

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet, and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form!

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find—
The raw material of a State,
Its muscle and its mind!

And, westering still, the star which leads
The New World in its train,
Has tipped with fire the icy spears
Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon
Are kindled on its way;
And California's golden sands
Gleam brighter in its ray!

Thy Kingdom Come.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O North, with all thy vales of green!
O South, with all thy palms!
From peopled towns and fields between,
Uplift the voice of psalms.
Raise, ancient East! the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun;
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father! haste the promised hour,
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
When he shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words he said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life he led,
Shall strive to pattern theirs;
And he who conquered Death shall win
The mightier conquest over sin.

HYMN.

REV. H. D. GANSE, D.D.

Our Captain of Salvation
Proclaims a Pentecost;
And lo! from every nation
Streams in his chosen host.
No upper room can hold them,
Nor temple, as of yore;
The circling seas infold them,
They spread from shore to shore.

Then come with sudden power,
O rushing Wind of Grace;
Sweep through our land this hour,
And fill the ample place.
Come to the crowded churches;
Come to the busy mills;
Come where the miner perches
His hut among the hills.

Where two or three are kneeling,
And breath of praise or prayer
From lowly roofs is stealing
Upon the evening air—
Where'er Thy truth is spoken,
Where'er a child is taught,
Where'er a heart is broken—
Thy saving work be wrought.

O many-voiced nation,
Oh fold of every flock,
Safe be thy habitation
Beneath the Eternal Rock!
But make thy God thy glory,
And take thy tongues of flame,
And tell the world the story
Of Calvary and the Lamb.

OUR LAND FOR JESUS.

BY MRS. L. R. JAMES.

Tune, "Webb."

Oh, save our land for Jesus!
He claims it for his own;
From ocean unto ocean
Let his dear name be known.
'Tis ours to tell the story,
'Tis ours to preach the word—
To lead from grace to glory
Till all shall know the Lord.

Yes, save the sturdy Northland
From skeptics' icy grasp,
And save the sunny Southland
From fratricidal clasp;
Nor leave to Papal power
The prairies of the West,
And keep the Sabbath hour
From infidel behest.

With prayer and faith and courage
To guard the nation's life,
We'll gird us for the conflict,
The Armageddon strife.
To save our land for Jesus
We'll spend our latest breath,
And only drop the armor
In victory or death.

JANUARY 5, 1875.

Home Missions

By H. U. Onderdonk

June, C. P. M.

When Lord to this our western land
 Led by Thy providential hand
 Our wandering fathers came,
 Their ancient homes, their friends in youth
 Sent forth the heralds of Thy truth
 To keep them in Thy name.

Then through our solitary Coast,
 The desert features soon were lost;
 Thy temples there arose;
 Our shores as Cultures made them fair
 Were hallowed by Thy rites, by prayer
 And blossomed as the rose

And O may we repay this debt
 To regions solitary yet,
 Within our spreading land;
 There better than from our common home
 Still westward, like our fathers, roam
 Still guided by Thy hand

Savior, we owe this debt of love;
 O Shed Thy Spirit from above,
 To move each Christian breast;
 Till heralds shall Thy truth proclaim,
 And temples rise to fix Thy Name
 Through all our growing West

From Church Hymn Book

13
A HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

This Land for Christ.

BY REV. WILLIAM BISHOP.

I.

This land of wealth and beauty,
Outstretched from tide to tide—
List! hear the voice of duty—
Redeem for Him who died.
Preserved has been our nation,
'Mid shifting hopes and fears,
That Christ and his salvation
Might fill our future years.

II.

Servants of Christ! no sleeping!
For lo, lift up your eyes;
The grain is ripe for reaping
For garnerers in the skies.
The harvest fields are waving,
Go, thrust your sickles in,
Thus sheaves of glory saving
Amid a world of sin.

III.

Soldiers for Christ! no fainting!
The helmets gleam afar;
Heroic souls are panting
To gird on swords for war.
The conflict of the ages!
Lay not your armor down;
For still the battle rages
For Jesus' cross and crown.

IV.

Workers with Christ! no dreaming!
Toil on; for who can tell
What millions, wavelike streaming,
Are rushing down to hell?
Go, tell the "old, old story,"
Of Jesus and his love,
And how, enthroned in glory,
He intercedes above.

V.

Spirit of truth and burning!
Give life, or all is vain;
'Tis thine, the overturning,
Till Jesus come to reign.
Then shall our land be glorious,
This earth like Eden bloom;
To heaven ascend the chorus,
"Thy kingdom, Lord, is 'come!'"

HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY REV. CHAS. L. THOMPSON, D.D., CHICAGO.

Tune, "The Missionary Hymn."

1-623 I.

Across the silent canyon,
On white Sierra snows,
There gleams a radiant pinion,
A burning footfall glows;
Out through the heavens hast'ning,
Down opening western skies,
The gospel everlasting
On wings of angels flies.

II.

Meet kindreds on the mountains,
Great tides from east and west,
From Italy's fair fountains,
From Cathay's lonely crest;

Great God, thy love command them,
Bid strife of tongues to cease—
Thy angel fold around them
White tents of gospel peace.

III.

Still as the dews of even,
Fair as Nevada's snows,
The tent of God from heaven
On purpling mountains flows;
It builds a dome of glory
The darkened soul above,
Aflame with th' old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

IV.

Oh! scroll of light, fall eastward,
Where mingling rivers roar,
And gild afar to westward
Pacific's sounding shore;
Here may the nations gather
In brotherhood again,
The children of one Father,
Through Jesus Christ—Amen.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONS AT
THE WEST.

BY REV. J. B. STEELE.

Upon the Rocky Mountain,
Amid the drifts of snow,
A Fountain has been opened
Whence living waters flow;
And many on that Rocky Mount
Shall drink of that life-giving Fount.

Upon the prairie region,
Where flowers unnumbered bloom,
And all the air and landscapes
Are full of sweet perfume;
A sweeter flower the prairie knows—
'Tis Sharon's fair and blooming Rose.

In Utah and Wyoming,
Beneath the setting sun,
The trumpet spreads the tidings
That Christ has now begun
To set the sin-bound captives free
To sing the song of Jubilee.

In distant Colorado,
Where many seek for gold,
The pearls of priceless value
The truths of God unfold;
And heralds of the Lord are there
To show where gospel treasures are.

New Mexico and Montana,
Far distant in the West,
Have heard the Savior coming
To give the people rest.
Those Western lands shall smile again,
Rejoicing in the Savior's reign.

Ye servants of Jehovah,
Ye missionary band,
Work on, toil on, and scatter
The seeds o'er Western land,
Till all the West shall sing the Psalm,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.

JANUARY 1, 1875.

AMERICA AND PRAYER.

BY REV. W. R. HIGGINS.

'Twas not the arm of war
That made this land our own,
But forces mightier far
That dwelt "behind the throne."
'Twas not the rattling drums
That made our people one,
But the throbbing prayer that beat the air
Of a generation gone.

Around their camp at night,
Unshadowed by their fires,
There watched a greater might
Than sentries of our sires.
The circling band that kneeled
On freedom's pilgrim sod
Still prayed and wept, while soldiers slept,
Or so it seemed to God.

There came before His throne
How once His chosen flock
Laid freedom's corner-stone
In prayer at Plymouth Rock;
And said the Lord of hosts,
"Be free," and it was so;
Nor human sword could change his word,
A hundred years ago.

God lives the same for aye,
As swift to answer prayer;
A nation's cries to-day
Will make his right arm bare.
No Inquisition's threat,
No vice of Europe's lees,
Nor drink's dire charm, nor else can harm
A nation on its knees.
MARION, Ind.

HYMN FOR WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

8s and 6s.

What honored work a Savior's grace
For woman doth provide!
A door of loving ministry
The cross has opened wide;

And shall we at this open door
Unmoved or waiting stand,
Nor heed the call that bids us work
For woman in our land?

We own her need on foreign shores,
And to her succor flee;
But, oh! to lift her out of gloom
We need not cross the sea.

The work for her at home demands
Our earnest, thoughtful care,
And bids us give our time and means,
Our sympathy and prayer.

And if we are not called to take
Our places in the field,
We can, to workers toiling there,
Our aid and comfort yield.

O Christian women, may we not,
As one harmonious band,
In faith and love promote the work
For woman in our land?

JEAN SINCLAIR.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

8s and 7s.

Christian, stand not idly dreaming,
Through this golden harvest time;
When the work which calls for action
Is so noble, so sublime.

Wake thee! rouse thee from thy slumbers;
Souls are dying just at hand;
For the bread of life are starving,
In this Bible-hallowed land.

Rouse thee! take thy talent quickly
From the napkin, where it lies;
And to truer, purer, better
Deeds of Christian love arise.

Go not only to far countries
Seeking for the gospel poor,
While at home, in sin and sorrow,
Thousands perish at thy door.

Work with zeal, and work in earnest;
Work with an unselfish love,
Seeking strength from Him who sitteth
On the throne of power above.

He but waits to bless thy efforts—
Shall he longer wait? Ah, no!
Even now, throughout our country,
Thousands on this mission go.

Noble heroes! God's appointed!
May you each, where'er you roam,
Give a grand and lasting impulse
To the mission work at home.

BERRYVILLE, Va.

EARNEST.

HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY REV. S. N. MANNING.

From all the wide, extensive plains,
From hill and dale, and golden mine;
From lake to gulf, where summer reigns,
The Savior calls with voice divine.

Behold the careless, teeming throng
Of souls rush down in death's dark ways,
By mammon lured, by mirth and song,
Thus thoughtless pass their fleeting days.

Go haste, my friends, proclaim my love—
Proclaim the Lamb for sinners slain:
Point wondering souls to heaven above,
Where peace and joy forever reign.

Yes, Savior blest, thy voice we hear;
With cheerful heart, and ready hand,
We haste our willing feet to bear
Thy gracious message o'er the land.

Our flocks and herds, our lands and gold,
All consecrated thine, we yield,
To tell thy love that young and old
May seek thy face, and thine be sealed.

Come, pierce the heart, O sword divine;
Come, breathe upon the millions slain,
O breath of Heaven—the power is thine—
That souls renewed in life may reign.

Oh! haste the day when truth shall reign
On earth, as in the heavens above—
When sin shall be no more, nor pain,
But one eternal scene of love.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Esther, O Esther, say where are we riding?
 Turn, for your head is not with-bound like
 mine;
 The grass of the prairie seems gliding, green
 gliding
 Away like long serpents beyond the straight
 line
 The horse's hoofs keep; is his head to the west-
 ward?
 I see but his feet. Oh, listen, and hear
 The very grass growing, the very air glowing,
 For John may be riding hard, hard in our rear—

After us, after us, swift as the wind is
 Over the plains. Yes—the children had gone
 Away to a neighbor's—the wealth of the Indies
 I'd give just to know they are safe! They have
 drawn

This with-ing so tight that my wrists are all
 bleeding—
 'Tis nothing; don't turn, but keep listening,
 dear.

Is naught coming after? That horrible laughter—
 The redskins are laughing! O Esther the fear

Is numbing my heart—for you see that fierce old
 one,

The chief on the right with the scalps at his
 belt,
 Such a look he just gave us! I felt the swift cold
 run

All over my body—though icebergs might melt
 Beneath this red sun, the sun of the prairies.

Don't cry, dear; the redskins won't stand it.
 Thank God,

My baby! I cried so when poor baby died—oh,
 Now I am glad he is under the sod,

In his green little grave in the garden. The oth-
 ers

Had gone to a neighbor's—Oh, what will John
 say

When he finds the house empty, no voice but poor
 mother's—

Poor, bedridden mother—to answer? Oh,
 pray!—

Pray, Esther, pray, as we ride, that he may
 not

Come after *alone* in his rage, for if one,
 One of us, Esther, must die, it were best for

The children—oh, yes, dear—it should not be
 John!

But maybe he'll rally the neighbors—I pray it;

They're five, and I'd stake them as easy as not
 'Gainst fifty Comanches! And then, though I

say it,
 There's no aim like John's. But, dear heart, I
 forgot—

They'll use us for cover—they'll put us between
 them

To keep off the bullets—our bodies for shield—
 E'en that than their revels is better, though—
 devils!

Yes, devils of redskins! 'Twas never revealed

Why God made the Injuns; a wild-cat is kinder,
 A grizzly more human. Say, dear, do you

think
 The children are safe? My eyes have grown
 blinder,

I'm tied so, head downward; it's over the
 brink

Of a red gulf I hang—but don't mind me; keep
 dropping

Those small bits of cloth when the redskins
 don't watch;

All gone! Then my hair, here—keep dropping it
 where, dear,

You think on the tall grass its curled ends
 might catch,

And hang; for John knows it—knows every hair
 of it.

Poor, dear, old John—how proud did I feel
 When he said that it was pretty! I took such
 good care of it

After, and now the poor curls may reveal
 That we have been here. Can you catch the
 grasses?

If we could but bend them! The prairie's so
 wide—

The horses leap over broad spaces. They cover
 Our track, dear. They're stopping—they've
 seen us! they hide.

All signs of our passing; their swift, crafty fin-
 gers

Bend back our bent grasses! O God! is there no
 Hope for us, hope for us? How the day lingers!—
 Seems though the sun was unwilling to go,

And leave us here galloping over the prairie
 Alone with the devilish Comanches! My heart
 Is breaking, dear, breaking— Is that the ground
 shaking

Behind us, or only my pulses! They start.

They wheel to the south—I feel the horse turn-
 ing—

That old chief is startled—I see him look back—
 Why, dear, there's life in you yet—You are burn-
 ing—

One look, for God's sake, only one! It's the
 track—

The track, that's the thing—can they find it, or
 keep it?

The prairie's so blinding— You see them?
 What? On

The left, the oak-opening? There? But the
 hope may bring

But swifter death. God! we're saved—John!
 O John!

—Appletons' Journal for September.

HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

10, 9 and 7.

[Same Meter as Sankey's "Ninety and Nine."]

BY REV. LOYAL YOUNG.

From the shores of the broad Atlantic Sea
 To the Western Golden Gate,

In the homes of a nation brave and free,
 For a blessing millions wait.

They wait for a rich and precious boon—
 The gospel; oh! take it to them soon.

To the valleys in which broad rivers run,
 With their freight of wealth untold;

To the mountains whose crests the setting
 sun

Flumes with a blaze of gold—
 Ye heralds of mercy haste, and there

To perishing men God's word declare.

Oh! make haste to the rescue ere they die—
 To the rescue! God demands;

Linger not at your ease, but up! and fly
 With the cordial in your hands—

With hearts full of love, and tongues of
 flame,

The gospel, the gospel of peace proclaim.

O thou God of our fathers, to our shore
 Thou art sending numerous hosts;

On thy servants thy Spirit freely pour,
 And revive us through all our coasts,

Till under the banner all shall stand,
 And glory shall crown our chosen land.

"FOLLOW ME!"

BY HELEN L. BROWN.

Listen to the voice of Jesus,

"Follow me! follow me!"

Over rocks and hills he leads us,

Onward to the Western Sea.

Up! and scale each wild Sierra,

Lo! our God before us goes;

Breathe his word, and every error

Slain shall lie, with all his foes.

Faint heart! shrinking from thy duty,

Cry aloud to him for strength,

If thou wouldst behold the beauty

Of his face with joy, at length.

Onward! tireless, o'er the prairie,

O'er the desert's pathless sand;

Brave and cautious, bold and wary,

In the strength of God to stand.

Where the mountains toss their geysers,

Where the hills to heaven that rise,

Whisper to the wondering gazers
Echoes dim of paradise!

There proclaim the glorious gospel,
Soon, O earth! thy sins shall cease;
For the kingdom of Emmanuel
Brings thee purity and peace.

LOOK WESTWARD.

REV. WM. R. DURYEA, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Genesis xiii. 14.

Great Sun of Righteousness divine,
Whose early light our homes has blest,
Oh! let thy beams, reviving, shine
In later glory on the West.

Where fields with happy harvests wave
The bread of life no hands have sown;
Where wealth adds darkness to the grave
Thy lasting treasures are unknown.

But these on us thy love has poured,
Thy cross our souls from fear has freed,
And can we of thy gifts, O Lord,
Refuse our kindred in their need?

Forbid it, Master! at thy feet
Our cheerful offerings we lay;
Make them for thine own service meet,
And spread with them the gospel ray.

Spread those dear beams from East to West,
Till our broad land thy love shall know,
And praise, by every tongue expressed,
Reveals a heaven begun below.

HYMN FOR HOME MISSION- ARIES.

BY HELEN L. BROWN.

Tune, "God Save the King."

O Lord our God, we pray,
Bless thou our land to-day,
Now while we call!
Bless all from East to West,
Who, having thee confessed,
Seek not on earth their rest—
God bless them all.

All who, alive to thee,
Make this their calling be,
To serve thee here;
Who, following their Head,
By thy pure word are fed,
And by thy Spirit led
Till thou appear.

All who, at thy command,
Kindred or home or land
Have left for thee.
Thy promises fulfill
To them fourfold, and still
Their cup o'erflowing fill,
And let them see

Not only earthly good
Of friends, and gold, and food,
But let them be
Glad reapers in thy field,
And garner sheaves that yield
Harvests of light, revealed
And blessed by thee.

"THE SHELTER," RICHMOND, MASS.

A HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

Rise up, sons of the Pilgrims,
Possess the mighty West;
With arches span her rivers,
Climb up her mountains' crest.
From sea to sea, the charter
With which our fathers came;
Rise up, and take possession
In Christ, the Master's name.

Each ocean breeze is wafting
Earth's millions to our shores;
They come to fell our forests,
To mine our precious ores;
They come to wield the hammer,
To guide the busy loom,
To people the wide prairie,
And make the desert bloom.

They come from Mother England,
They come from sunny France,
And from the pleasant vine-lands
Where sweet Rhine-waters glance;
The Swiss forsakes his fastness—
The Alps' eternal snows—
They come from Austrian mountains,
From where the Danube flows.

The thronging tribes of Asia
Are on our Western slope,
We must rise up and meet them
With Christ, man's only hope.
Where late the sullen Indian
Scowled at the thund'ring train,
We must go with the gospel
And build the Christian fane.

I hear advancing footsteps
Of millions yet to be;
I seem to see all nations
Here bend to Christ the knee.
One blood our Father made them,
One blood they hither flow;
Rise up, sons of the Pilgrims,
Your visitation know.

O North, with snow-clad mountains,
O South, with waving palms,
O East and West, uniting,
Lift up the voice of Psalms!
Be Christ your only watchword,
Ye men of faith and prayer;
Lift up his sacred standard,
And plant it everywhere!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

MRS. S. B. TITTERINGTON.

The voice of God is calling
To all his ransomed host,
"March on! your foes are falling,
In vain their empty boast."
But haste! for souls are dying
For whom Christ Jesus bled,
And hungry hearts are crying,
"Oh, give us heavenly bread!"

When Western plains are sweeping
Far onward to the blue,
And nature's heart, upleaping,
With mountain crowns the view,
There wave aloft our banner,
And shout the battle song:
"Our whole broad land, hosanna!
For Christ, our Leader strong!"

The promised day is breaking,
The shadows flee apace,
When all the nations, waking,
Shall taste the Savior's grace;
Till chimes in Sabbath steeples
Shall ring from sea to sea,
And all our country's peoples
To Jesus bow the knee.

Our whole broad land for Jesus!
Our rally cry to-day;
The Christ whose ransom frees us
Shall lead us to the fray.
Then on! with waving banner,
The battle will be won,
And all shall shout, "Hosanna!
Praise God! His will be done!"
OXFORD, MICH.

Labor for Christ.

Come, labor on!
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain!
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go, work to-day!"

Come, labor on!
High office which the angels cannot share—
To young and old the Gospel message bear:
Redeem the day, its hours too swiftly fly,
The night draws nigh.

Come, labor on!
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear;
No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will!

Come, labor on!
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee!

HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY REV. W. H. ILSLEY.

Tune, "Amsterdam."

Rise! ye people who have heard
The gospel's joyful call—
Ye on whom its sacred truths
Like the dews of heaven fall;
Rise and bear to distant homes,
Scattered wide o'er hill and plain,
Joyful news that Jesus comes
To reign on earth again.

Rise! and in the might of Him
Whose chosen ones ye be,
Bid the tale of Jesus' love
Be known from sea to sea;
Rise in majesty and strength,
Go in consciousness of power,
And the barren plain at length
Shall wear bright Sharon's flower.

O'er broad prairies stretching far,
On hill and mountain side,
And where swiftly running streams
Through fertile valleys glide—
There God's waiting people dwell;
Hungry, starving souls they be,
Longing for the fruit which fell
From life's e'er-bearing tree.

Take to these the bread of life,
The living waters bear;
Feed the hungry, cheer the faint,
Who heavy laden are;
Then, when time shall be no more,
And th' archangel's trump shall sound,
These shall stand on Caanan's shore
Who life and peace have found.

Home Missionary Hymn.

Hark! the sound of angel voices,
Over Bethlehem's star-lit plain;
Hark! the heavenly host rejoices,
Jesus comes on earth to reign.
See celestial radiance beaming,
Lighting up the midnight sky;
'Tis the promised day-star gleaming,
'Tis the day-spring from on high.

Westward, all along the ages,
Trace its pathway clear and bright;
Star of hope to Eastern sages,
Radiant now with gospel light.
Angels from the realms of glory,
Peace on earth delight to sing;
Christian, tell the wondrous story,
Go proclaim the Savior King!

Where the woodman's ax is ringing,
Where the hunter roams alone,
Where the prairie-flowers are springing,
Make the great Redeemer known.
While, from California's mountains,
Pure and sweet the anthem swells;
Oregon's dark wilds and fountains
Hail the sound of Sabbath-bells.

Like an armed host with banners,
Terrible in war array,
Zion comes with glad hosannas,
To prepare her Monarch's way.
Unto him all power is given,
All the world his sway shall own,
And on earth, as now in heaven,
Shall his will be done alone.

Home Missionary.

Home Mission Hymn.

BY H. P. PECK.

Thou Rock of our salvation,
Our Jesus and our King!
With humble adoration
Thy precious love we sing:
We seek a Saviour's blessing—
We cannot be denied,
If all in all possessing,
In Christ, the Crucified.

From every tribe and nation,
O'er many a stormy sea,
Souls come in supplication,
With us to worship thee;
O, let the sweet conviction
Of "God with us" abide—
The blessed benediction
Of Christ, the crucified.

From many a lonely station,
From many a darkened mine,
The millions seek salvation,
And love and light divine—
Where mountains lift their glory,
Where teeming valleys hide,
O, let us tell the story
Of Christ, the Crucified.

Where golden sands are gleaming,
Where peaceful rivers roll,
O, let thy love redeeming
Recover every soul!
Where cities spread their splendor
O'er poverty and pride,
May every soul surrender
To Christ, the Crucified.

O Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Hear, now, thy people's cry;
O, let thy love release us—
O, do not pass us by!
Let all thy Zion hear us,
Our need be all supplied—
Bring all thy churches near us,
Dear Saviour, crucified.

From ocean unto ocean,
O'er many a sunny plain,
O, let our deep devotion
Declare thy glorious reign;
'Till all our ransomed nation
Shall live in him who died,
Ascribing full salvation
To Jesus, crucified.

Salem, Oregon, Dec. 25th, 1876.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

8s and 6s.

O love divine! which leads us forth
O'er distant lands to roam,
Shall thy constraining pow'r not move
Our love for souls at home?

"Go ye throughout the world and preach,"
Is Jesus' blest command,
And in its all-embracing love
It folds our native land.

The souls who urge no pressing need,
And boast a Christian claim,
Are yet, without his blood, as those
Who never heard his name—

Save that their doom will greater be,
To whom the light has come;
O Christian, for these priv'leged ones
There's work for thee at home;

And many, many priceless souls,
From whom no seas divide,
Have never heard the precious name
Of Jesus crucified.

They dwell in darkness as profound
As those beyond the sea,
And need alike a Savior's power
Their souls from sin to free.

To us they send a mute appeal,
And shall it be denied?
Ah! surely we must feel their woes,
Since Christ for sinners died.

O love divine! which leads us forth
O'er distant lands to roam,
Shall we not also reach a hand
To pleading souls at home?

J. S.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY REV. E. P. HATFIELD.

O God of Israel! 'twas thy hand
That brought our fathers to these shores,
And gave them here a goodly land
Of fertile soil and precious ores.

The wilderness subdued brings forth
Its buds and blossoms like the rose;
From east to west, from south to north,
The tide of life and blessing flows.

And still from every land they come,
The sons of sorrow, want and care,
To find with us a peaceful home
And in our wondrous mercies share.

Oh, grant to all these millions, Lord,
The light of thy life-giving face;
The preaching of thy blessed word,
The church, and all the means of grace.

To all thy heralds strength impart,
To seek and save their fellow-men,
On boundless plain, in busy mart,
On mountain top, in lowly glen.

Hearts, hands and purses, Lord, are thine;
Open them all, inflame our zeal,
And with the showers of grace divine
Our labors bless, our counsels seal.

19
HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY REV. S. J. M. EATON, D.D.

Tune, "Webb."

I.

This land amid the oceans,
In all its wondrous pride,
Should hear the name of Jesus,
And spread his glories wide;
To him belongs the treasure
Our Western mountains yield,
To him the glorious fullness
That clothes the summer field.

II.

The swelling population
That surges through the hills,
That throngs amid the valleys,
And all our country fills,
Must be secured for Jesus
By free and sovereign grace,
That God may make our nation
His own abiding-place.

III.

Then let this blessed gospel
Be spread through all our bounds,
Till all our wide dominion
With earnest praise resounds—
Till saving truth shall echo
From every mountain crest,
And fill with sweetest music
The prairies of the West.

IV.

Then shall our blessed influence
Be felt the world around,
And nations now in darkness
Take up the joyful sound;
This world so sad and weary
Shall rest in sweet repose—
The desert then shall blossom
In beauty like the rose.

THE MINER'S GRAVE.

Yonder, on that little knoll,
Beneath that lone pine tree,
You notice there that little mound—
It is a miner's grave you see.

Tread lightly, boys, around his grave,
It is a sacred spot;
He is fresh in our memory now—
Oh! how soon he'll be forgot.

That wooden slab that marks his grave
In a few years will decay;
That little mound, so fresh and green,
Will also sink away.

Time will pass by, and years roll on,
The flowers will bloom the same—
That little spot will be forgot,
Likewise the poor miner's name.

Perhaps our lot will be like his,
In some mining camp we'll die;
Be buried in some lonely spot—
There bid this world good-by.

I hope it will not be our lot.
It is a solemn thought
To die away from friends and home,
By all to be forgot.

J. W. WOOLSEY.

—R. P. and Telegraph.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."

All around us, lo! the wide fields.
White to harvest, call for toil;
Unto men, and not to angels,
God has given to reap the spoil;
Rise and labor,
All the tempter's power to foil.

Weary hearts are vainly longing
For the rest earth can not give;
Spread abroad the joyful tidings,
"Come to Jesus, drink, and live;
Life eternal,
Sons of men, from him receive."

See the heavenly kingdom waiting,
See the loving Savior stand;
Forth, then, seek the poor and needy,
Bring them in at his command,
That the King's feast
May be honored through this land.

Ransomed sinners! souls rejoicing
In the joy of sin forgiven,
Tell to captive souls the story,
How your bonds of sin were riven,
That together
Praise may sound for aye in heaven.

Bring the gold and bring the silver,
Labor all with one accord;
Build the temple, Christ its glory,
Spread the triumphs of his word,
Till all kindreds
Speak the praises of the Lord.

QUEBEC, April 14, 1875.

J. R.

THE LAND TO BE WON.

BY FAREL HART.

In the wide, wide West
Where the winds are free,
In the wild, wild West,
In the prairie sea,
In the land of plain,
In the mountains' home
Where rivers are born
And fierce storms roam,
Where the voice of nature
In silence speaks
From grassy mead
And snow-clad peaks,
Where a million souls,
Some foul, some fair,
Ruin lives,
Or lives repair,
There, there, in that wondrous world,
There, there in the wide, wild West,
Let the Cross be known
And the Savior blest.

YOUR MISSION.

Hark, the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus,
Will be precious in his sight.

If you cannot speak like angels.
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked,
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

Let none hear you idly saying.
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be:
Answer quickly when He calleth:
"Here am I, send me, send me."

*Rev. Daniel March, D.D.
June "Our Mission"*

HOME MISSION HYMN.

REV. A. BRODHEAD, D.D.

8s and 7s.

By thy favor, King of nations,
Blessings numberless are ours;
Bring we now our heart's oblations,
Praise thee with our highest powers.

Peace and plenty, strength and gladness,
Are our heritage from thee;
Past is now our nation's sadness,
Freedom reigns from sea to sea.

But, our sins and want confessing,
Low before the mercy-seat,
Even yet a greater blessing,
We, thy people, Lord, entreat.

Through our gracious Savior's merit,
Who for sinners didst atone.
May the graces of thy Spirit
Dwell in every heart and home.

Let not unbelief enslave us,
Nor intemperance debase;
From all forms of error save us,
May we give to wrong no place.

May the bulwarks of our nation
Be forever righteousness;
May her walls be thy salvation,
Her adornings, truth and grace.

Let the people, as they gather
To our land from every shore,
Praise and honor thee, O Father,
Son and Spirit, evermore.

ALLAHABAD, India.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY REV. P. BEVAN.

The gospel of Jesus, oh, bear it to all,
From guilt to release us, and misery's thrall;
The gospel of gladness, oh, bear it around,
To banish soul-sadness wherever 'tis found.

Go, bear it Far West to the searcher for
gold;

Oh, tell him 'tis best, for its wealth is un-
told,

And hasten thy feet, where the orange tree
blows,

To tell them more sweet is Sharon's rich
rose.

To East and to North line, oh, bear it
away,

Till all our land forth shines with glory's
bright ray;

To palace and cottage, to cabin and dome,
To the old in his dotage, the young in his
bloom.

Go out to the hardened, go out to the low,
Oh, tell them they're pardoned, if sin they'll
forego;

Go out to the dying, go out to the strong,
On Jesus relying, let this be your song:

"Salvation is near thee; oh, sinner, be wise!
Redemption we bear thee, it came from the
skies;

Oh, take it, we bring it; our Savior divine
Says, 'Take it and sing it;' that Savior is
thine."

SPRING MOUNT, Harrison Co., Ind.

NATIVE COUNTRY.

When, Lord! to this our Western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy name.

Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

And, Oh! may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet,
Within our spreading land:
There brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers roam,
Still guided by thy hand.

Saviour! we own this debt of love;
Oh! shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy name
Through all our desert West.

—Church Hymn Book.

A Voice From the Prairie.

BY A LADY.

"We mean to toil on and pray on."

Home Missionary.

A voice from the prairie, there's grief in its tone;

"Mid the legions of sin I am struggling alone,

The dark ranks of error are thick on the field,

And deadly and keen are the weapons they wield.

"And pleasure is there, with the dance and the song,

To her perilous pathway alluring the young. E'en the church hath forgotten her mission divine,

Unmindful alike of her honor and thine."

A voice from the prairie, yet not in despair:

It is patient in toil, it is mighty in prayer; It reacheth the ear of the Master on high,

And his accents of mercy are heard in reply:

"Although in the morning, sad, weeping, alone,

Thy seed on the way side in weakness is thrown:

Though thou bearest the burden and heat of the day,

Oppressed by thy labor, uncheered on thy way;

"Lo! still I am with thee, my promise is sure;

Till even-tide cometh, with patience endure;

Then, rejoicing in hope, and made perfect in love,

Thou shalt bear thy full sheaves to the garner above."

Banner Song.

While the stars and stripes are waving Proudly over us to-day,

And our goddess, sweet-toned Freedom, Holds her ever-glorious away,

While a thousand banners streaming Bear some cherished party word,

Let Believers raise one, bearing, "Holiness unto the Lord."

Christians, rally round this banner, Raise it high with eager hand;

Raise it to the Lord, Jehovah, He who ruleth sea and land,

Who hath broke your chains asunder, And hath "made you free indeed!"

Bear it high in holy triumph, Till the *People* shall be freed.

Let it float on broader pennons, Let it wave above us higher,

Brighter, fairer than all others, And its characters of fire,

Shine, that all the world may read them, And may shout, with one accord,

"This shall be our motto, ever, Holiness unto the Lord!"

Chn. Adv. & Jour. (altered.)

We must not hope to be mowers,

And to gather the ripe, gold ears,

Unless we have first been sowers,

And watered the furnace with tears.

It is not just as we take it,

This mystical world of ours;

Life's field will yield, as we make it,

A harvest of thorns or flowers.

Woman's Work.

To seek and save the lost!

A heaven-born thought was this,

To which we owe our every joy,

Earthly and heavenly bliss.

And *this* is woman's work

For woman lost in sin;

It binds us fast to Christ our Lord

In fellowship divine.

Yes; woman *saved* must work

For her sister woman *lost*,

And bring her back, as Christ did us,

However great the cost.

Even to give her jewels up,

And costly vain attire;

She then will find in this blest work

Room for a large desire.

IONIA, Michigan.

HOME MISSIONARY PSALM.

BY REV. C. R. BURDICK.

Tune, "America."

Great God, our glorious land,

With all its mountains grand

From sea to sea;

Where its great prairies roll,

Where its broad rivers troll

From North to South, the whole

Belongs to thee.

Oh, may thy people all,

Who on thy name do call,

Near and afar,

All its vast treasures hold,

The silver and the gold,

In mines of wealth untold,

With thee to share;

That through our Western World

Thy banner be unfurled

From Calvary;

Planted its hills and dales,

Its plains and blooming vales,

With fruit that never fails

For man in thee.

There where Niagara's flood

Lifts up its voice to God

In accents grand;

From every inland sea,

From wild Yosemite,

From where bright valleys be,

From all the land—

Let the glad song arise,

Pealing from earth to skies,

Loud let it ring;

Ring o'er our mountain peaks,

Where thunder on them breaks,

Ring till the nation shrieks,

JESUS IS KING!

Let the Atlantic's waves

Pour in their glorious staves,

In thunder sing;

Roll the great anthem o'er

To far Pacific's shore,

Mingling with his loud roar,

JESUS IS KING!

PRIZE OFFERED FOR A HYMN.

"The Rocky Mountain Presbyterian," (Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., Editor, Denver, Colorado), is authorized to offer a prize of one hundred dollars, for the best Home Mission hymn, suitable for public worship or Home Mission meetings; also, a prize of fifty dollars, for the best Home Mission poem, of not less than forty-eight lines. The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as a committee of award: Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, D. D., Rev. Irenaeus Prime, D. D., and the Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, D. D., all of the City of New York. Contestants will address the Rev. Dr. Hatfield, No. 149 West 34th St. New York City N. Y. on or before July 1st 1875, attaching a *nom de plume* to their hymn, or poem, and giving their true name in a sealed envelope. Honorable mention will be made of the more meritorious hymns and poems. Should forty or fifty suitable hymns be contributed, they will be published in a small volume, as a Home Mission Collection of Hymns. All the manuscripts forwarded to be at the disposal of the "Rocky Mountain Presbyterian."

Surely under our educational head, we can place nothing more and better calculated to stir up and educate the "Muses" than this noble offer! Besides, it is offered for a hymn, a single hymn! and that, "a Home Mission Hymn." Now, try your skill, ye poets and poetesses from Denver, Colorado, to the Atlantic, round by the Gulf of California, and thence, to the Canadas. We commend Brother Jackson for his zeal in this good cause, and cannot but wish that all the ministers of our land had "Home Missions," "on the brain" as much as he has. We like the zeal manifested in his paper; and, especially the generosity in the above offer, therefore, we have willingly given place to it.

One would have supposed, however, that New York Editors and Pastors would have their hands full of work necessarily pertaining to their respective offices, but it seems not, as we find from the article which we print above, headed "Prize offered for a hymn." That three such gentlemen have consented, and that kindly, to examine all the poems that may be sent during the next four months which any person in these United States, who imagines that he has a poetic afflatus, may please to write a Home Mission hymn under the stimulus of a hundred dollars. Our Brother Jackson, of Colorado, himself an Editor, as well as preacher, ought to have known better. One consolation however is that the work of examining the poetry does not begin till July 1st, when the oppressed Ministers and Editors begin their vacation. But imagine the piles of MSS., they will each have to carry, to their summer retreat. \$100 to write a hymn! It is scarcely more than noon, yet already, there has been

placed on our table seven poems, all of them "worthy of honorable mention;" and still two more mails to be emptied on our table, before the day closes, and all these, offered without money and without price." Imagine the accumulation of four months, with \$100 in prospect.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Rocky Mountain Presbyterian has committed a blunder, the proportions of which the editor will realize in due time to his sorrow and surprise. He has offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best home mission hymn suitable for public worship. To make a bad matter worse, he offers fifty dollars for the best home mission poem "of not less than forty-eight lines!" Mark the utter recklessness of the man—not less than forty-eight lines! He will get them 480, 4,800, 48,000—four and a half millions of lines, if any machine of that capacity is in working order. When the poetry begins to pour in upon him, he will begin to quote poetry himself—"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless continuity of shade!" "Oh, had I wings of the dove!" It will be lucky if he does not wish he were not dead. Out of nery to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, of Denver, Colorado, we shall resolutely refuse to give his post-office address to the poets.

Interior

POETS MUST DISCRIMINATE. We have noted the generous offer of Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson of prizes of \$100 and \$50, respectively, for the two best Home Mission hymns and poems, the latter to be "of not less than forty-eight lines." We fear that many of the contestants may overlook the fact that this restriction is to be applied to the "poem," and not to the "hymn." We shall commiserate our editorial brother if this discrimination is not made. Think of giving out in these days a hymn of twelve verses! He must have required no common boldness to have offered such prizes; but even a "Rocky Mountain Presbyterian" would not have had the temerity to suggest that any well-regulated church could stand, or choir could sing, a hymn of more than four verses. Twelve verses would cause a "strike" in most of our orchestras!

REV. SHELDON JACKSON, the energetic Superintendent of the Presbyterian Home Missions in the states and territories on the Eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, feeling the need of soul-stirring hymns to arouse and spur on the churches to continued activity and benevolence in the great work of evangelizing our own country, offers a prize of \$100 for the best Home Mission Hymn of not less than forty-eight lines, suitable for public worship, and of \$50 for the second best. Rev. Drs. Hatfield, Prime, and Hastings of New York, are the Committee of Award. Hymns may be sent previous to July 1, to Rev. Dr.

ATTENTION, hymn-writers! The editor of *The Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*, that most enterprising man SHELDON JACKSON, who is one of the liveliest Home Missionaries on this continent, is authorized to offer one hundred dollars for a hymn on Home Missions, suitable to be used in public worship or at home mission meetings. The Rev. Drs. PRIME, HATFIELD, and HASTINGS have consented to act as a committee of award. A prize of fifty dollars is also offered for the best poem of forty-eight lines on the home mission work. There is hardly any department of hymnology with which our Church books are so poorly furnished as that of Home Missions. We have been at meetings held to stimulate mission work for America, in which, for anything like a suitable song of praise, we had to fall back on the inevitable "Greenland's Icy Mountains." The opening up of the Pacific Railroad, and the developement of the mining and grazing interests of the mighty West, ought to furnish fresh material for sacred song, savored with the rich ring of true poetry. Poets and hymn manufacturers have till the first of July. Until that time let them mail their offerings to Dr. HATFIELD, 149 West Thirty-fourth street, New York. A really successful hymn will be well worth the hundred dollars.

PITY THE SORROWS, &C.

I am afraid I shall never again see my excellent and highly esteemed friend, the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, of Denver, Colorado. Just think what this indefatigable missionary has done! In these days, when every third man or woman is born full of the poetic afflatus, he has gone and offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best home missionary hymn, and a prize of fifty dollars for the best home missionary poem of not less than forty-eight lines. Think of the manuscripts that will roll in upon him, and then of one man sitting down to read them all, when there is no prospect of his living to be more than eighty years old! Is the mail service to Denver equal to this unexpected emergency? Whether Dr. Jackson sinks or swims, survives or perishes, the result of his efforts will probably be the production of a first-class hymn and poem upon a subject which the writers of religious poetry have, somehow, strangely overlooked. I give this publicity to the matter for three reasons—First, though I could undoubtedly win both these prizes if I had a mind to do so, I do not intend to compete for them, and therefore wish to enlarge the field of competition. Second, I wish to see a good hymn and a good poem on a neglected topic. Third, if they are worth the money, they must, of course, be written by readers of the *Presbyterian*.

A PRIZE FOR A HYMN. The Rocky Mountain Presbyterian, acting under authority of the denomination which it represents, offers a prize of \$100 for the best Home Mission hymn, suitable for public worship or Home Mission meetings. The particulars may be found in the column of Paragraphs on the last page of this paper. The western churches, whose work is so largely of the Home Mission kind, especially need sacred hymns of this character. Among the Evangelical denominations of America, there may possibly be five thousand psalms, hymns and songs of Zion in use. Very many of these are admirably suited to the various forms of Christian labor and experience. No one may tell how much the success of the evangelical Moody may depend upon the soul-stirring songs of his musical brother. For every day dispensations of Christian life, whether of temporal or spiritual prosperity or adversity, there are songs suited to each and every state. Our church hymn books fail. It is in some measure to remedy this, or at least call the attention of the church to it, that the present offer is made. The hymns called out will, of course, be the property of the Christian church, and this constitutes one of the strong reasons why we hope it may find a successful issue.

To the Committee of Award on Home Mission Hymns and Poems.

BY ONE OF SIX HUNDRED.

The Committee of Award announce that they will not be ready to report until the 1st of October, having six hundred manuscripts to examine.

From all parts of the land,
From many a trembling hand,
To be by critics scanned,
Came the six hundred.
Lo! "on the table" laid,
Waiting the dissecting blade,
What disposal will be made
Of the six hundred?

Critics to right of them,
Critics to left of them,
Saw them and pondered,
"Lo, what a work is here!
Can we this burden bear?
Shall we get through this year
With the six hundred?

Judging now, for good or ill,
Judging now, with right good will,
Judging now, those men of skill,
How many waste-baskets can they fill
With the six hundred?
What will they do with them
When they get through with them?
Will they print a few of them—
Of the six hundred?

Scanned now by critics' eyes,
Scanned by the great and wise,
Which ones shall win the prize,
Long have we wondered.
Fear not to make it known
Unto which are favors shown,
When into the scales are thrown
All the six hundred.

Fear not, for well we knew
That only to a few
Would the reward be due—
Aye, only unto two
Of the six hundred.

C. C. W.

AITHLONE.

C. P. M.

Heinrich Isaac, 1490.

God of the na-tions! bow thine ear, And lis-ten to our fer-vent prayer,
Build up the king-dom of his grace, A-mid the mil-lions of our race,

1st time. 2d time.
Through thy be-lov-ed Son; And make thy won-ders known.

1213. *The Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 God of the nations! bow thine ear,
And listen to our fervent prayer,
Through thy beloved Son;
Build up the kingdom of his grace,
Amid the millions of our race,
And make thy wonders known.
- 2 Send forth the heralds in his name;
Bid them a Saviour's love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
Till distant lands shall hear the sound,
And send the joyful echoes round,
Amid the shades of death.
- 3 Hast thou not given the heavenly word,
That all the earth shall know the Lord,
And to his sceptre bow?
And is not this the favored hour,
When many a realm shall feel his power,
And pay the solemn vow?
- 4 Oh! let the nations rise, and bring
Their offerings to th' almighty King,
And trust in him alone;
Renounce their idols, and adore
The God of gods for evermore,
Upon his lofty throne.
- 5 The dying millions thus shall prove
The matchless power of bleeding love,
And feel their sins forgiven;

Shall join the converts' joyful throng,
And raise on high redemption's song,
Along the path to heaven.

Thomas Hastings, 1834.

1214.

Home Missions.

- 1 WHEN, Lord! to this our western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came, [youth,
Their ancient homes, their friends in
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy name.
- 2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.
- 3 And, Oh! may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet,
Within our spreading land:
There brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam;
Still guided by thy hand.
- 4 Saviour! we own this debt of love:
Oh! shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy name,
Through all our desert west.

Henry U. Onderdonk, 1826.

ZION'S CONFLICT AND VICTORY.

BY REV. ROBERT STEWART.

Let Zion go forth all shining and bright,
Clad with the armor of God, for the fight,
With loins girt about with truth of the word,
She stands in her strength, but strong in the Lord.

Then let the churches throughout the whole land,
Press to the work at the Savior's command,
Till mountain and dale, and wide spreading plain,
Shall own the Redeemer, whose right is to reign.

The Jesuit Roman stands *firm* in his place,
And claims for the Pope, his favor and grace;
His cunning devices are laid very deep,
He captures the place, while Protestants sleep,

The Mormon deceivers and infidel clans,
Are all in the field, and working their plans;
Like Herod and Pilate, make friendship to-day,
All striving to keep God's armies away.

Then Mammon stands forth with gold speculation,
And boldly proclaims, "I am God of the nation;"
Then promises wealth, and consequent pleasure,
When fate and good luck shall fill up the treasure.

Thus Satan, the tempter, puts up his demands,
Claiming possession of all these fair lauds;
To conquer his forces and cause them to yield,
God's forces are called to the Home Mission field.

Some worship the gods they brought from their home,
Some from old China, and others from Rome,
But all are intent *one thing* to obtain,
Gold is the object, and gold they must gain.

But what is the worth of mountains of gold,
When laid as the price, for which we are sold;
The wealth of these mines may come at your call,
The worth of the soul is more than they all.

From these distant lands affecting us all,
How often we hear the Macedon call:
"Come over, come over, and help us they cry,
Oh! send us relief, or sinners must die."

Nevada and Utah, boundless in wealth,
Their mountains and lakes are gardens of health;
But deep moral darkness covers the land,
To give them the light, is Christ's great command.

Then Idaho's valleys and Montana's hills,
Where rise the great rivers in small mountain rills;
From cascade to cascade, they dash on their way,
No panic nor pressure can make *them* delay.

So let the churches, each one as a rill,
Press rapidly forth the rivers to fill;
Uniting, her streams shall swell the great wave,
With waters of life, the thirsting to save.

From Arizona's plains, far down in the south,
The Home Mission field spreads out to the north;
From the great rivers, somewhat in the east,
To the ends of the earth away in the west.

Thus bounded we gaze, from Denver's proud height,
And look o'er this land with hope and delight;
For even to-day the gospel is given,
To quicken dead souls and fit them for heaven.

But great moral wastes are yet in the land,
More fruitless by far than deserts of sand;
To water these wastes we must not delay,
But haste to the work, the work of to-day.

But "times are so hard," some workers may say,
"Men now in the field the Boards can not pay;
Shall we then increase the Board's present debt,
Before they can say, 'these claims shall be met?'"

Reapers sent out to the Home Mission field,
Get scarce a tithing their honor to shield;
Fair honest payments are justly their due,
To her engagements the Church must be true.

That something is wrong can not be denied,
But who would dare say: "It's fashion and pride?"
That these have their claims no mortal denies,
While daily they call for further supplies.

And other demands are now very great,
At home and abroad, in Church and in State,
These press upon us and come in so fast,
That pay to the reapers must be at the last.

But say, is it just that this must be so?
All Christians unite in answering NO!
These faithful have proved, as workers for Christ,
Then let their pay come *first* on the list.

The Church must arise in grandeur and might,
And bring in the tithes of justice and right;
Then all the Boards will be able to say,
We'll give our workers quite promptly their pay.

Then mountain and hill, and valley and stream,
Shall echo their songs of praises to Him,
Who laid down His life that sinners might live,
And trust in *His* name; who *only* can save.

A CRY FROM THE WEST.

BY MRS. L. L. NEWELL.

A cry comes from the mountains,
From the canyons of the West,
From Colorado's fountains,
And Nevada's crest.

From the hill-tops, now 'tis echoed,
Now, from the prairies below,
Now, by the winds 'tis carried,
Now, through the rain and snow,
Now, through the golden sunshine,
Now, through the gleaming mist,
Now, through the quaking aspen,
Ever a voice cries, "List!"

Is it a note of triumph?
(This cry which greets our ears,)
Nay, 'tis a voice of pleading
As though it came through tears.

It comes from western thousands
Who have *everything* but God,
Who tremble when his anger
And his judgments are abroad.
It comes from little children
Growing up in vice and sin;
Who have never heard of *Jesus*,
But know much of "bet" and "win."
Who have never had a Bible,
Or known a Sabbath day;
Who have never heard a blessing,
Or of the "better way."

It comes from godless households,
From colleges and schools,
From dredgers, miners, diggers,
Now owned as rich as men's tools.
It comes from wayward children,
Who once had homes of prayer,
Who have long been wandering, weary
With their load of grief or care.

'Tis for the glad evangel,
Their voice of pleading comes;
'Tis for the blessed gospel
To feed their starving ones.
'Tis for the bread eternal,
Which grows not on their plains;
'Tis for salvation's water,
Which flows not through their glens.
Oh, hearken, Christian brethren!
The cry is not for gold,
The need is not for silver—
Their mines yield wealth untold.

Oh! haste to help them, brethren!
Leave home, and ease, and friends;
Haste, for by *you* glad tidings
Our common Father sends.
Haste, for the need is urgent,
Satan and Sin are strong—
Haste, for soon Death may seize them,
Haste, for delay is wrong.
Haste, for the cry grows louder,
And the harvest *now* is white;
Haste, for the prince of darkness
Garners *quickest* in the night.
ROCHESTER, Minn.

AMERICA.

6s & 4s.

Adapted by Henry Carey, obit. 1743.

My coun - try! 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land, where my
fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From eve - ry mountain side, Let freedom ring!

1297.

Native Country.

- 1 My country! 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land, where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country! thee, —
Land of the noble, free, —
Thy name — I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring, from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright.
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us, by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

1298.

The national Anniversary.

- 1 AUSPICIOUS morning! hail!
Voices, from hill and vale,
Thy welcome sing:

- Joy on thy dawning breaks;
Each heart that joy partakes,
While cheerful music wakes,
Its praise to bring.
- 2 When, on the tyrant's rod,
Our patriot fathers trod,
And dared be free,
'T was not in burning zeal,
Firm nerves, and hearts of steel,
Our country's joy to seal, —
But, Lord! in thee.
- 3 Thou, as a shield of power,
In battle's awful hour,
Didst round us stand;
Our hopes were in thy throne;
Strong in thy might alone,
By thee our banners shone,
God of our land!
- 4 Long, o'er our native hills,
Long, by our shaded rills,
May freedom rest;
Long may our shores have peace,
Our flag grace every breeze,
Our ships the distant seas,
From east to west.
- 5 Peace on this day abide,
From morn till eventide;
Wake tuneful song;
Melodious accents raise;
Let every heart, with praise,
Bring high and grateful lays,
Rich, full, and strong.

Samuel F. Smith, 1841.

ANTIGUA.

L. M.

English Melody.

Almighty Sovereign of the skies! To thee let songs of glad-ness rise;

Each grate-ful heart its trib-ute bring, And eve-ry voice thy goodness sing.

1294. *The Goodness of Providence.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY Sovereign of the skies!
To thee let songs of gladness rise;
Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
And every voice thy goodness sing.
- 2 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
Life, health, and strength thy hands be-
The daily good, thy creatures share, [stow;
Springs from thy providential care.
- 3 The rich profusion nature yields,
The harvest waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreshing shower,
Are gifts from thine exhaustless store.
- 4 At thy command the vernal bloom
Revives the world from winter's gloom,
The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasures pours.
- 5 Let every power of heart and tongue,
Unite to swell the grateful song;
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the majesty divine.

*Nathan Strong, 1799.*1295. *National Thanksgiving.*

- 1 God of the passing year! to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With swelling heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 We bless thy name, almighty God!
For all the kindness, thou hast shown
To this fair land our fathers trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

- 3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
For thou our country's arms didst guide,
And led them on their conquering way.
- 4 We praise thee, that the gospel light,
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Scatters the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 O God! preserve us in thy fear;
In troublous times, our Helper be;
Diffuse thy truth's bright precepts here,
And may we worship only thee.

*Alfred A. Woodhull, 1828.*1296. *The goodly Heritage.*

- 1 How rich thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our various comforts spring;—
The blessings liberty bestows;
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store
That pours from every foreign shore;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices to our Maker's praise.
- 3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
Through every age, we'll gladly own,—
Jehovah here has fixed his throne.
- 4 Crown our just counsels with success;
With peace and joy our nation bless;
Thy sacred rights, O Lord! maintain,
And in our hearts for ever reign.

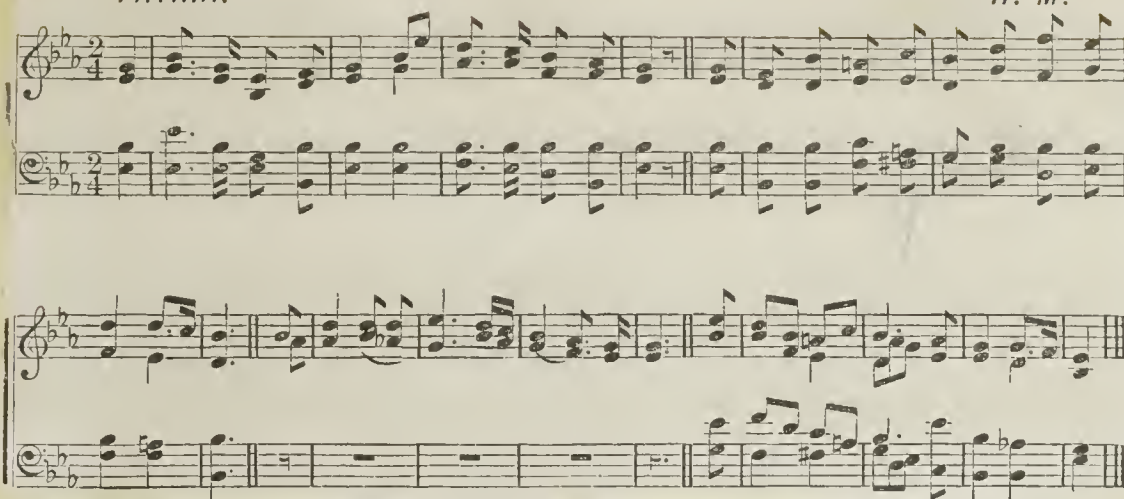
Andrew Kippis, 1795, a.

Patriotic

NATIONAL.

PATRIA.

H. M.



1 BEFORE the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love.
Our thanks we bring
In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise
To heaven's high King.

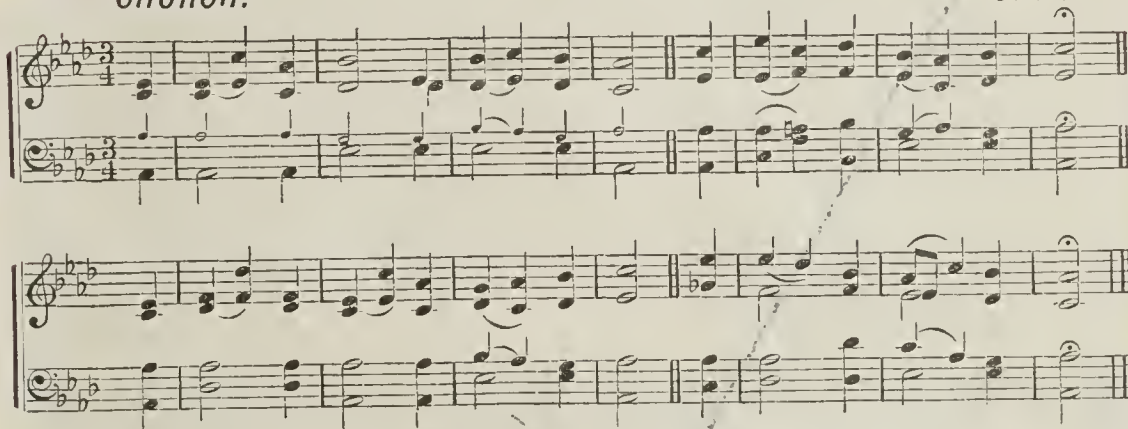
2 The nation thou hast blest
May well thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day,
Our thanks we pay,
Gifts of thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen.
May every tongue
Be tuned to praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.

4 Earth, hear thy Maker's voice,
Thy great Redeemer own;
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship him alone.
Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
And bow before
The Crucified.

CHURCH.

C. M.



833

1 OUR land, O Lord! with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice,
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven a cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence through nations round
Hath spread our country's name,
And all her humble efforts crowned
With freedom and with fame.

3 In deep distress a patriot band
Implored thy pow'r to save;

For liberty they prayed; thy hand
The timely blessing gave.

4 On thee, in want, in woe or pain,
Our hearts alone rely;
Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

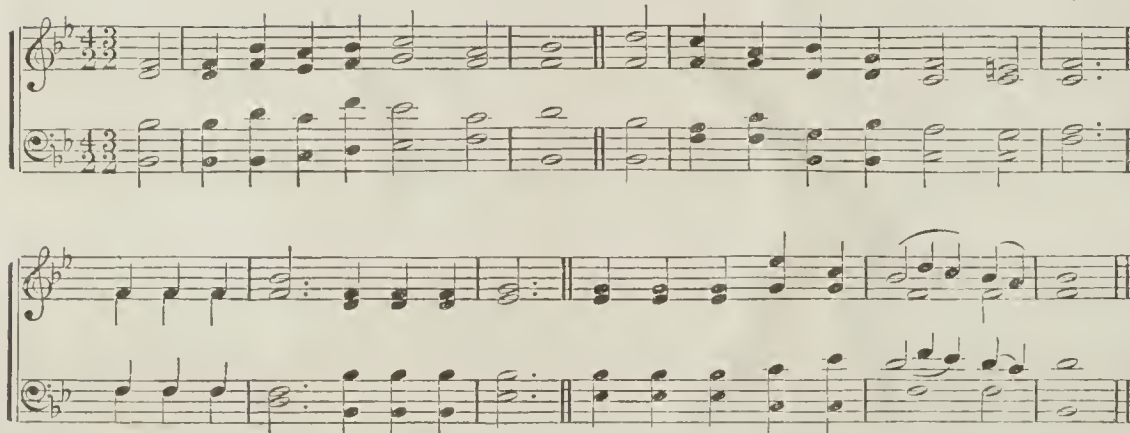
5 Thus, Lord! thy wondrous pow'r declare,
And still exalt thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

29

Prayer Hymnal
PRAYER-MEETING.

AMES.

L. M.



884

- 1 O God! beneath thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.
- 2 Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came, and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 Laws, freedom, truth and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod
The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 4 And here thy name, O God of love!
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

885

- 1 BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow,
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

26

- 3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long hath held his throne.
- 4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

886

- 1 LORD of the harvest! bend thine ear,
For Zion's heritage appear;
Oh, send forth laborers filled with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will.
- 2 Our lifted eyes, O Lord! behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view;
The work is great, the laborers few.
- 3 Under the guidance of thy hand
May Zion's sons to every land
Go forth, to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.
- 4 Bid all their hearts with ardor glow
The Saviour's dying love to show,
And spread the gospel's joyful sound
Far as the race of man is found.

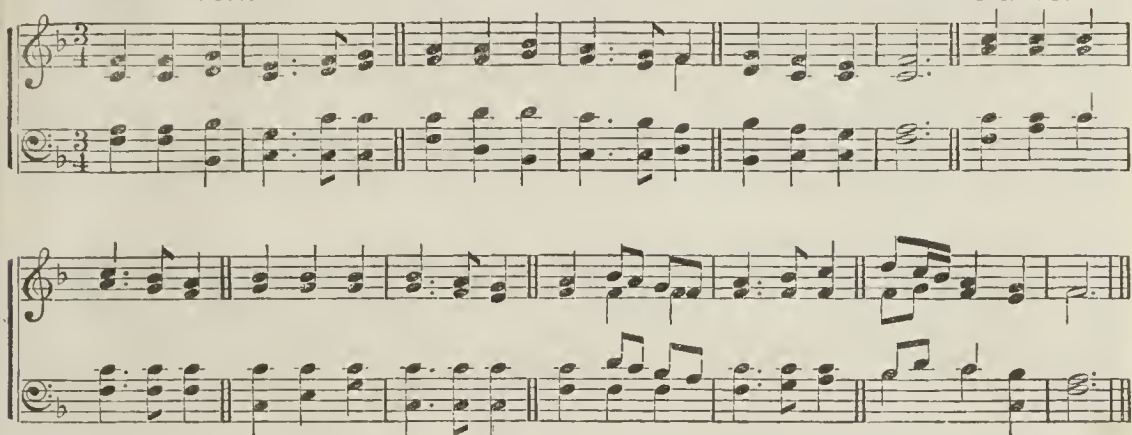
401

Free Hymnal

NATIONAL.

AMERICA.

6s & 4s.



830

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

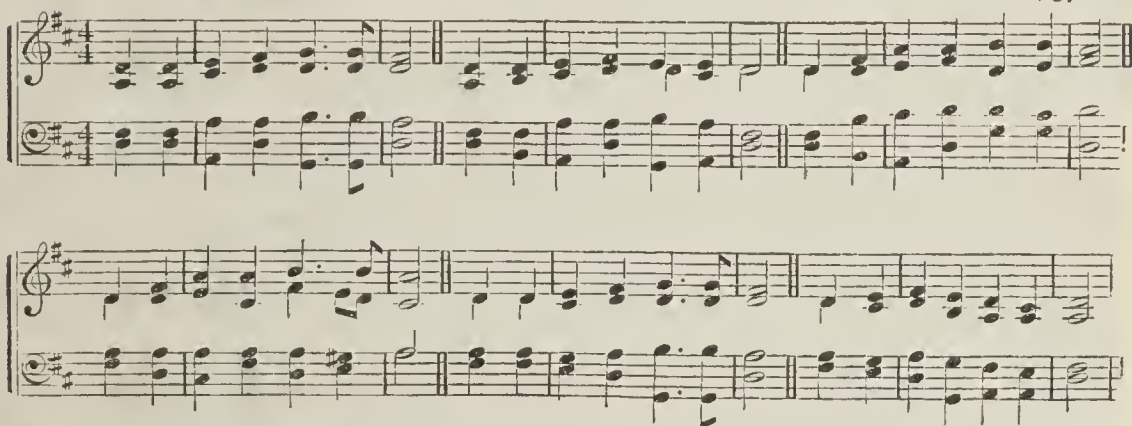
2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies,
On him we wait;

Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

GETHSEMANE.

7s.



831

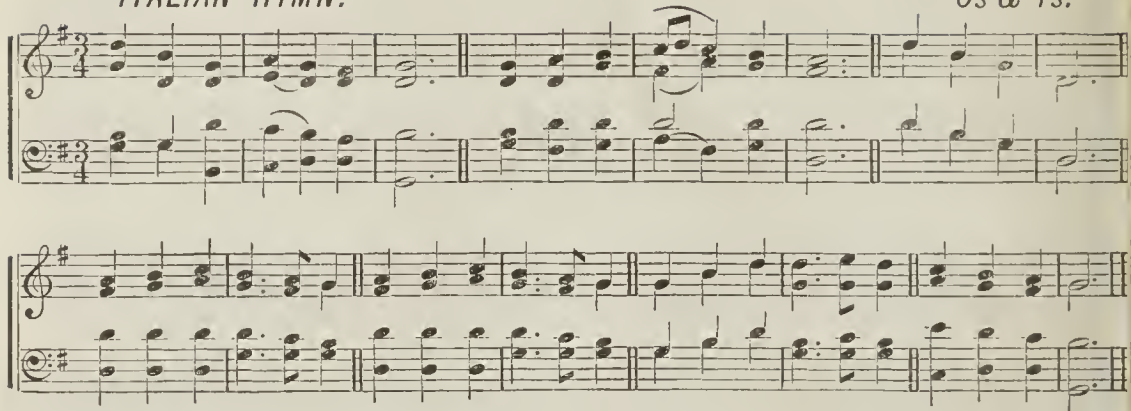
1 WHAT our Father does is well;
Blessed truth his children tell;
Though he send for plenty want,
Though the harvest floor be scant,
Yet we rest upon his love,
Seeking better things above.

2 What our Father does is well;
Shall the willful heart rebel?
If a blessing he withhold
In the field or in the fold,
Is it not himself to be
All our store eternally?

NATIONAL.

ITALIAN HYMN.

6s & 4s.



828

1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

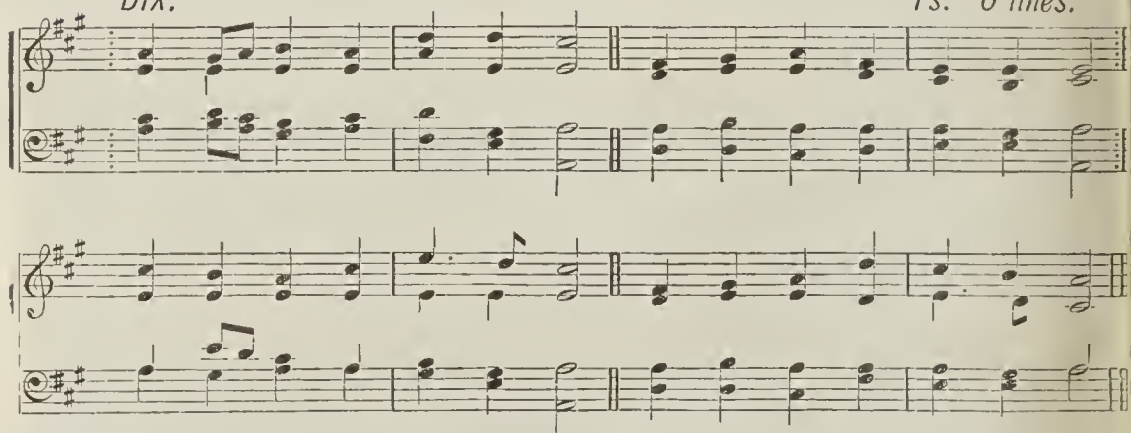
2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;

To glory in your lot
Is comely, but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices raise
With one accord,
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

DIX.

7s. 6 lines.



829

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy!
Let thy praise our tongues employ;
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
For the flocks that roam the plain,

Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Lord! for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores,
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

Psalms Hymnbook
NATIONAL.

ST. POLYCARP.

L. M.

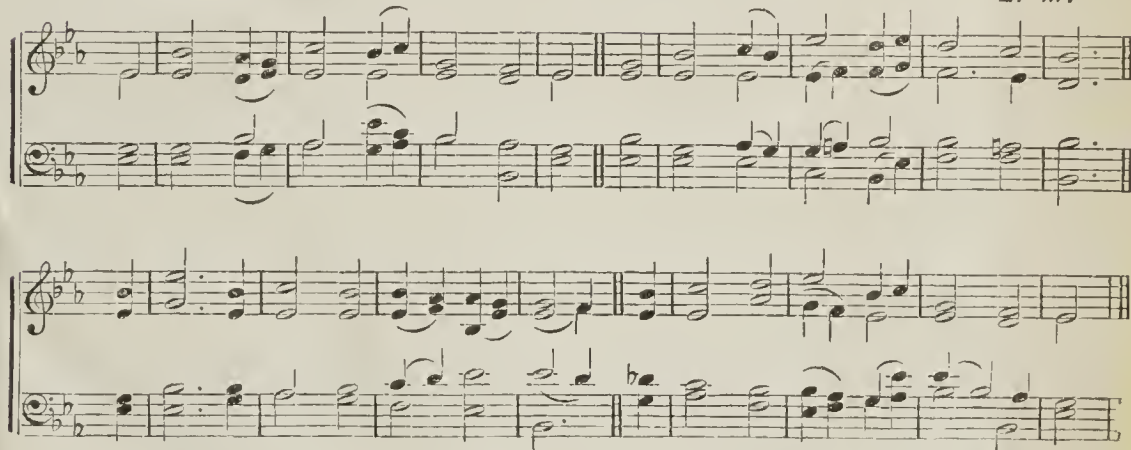


S37

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 WHEN in our hour of utmost need
We know not where to look for aid,
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought,</p> <p>2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God! to thee
For rescue from our misery;</p> <p>3 To thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore with bitter sighs,
And seek thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.</p> <p>4 For thou hast promised, graciously
To hear all those who cry to thee</p> | <p>Through him whose name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our advocate.</p> <p>5 And thus we come, O God! to-day,
And all our woes before thee lay,
For tried, afflicted, lo! we stand,
Peril and foes on every hand.</p> <p>6 Ah! hide not for our sins thy face;
Absolve us through thy boundless grace;
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill.</p> <p>7 That so with all our hearts may we
Once more with joy give thanks to thee,
And walk obedient to thy word,
And now and ever praise the Lord.</p> |
|---|--|

ALFRETON.

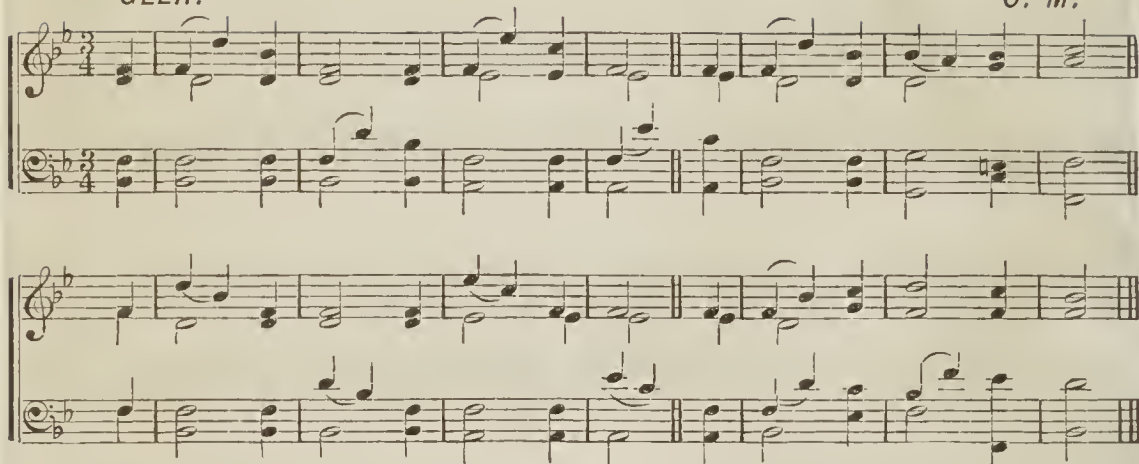
L. M.



NATIONAL.

GEER.

C. M.



835

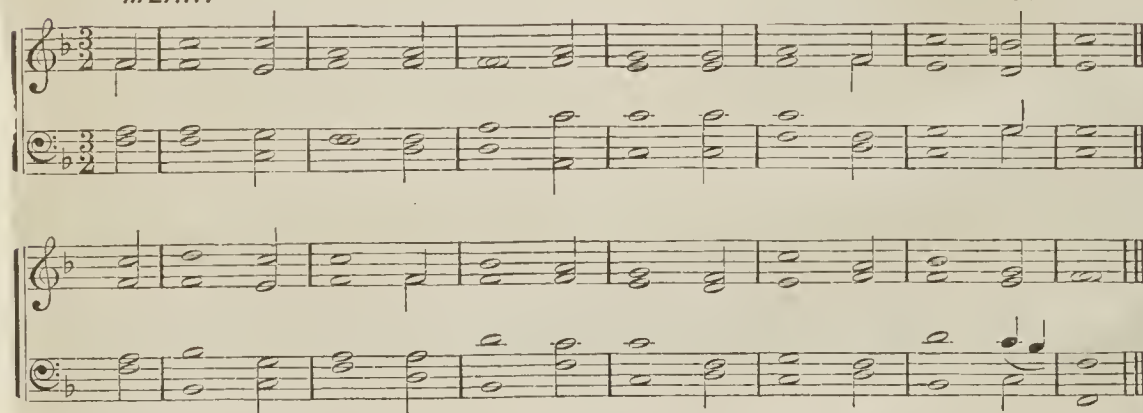
- 1 LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land—
The land we love the most.
- 2 Oh, guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and thee,

And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

- 4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours,
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.
- 5 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

MEAR.

C. M.



836

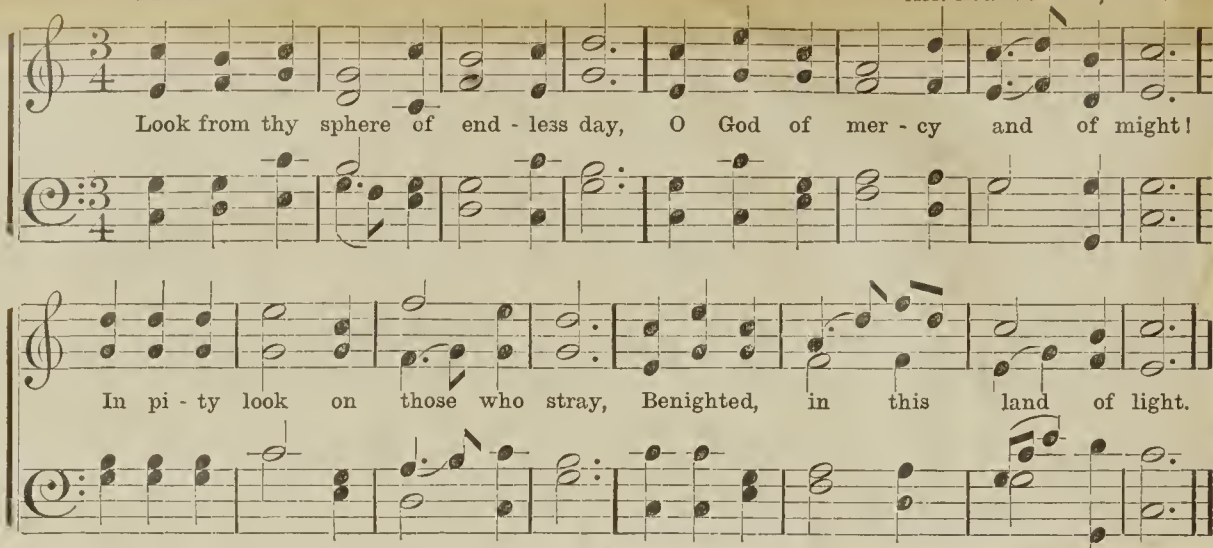
- 1 LORD! thou hast scourged our guilty land,
Behold thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?
- 2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye
Earth's haughty towers decay;

Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

- 3 Our Zion trembles at the stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand;
Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

MENDON.

L. M.

Old German.
Arr. Lowell Mason, 1832.


Look from thy sphere of end-less day, O God of mer-cy and of might!

In pi-ty look on those who stray, Benighted, in this land of light.

1218.

Home Missions.

- 1 Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.
- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!
- 3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord! to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened
A scattered, homeless flock, till all [old,
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William C. Bryant, 1840.

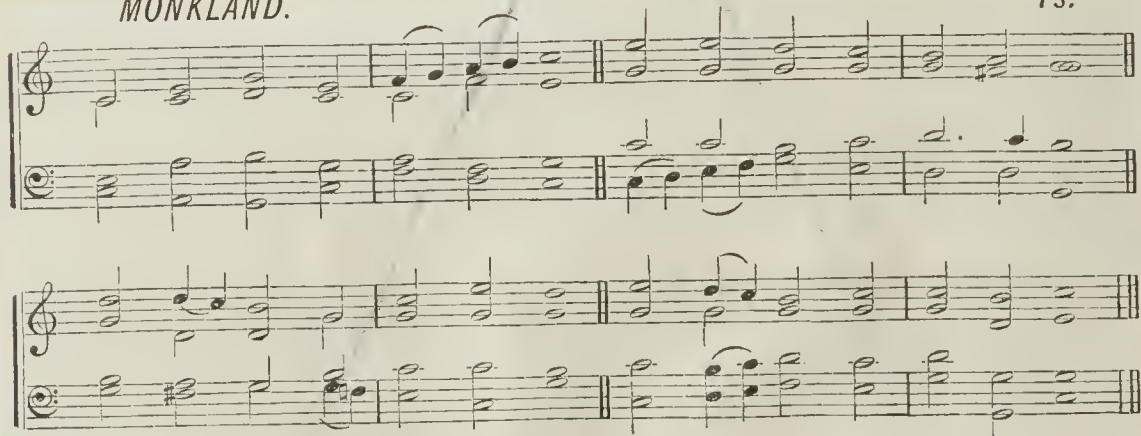
L M

National.

- 1 O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.
- 2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 4 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

MONKLAND.

7s.



SWELL the anthem, raise the song,
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praise to heav'n's almighty King.

Blessings from his lib'ral hand
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day.

834

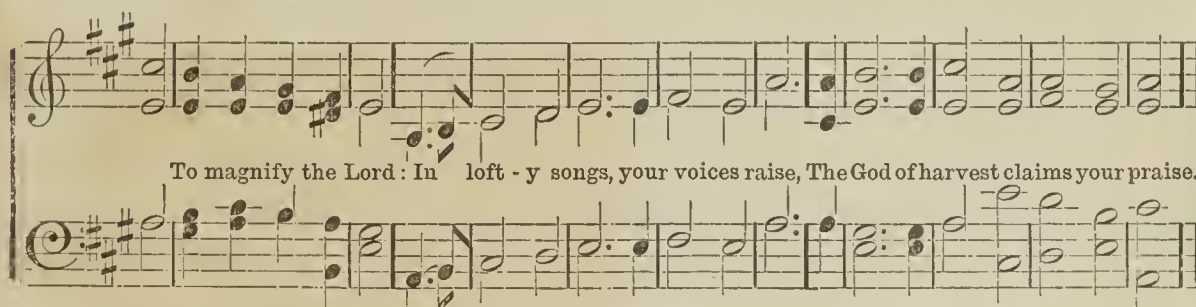
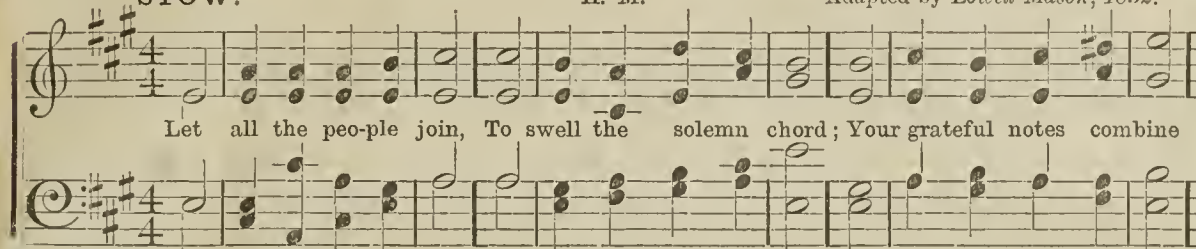
- 1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song,
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praise to heav'n's almighty King.
- 2 Blessings from his lib'ral hand
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts, beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day.

378

- 3 Now to thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heav'nly Friend;
Guarded by thy mighty pow'r,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.
- 4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heav'nly notes prolong.

STOW.

H. M.

English Melody.
Adapted by Lowell Mason, 1832.

1302.

Praise for the Harvest.

- 1 LET all the people join,
To swell the solemn chord;
Your grateful notes combine
To magnify the Lord:
In lofty songs, your voices raise,
The God of harvest claims your praise.
- 2 In rich luxuriance dressed,
Behold the spacious plain!
Its bounty stands confessed,
In fields of yellow grain:
In lofty songs, your voices raise,
The God of harvest claims your praise.
- 3 Fair plenty fills the land;
His mercies never cease;—
The husbandman doth smile,
To see the large increase:
In lofty songs, your voices raise,
The God of harvest claims your praise.
- 4 The precious fruits he gives,
Oh! may we ne'er abuse;
But, through our future lives,
To his own glory use,
Then rise to heaven, and sing his praise,
In sweeter strains, and nobler lays.
- 5 Join, all ye people! join,
In songs, with one accord;
Harmonious notes combine,
To bless and praise the Lord:
In loftiest strains, your voices raise,
The God of harvest claims your praise.

Anon., 1843.

1303.

National Thanksgiving.

- 1 BEFORE the Lord we bow,
The God who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love:
Our thanks we bring in joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise to heaven's high King.
- 2 The nation thou hast blessed
May well thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by thy care;
For this fair land, for this bright day,
Our thanks we pay, — gifts of thy hand.
- 3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen;
May every tongue be tuned to praise,
And join to raise a grateful song.
- 4 Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,
Thy great Redeemer own;
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship him alone;
Cast down thy pride, thy sin deplore,
And bow before the Crucified.
- 5 And, when in power he comes,
Oh! may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
Send forth a glorious band,
A countless throng, ever to sing,
To heaven's high King, salvation's song.

Francis Scott Key, 1832, v. 4, a.

Note here

ITALY. (ITALIAN HYMN.)

6s & 4s.

Felice Giardini, 1760.

God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand, Thro' storm and night;

When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of winds and wave! Do thou our country save, By thy great might.

1299.

Our native Land.

- 1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To thee aloud we cry, —
God save the State!

John S. Dwight, 1844.

1300.

A goodly Land.

- 1 OUR land, with mercies crowned,
This wide enchanted ground,
O God! is thine;
Our fathers knew thy name;
The trophies of their fame, —
Our heritage, — proclaim
A Power divine.
- 2 Far in the purple west,
Thy hand with beauty dressed
These fertile plains,
These rivers dark and deep,
These torrents down the steep,
These mighty woods, that sweep
From mountain chains.
- 3 Dear native land! rejoice;
Raise thou thy virgin voice
To God on high;

30

From all thy hills and bays,
From all thy homes and ways,
Let symphonies and praise
Ascend the sky.

- 4 And thou almighty One,
At whose eternal throne,
She bows the knee!
In all the coming time,
Bless thou this favored clime,
And may her deeds sublime
Be hymns to thee!

Edwin T. Winkler, 1871.

1301.

Thanks for the Harvest.

- 1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgivings, raise
Hand, heart, and voice!
The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.
- 2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.
- 3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With one accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And, in your harvest song,
Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery, 1833.

Dr Hatfield Ch Hymn Book
468 SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

WEBER.

7s.

From Carl Maria von Weber, 1820.

God, most mighty, sover - eign Lord,..... By the heavenly hosts adored!

God of na - tions, King of kings, Head of all..... cre - a - ted things!

State here

1307. Prayer for the Country.

- 1 God, most mighty, sovereign Lord,
By the heavenly hosts adored!
God of nations, King of kings,
Head of all created things!—
- 2 By thy saints with joy confessed,
God o'er all for ever blessed!
Lo! we come before thy throne,
In our Saviour's name alone.
- 3 On our fields of grass and grain,
Drop, O Lord! the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land,
Crown the labors of each hand.
- 4 Let thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea;
Open, Lord! thy bounteous hand,
Bless thy people, bless our land.
- 5 Let, O Lord! our rulers be
Men that love and honor thee;
Let the powers, by thee ordained,
Be in righteousness maintained.
- 6 In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus, united we shall stand,
One wide, free, and happy land.

Henry Harbaugh, 1860.

1308. A Day of Humiliation.

- 1 God of mercy, God of love!
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent,
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;—
- 3 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 4 God of mercy, God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs;
Oh! restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom all praise belongs!

John Taylor, 1760.

1309. PSALM IX.

- 1 WHY, O God! thy people spurn?
Why permit thy wrath to burn?
God of mercy! turn once more,
All our broken hearts restore.
- 2 Thou hast made our land to quake,
Heal the sorrows thou dost make;
Bitter is the cup we drink,
Suffer not our souls to sink.
- 3 Be thy banner now unfurled,
Show thy truth to all the world;
Save us, Lord! we cry to thee,
Lift thine arm, thy chosen free.
- 4 Give us now relief from pain;
Human aid is all in vain;
We through God, shall yet prevail,
He will help, when foes assail.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1837.

ARMENIA.

C. M.

Sylvanus B. Pond, 1835.

Lord! while for all man-kind we pray, Of eve-ry clime and coast,
Oh! hear us for our na-tive land, — The land we love the most.

1304. *Prayer for our Country.*

- 1 LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh! hear us for our native land, —
The land we love the most.
- 2 Oh! guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.
- 5 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

*John Reynell Wreford, 1837.*1305. *For a Temperance Meeting.*

- 1 'T is thine alone, almighty Name!
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.
- 2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

- 3 And see, O Lord! what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will,
In bondage, heart and soul!
- 4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King!
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end th' usurper's reign.
- 5 The cause of Temperance is thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord! in thee alone
To crown them with success.

*Edwin F. Hatfield, 1872.*1306. *A Christian Marriage.*

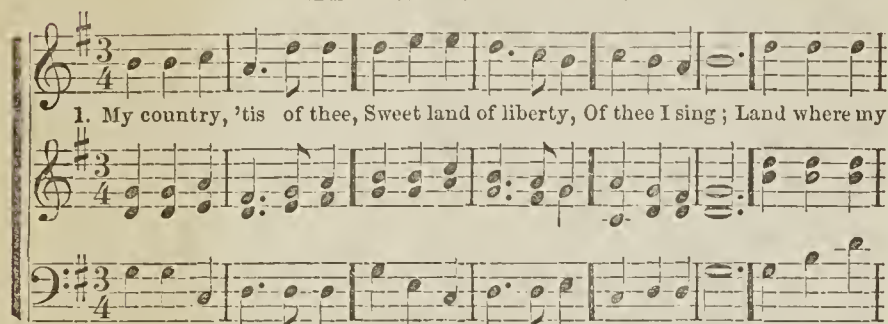
- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
O Lord! we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless; and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

John Bertridge, 1775, v. 4, a.

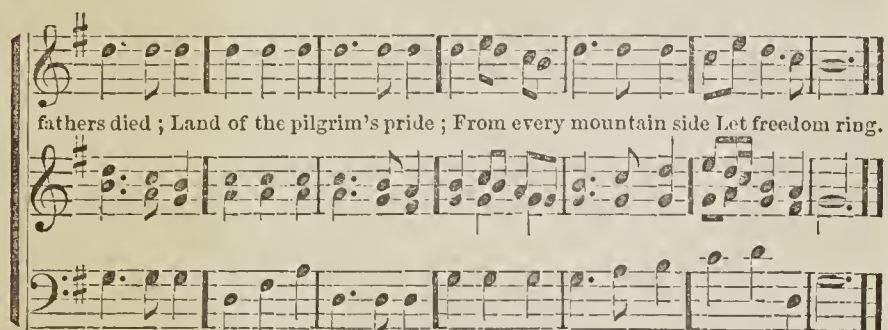


ARMY MELODIES.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my



fathers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride; From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

National Hymn.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.</p> <p>3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;</p> | <p>Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.</p> <p>4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.</p> |
|---|---|

National. C M

- 2 Oh, guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.
- 5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

Crowning the Saviour.

BY REV. W. P. TEITSWORTH.

America for Jesus,
Let happy voices sing,
America for Jesus,
For Jesus is our king.

Oh, help us crown the Saviour,
Oh, help us tell the story
Of Him who did redeem us
The Lord of life and glory.

America for Jesus,
For which our fathers bled,
We give it all to Jesus,
For he will raise our dead.

Oh, help us crown the Saviour,
Oh, help us tell the story—
He'll bring us to his kingdom,
And crown us with his glory.

America for Jesus,
Her hills and valleys ringing,
Bear messages of mercy—
The old and young are singing.

Oh, help us crown the Saviour,
Oh, help us spread his story—
He'll keep us in his kingdom,
And crown us in his glory.

America for Jesus,
Her lofty mountains call,
Her brooks and rivers too,
We consecrate them all.

Oh, help us crown the Saviour,
And sing his coronation,
And plead for all to crown him,
In every land and nation.

America for Jesus,
Her silver and her gold,
We bring it all to Jesus,
He brought us to his fold.

Oh, help us crown the Saviour,
Oh, help us spread his story—
He'll bring us to his kingdom,
And crown us with his glory.

America for Jesus,
And let her waters roll,
And bear him round the earth
To every thirsty soul.

Oh, help us crown the Saviour,
Oh, help us spread his story—
He'll bring them to his kingdom
And crown them in his glory.

America for Jesus,
Oh, let the nations know,
And crown him too, as king,
For Jesus loves them so.

Oh, help us crown the Saviour,
Oh, help us tell his story—
He'll bring us to his kingdom,
And crown us with his glory.

THE PANORAMA.

The West—Its Present and Future.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Roll up your curtain! Let the show begin."
At length a murmur, like the winds that
break

I will sing for Jesus

Into green waves the prairie's grassy lake,
 Deepened and swelled to music clear and
 loud;
 And, as the west wind lifts a summer cloud,
 The curtain rose, disclosing wide and far
 A green land stretchling to the evening
 star;
 Fair rivers, skirted by primeval trees,
 And flowers hummed over by the desert
 bees;
 Marked by tall bluffs whose slopes of green
 ness show
 Fantastic outcrops of the rock below,
 The slow result of Nature's pains,
 And plastic fingering of her sun and rains—
 Arch, tower gate, grotesquely windowed hall
 And long escarpment of half crumbled wall
 Huger than those which, from steep hills of
 vine,
 Stare through their loop-holes on the travel-
 ed Rhine,
 Suggesting vaguely to the gazer's mind
 A fancy, idle as the prairie wind,
 Of the land's dwellers in an age unguessed—
 The unsung jotuns of the mystic West.

Beyond, the prairie's sea-like swells surpass
 The Tartar's marvels of his land of grass,
 Vast as the sky against whose sunset shores,
 Wave after wave, the billowy greenness
 pours;
 And, onward still, like islands in that main,
 Loom the rough peaks of many a mountain
 chain,
 Whence east and west a thousand waters
 run,
 From winter's lingering under summer's
 sun;
 And, still beyond, long lines of foam and
 sand
 Tell where Pacific rolls his waves a-land,
 From many a wide-lapped port and land-
 looked bay,
 Opening with thundering pomp the world's
 highway
 To Indian isles of spices, and marts of far
 Cathay.

"Such," said the showman, as the curtain
 fell,
 "Is the new Canaan of our Israel—
 The land of promise to our swarming North.
 Which, hive-like, sends its annual surplus
 forth;
 To the poor Southern on his worn-out soil,
 Scathed by the curses of unnatural toil;
 To Europe's exiles seeking home and rest,
 And the lank nomads of the wandering
 West,
 Who asking neither, in their love of change,
 And the free bison's amplitude of range,
 Rear the log hut, for present shelter meant,
 Not future comfort, like an Arab's tent."

Then spake a shrewd onlooker. "Sir," said
 he,
 "I like your picture, but I fain would see
 A sketch of what your promised land will
 be
 When, with electric nerve and fiery-brained,
 With Nature's forces to its chariots chained,
 The future grasping, by the past obeyed,

The twentieth century rounds a new de-
 cade."
 Then said the showman, sadly: "He who
 grieves
 Over the scattering of the Sibyl's leaves
 Unwisely mourns. *Suffice it that we know*
What needs must ripen from the seeds we sow—
That present time is but the mold wherein
We cast the shapes of holiness and sin.

* * * * *

Then with a burst of music, touching all
 The keys of thrifty life—the mill-stream's
 fall,
 The engine's pant along its quivering rails,
 The anvil's ring, the measured beat of flails,
 The sweep of scythes, the reaper's whistled
 tune,
 Answering the summons of the bells of noon,
 The woodsman's hail along the river shores,
 The steamboat's signal, and the dip of oars—
 Slowly the curtain rose from off a land
 Fair as God's garden. Broad on either hand
 The golden wheat fields glimmered in the
 sun,
 Smooth highways set with hedge-rows living
 green,
 With steepled towns through shaded vistas
 seen;
 The school-house murmuring with its hive-
 like swarm,
 The brook-bank whitening in the grist-mill's
 storm,
 The painted farm-house shining through the
 leaves
 Of fruited orchard's bending at its eaves,
 Where live again, around the Western
 hearth,
 The homely old-time virtues of the North;
 Where the blythe housewife rises with the
 day,
 And well-paid labor counts his task a play.
 And, grateful tokens of a Bible free,
 And the free gospel of humanity,
 Of diverse sects and differing names and
 shrines,
 One in their faith, whate'er their outward
 signs,
 Like varying strophes of the same sweet
 hymn.

From many a prairie's swell and river's
 brim
 A thousand church-spires sanctify the air
 Of the calm Sabbath with their sign of
 prayer.

* * * * *

And when at last the hunted bison tires,
 And dies o'ertaken by the squatter's fires;
 And Westward, wave on wave, the living
 flood
 Breaks on the snow line of majestic Hood;
 And lonely Shasta, listening, hears the tread
 Of Europe's fair-haired children, Hesper-led,
 And, gazing downward through his hoar-
 locks, sees
 The tawny Asian climb his giant knees,
 The Eastern serf shall hush his waves to
 hear
 Pacific's surf beat answer, Freedom's cheer,
 And one long rolling fire of triumph run
 Between the sunrise and the sunset gun!

The following lines suggested by an exhortation of Rev. Dr. R. H. Allen, of Philadelphia, at the close of the communion service in Howard Presbyterian Church, on Sunday, Sept. 27, 1874, to the members, to stand by their church; to stand by it in its adversity; not to look to man, but to God; to be always in their places on all occasions of service in the church; to give their labors, their prayers and their substance toward its support; not to be discouraged; but, if faithful to their duties and privileges, the Lord will at length bring them safely through all their trials.

That in the history of churches, as well as individuals, trials and troubles are sent for wise purposes; that God in his dispensations with us now is dealing with us for some wise end, which shall ultimately unfold itself for our good; to let the language, emotions and determinations of our hearts toward our beloved church be:

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end."

—YOUNG HALL.

Stand by your church, ye friends of the Savior,
Here hath he gathered you in his own name;
Here is the field he hath placed you to labor in—
Rejoice in his mercy, his goodness proclaim.

Let not adversity dampen your ardor,
Stand by your church all ye friends of the Lord;
Do not despond nor mistrust him, for lovingly
Timely deliverance he will you afford.

Stand by your church, ye lovers of Jesus,
Here he expects you to show him your love;
Here is the place in his vineyard appointed,
Enter in! labor! seek help from above.

Stand by your church, ye workers for Jesus,
Over you streaming his banner doth wave;
'Tis the banner of love, which ever will shelter,
For your great Captain is mighty to save.

Forsake not your church, ye servants of Jesus,
Oh, love his courts! to his temple repair!
Trust not in man, but in Jesus reposing,
Here bring your heart's desire; here pour out your prayers.

Here, where to God we've erected our altar,
Here, where we often his goodness have known,
Here let us still, with renewed heart devotion,
At the mercy-seat bow, where his glory hath shone.

Here let us all, in humble confession,
Bow at his feet, in penitence bow;
Let us make known to him all our condition,
He is ready to help and to answer us now.

Here let us all, in love more united,
Pledge him our faith, pledge him our all;
Pledge him our truth, that we'll stand by each other,

And work for his cause till his summons shall call.

Here in this church of his, tossed in an ocean
Of trials and troubles that almost o'erwhelm,
We will not despair, nor give up the ship ever—

We will weather the tempest, for Christ's at the helm.
—Occident.

THE CRISIS.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[The providence of God took the Great West from Papist Mexico and gave it to Protestant United States. Do we accept the trust? Shall it be evangelized?]

Across the stony mountains, o'er the desert's drouth and sand,
The circles of our empire touch the Western Ocean's strand;
From slumberous Timpanogos to Gila, wild and free,
Flowing down from Neuva Leon to California's sea;
And from the mountains of the East to Santa Rosa's shore,
The eagles of Mexitli shall beat the air no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo! let thy simple children weep;
Close watch about their holy fire let maids of Pecos keep;
Let Taos send her cry across Sierra Madre's pines
And Algodones toll her bells amidst her corn and vines;
For lo! the pale land-seekers come, with eager eyes of gain,
Wide-scattering like the bison herds on broad Salada's plain.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what sounds the winds bring down,
Of footsteps on the crisping snow, from cold Nevada's crown!
Full hot and fast the Saxon rides, with rein of travel slack,
And, bending o'er his saddle, leaves the sunrise at his back;
By many a lonely river, and gorge of fir and pine,
On many a wintry hill-top his mighty camp-fires shine.

O countrymen and mothers! that land of lake and plain,
Of salt wastes alternating with valleys fat with grain;
Of mountains white with winter, looking downward, cold, serene,
On their feet with spring-vines tangled, and lapped in softest green;
Swift through whose black, volcanic gates, o'er many a sunny vale,
Wind-like the Arapahoe sweeps the bison's dusty trail.

Great spaces yet untraveled, great lakes whose mystic shores,
The Saxon's rifle never heard, nor dip of Saxon oars;

Great herds that wander all unwatched, wild
steeds that none have tamed,
Strange fish in unknown streams, and birds
the Saxon never named;
Deep mines, dark mountain crucibles, where
Nature's chemie powers
Work out the Great Designer's will—all
these ye say are ours!

Forever ours! for good or ill, on us the bur-
den lies;
God's balance, watched by angels, is hung
across the skies.
Shall Justice, Truth and Freedom turn the
poised and trembling scale?
Or shall the Evil triumph, and robber wrong
prevail?
Shall the broad land o'er which our flag in
starry splendor waves
Forego through us its freedom, and bear the
tread of slaves?

* * * * *
*The crisis presses on us, face to face with us
it stands,
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx
in Egypt's sands!
This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate
we spin;
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness
or sin;
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's
cloudy crown,
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of
cursing down!*

By all for which the martyrs bore their ag-
ony and shame;
By all the warning words of truth with
which the prophets came;
By the future which awaits us; by all the
hopes which east
Their faint and trembling beams across the
blackness of the past;
And by the blessed thought of Him who for
earth's freedom died,
O my people! O my brothers! let us choose
the righteous side.

So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on
his way,
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francis-
co's bay;
To make the rugged places smooth, and sow
the vales with grain,
And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible
in his train.
The mighty West shall bless the East, and
sea shall answer sea,
And mountain unto mountain call: Praise
God, for we are free!

MONTANA.

BY MRS. HELENA E. TAYLOR.

Montana! proud Empress of mountains,
Thy peaks of perennial snow,
Thy mist-wreaths that girdle thy fountains,
Are sources of rivers that flow.
With one hand to greet the Pacific,
The other the realms lying low
On the gulf that circles the palm-lands,
Which border on far Mexico.

38
Thou'rt teaming with wealth for the mil-
lions.

Awaiting the fiat of time,
When miners will roll out the billions
Of ingots, unstained by a crime.
Thy mountains are bursting with silver.
Nor false is the genii's rhyme,
That thy caverns are teeming with treasure
The old earth concealed in its prime.

O Empress! in each hand a censer.
Whose beauty expression might mar,
The one, whose aroma seems denser,
Its symbol's a broad silver bar.
The other, whose gleaming is golden,
Its bright halo seemeth a star;
Wise men from the east note its radiance
And hasten to worship from afar.

Thy valleys in sunlight are beaming,
And revel in plenty like wine,
Thy foot-hills and meadows are teeming
With flocks and the lowing of kine.
Though dim was thy birthday of sorrow,
Ye cavaliers cease to repine,
We are nearing the glowing fruition—
Full yield of the meadow and mine.
BANNACK, Mon., October, 1874.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONS AT THE WEST.

BY REV. J. B. STEELE.

Upon the Rocky Mountain,
Amid the drifts of snow,
A Fountain has been opened
Whence living waters flow;
And many on that Rocky Mount
Shall drink of that life-giving Fount.

Upon the prairie region,
Where flowers unnumbered bloom,
And all the air and landscapes
Are full of sweet perfume;
A sweeter flower the prairie knows—
'Tis Sharon's fair and blooming Rose.

In Utah and Wyoming,
Beneath the setting sun,
The trumpet spreads the tidings
That Christ has now begun
To set the sin-bound captives free
To sing the song of Jubilee.

In distant Colorado,
Where many seek for gold,
The pearls of priceless value
The truths of God unfold;
And heralds of the Lord are there
To show where gospel treasures are.

New Mexico and Montana,
Far distant in the West,
Have heard the Savior coming
To give the people rest.
Those Western lands shall smile again,
Rejoicing in the Savior's reign.

Ye servants of Jehovah,
Ye missionary band,
Work on, toil on, and scatter
The seeds o'er Western land,
Till all the West shall sing the Psalm,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.

JANUARY 1, 1875.

AMERICA FOR GOD.

A PRIZE POEM.

WRITTEN ON BEHALF OF HOME MISSIONS, BY

REV. A. S. GARDINER, A. M.

"For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth,"—*Isa. LXIII. 1.*

"And all nations shall call you blessed: for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of hosts."—*Mal. III. 12.*

"One thing we claim as an axiom: only Christianity can save the Republic, and its salvation is to be wrought out in the West. And this must be done in the New World for the sake of the Old. For the New and the Old, and for both, for Christ's sake, the first duty of the American Christians of this generation is to christianize America."—*Rept. of Rev. Wm. Barrows, D. D., Sec. Mass. H. M. S., at Concord, N. H., December, 1875, on his Eight Weeks among the Home Missionaries of the West.*

"It is terrible. The mass of the people (Freedmen) will, unless rescued, perish spiritually, and, though American citizens, relapse into barbarism."—*Rev. Prof. J. H. Shedd, of Biddle Institute, Charlotte, N. C., in N. Y. Evangelist, July, 1876.*

"After all that has been done, one-eighth of our population are without the Bible; one-fourth have no religious advantages whatever; one-half attend no church, and the people will not come unless you go after them."—*Rept. of Am. Tract Society.*

AMERICA FOR GOD.

Thy "report has travelled forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joys."—*COWPER.*

THE ARGUMENT.

America a new and fairer Canaan. Salubrity of climate, variety of productions and impressive scenery, of no real value without God: description of a godless nation: that nation happy whose God is the Lord. Temporal blessings important, but not suited nor designed to satisfy the cravings of man's immortal nature: the Muse invoked to a higher flight: heaven delineated: all who will may enter: multitudes unconscious or unmindful of this truth, fainting, and scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd: the harvest plenteous, and the Church exhorted to look upon the ripened fields, and to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers: prayers should be accompanied with gifts sufficient to support the missionaries in their work: duty of self-denial for Christ's sake. Consequences of withholding contributions to the Mission cause: missionaries discouraged; their families in distress; their fields abandoned; God's blessing withheld; a blood-bought Church recreant to her trust and guilty of bringing reproach upon her Lord. Further results attendant upon the failure or suspension of missions: influx of Romanism; Infidelity; Apathy; Barbarism. The emigrant at his coming should be met by the Gospel, and its light should be kept steadily upon his path and home, and upon all the homes of the growing West. The Freedmen and the Indians should also be remembered. This is the work of Missions. Let this work be done, the Republic will be saved, Missions be crowned with success, and God be glorified.

Not pomp of heraldry, nor pride of kings
Shall fill our thought: the Muse of Zion sings.
Far humbler themes, and yet far nobler claim
The world's applause, the eulogy of fame.
Vast throngs of people on our vision rise,
Beneath the arches of fair freedom's skies.
From distant Maine first touched by morning's ray
To shores Pacific and the setting day—
From orange groves where Mexico breezes blow
To mountains crowned with everlasting snow—
What realms are these stretching through zones so vast?
What fairer Canaan has appeared at last?
Jordan here finds a rival swift and strong
Where Mississippi pours its floods along—
The lofty Lebanon aspires in vain
To reach the summit of Nevada's chain—
Fetich its clusters sees renewed once more
On vines that shade the California shore—
Temples like that which crowned Moriah's steep,
Pure and resplendent in our quarries sleep—
There let them sleep; but let one fairer rise
Broad as the land and lofty as the skies;
Beneath whose dome men from all climes may meet
And lay their offerings at the Saviour's feet.
Such the domain which fills our wondering view—
Its present vast, and vast its prospects too.

But what are healthful air and fertile sod?
Shall Israel live and not know Israel's God?
Shall rights of civil and religious name,
Revered to-day, be revered the same,
Though godless crowds our happy country draws
To share our freedom, and help frame our laws?
Shall legislation seek the public weal
When conscience slumbers, and men cease to feel,
Or feeling, spurn the restraints which laws impose,
And look on honest men as open foes?
Shall social joys abide where social ties
Regard no more the tests which truth applies?

These and a thousand ills, unnamed in thought,
Come to the land where God is set at naught—
Convulsions rend the bonds which hold the state
And desolation marks the track of fate—
Not of blind fate, but fate of thousand eyes
Seen in the prophet's wheel of mysteries.
Then neighborhoods are cursed with social crimes—
Malignant passions brutalize the times—
Discord, seditions, murders, nameless sins,
Wrap all in flames, and hell a victory wins.
As when with rifle's crack the woods resound,
The ignited wad falls smoking to the ground—
The spark concealed soon 'mid the dry leaves glows.

And anon, ascending to a columnar grove—
Then sudden blaze bursts forth, and swift as thought,
The withered branches in its arms are caught—
Wreathed around massive trunks the flames ascend,
And loftiest monarchs of the forest bend—
Wrathful and red the storm of fire rolls on,
Trees crashing, twisting, fall with heavy groan
Ruin rides rampant 'mid the vast uproar,
And prostrate lays what bloomed in grace before,
Till floods from heaven, or axes plied by men,
Arrest the ravage, and hope beams again.

But happy is that land where God is known
And in the public councils holds his throne—
There justice marks the rule of men in power
As light the morn, and grass the vernal shower.
There on a rock the social system rests,
And undisturbed, abides a thousand tests.
There order dwells, there love and goodness reign,
Leading the heavenly virtues in their train.
These are the blessings which religion gives
Where man 'neath righteous laws and rulers lives.

But these though great are blessings far below
What men require, what gospel truths bestow—
A higher life than this to him is given
Who lifts the tube of faith, and looks toward heaven.

Help me, O Muse, to climb those higher spheres,
Where billows never roll nor storm appears !
Such realms there are, though human eye may fail,
And human thought the amazing heights to scale.
Such scenes demand a dialect not our own—
Symbols and signs must speak, and they alone.
Ambrosial fragrance floats through all the air,
And light, but not of sun or moon, is there—
A river pure as crystal pours its flood
Of living water from the throne of God.
Along its banks the trees of life display
Their various fruits 'mid leaves which life convey—
The ample streets o'er which the ransomed pass
Are purest gold as 't were transparent glass.
A jasper wall encloses every side,
Lofty its summit, its dimensions wide—
Twelve gates of pearl stand in the wall around,
One solid pearl each massive gate is found.
At portal wide an angel watchman waits,
And names of Israel's tribes are on the gates—
Twelve strong foundations the huge wall sustain,
Garnished with precious stones of finest grain.
The first discloses jasper's mingled hue,
Sapphire the second with its crystals blue—
The third, chalcedony its stripes displays,
Emerald the green, sardonyx, orange rays ;
Sardius the sixth, a rich cornelian shade,
Seventh stone the golden, eighth of beryl made—
The topaz forms the ninth, pellucid gem,
In Aaron's breast-plate seen ; seen in Tyre's diadem
The tenth foundation crysoprasus shows
Hard as the flint yet beauteous as the rose ;
The jacinth next displays its purple dye,
And amethyst completes the structure high.
Twelve bases thus appear, each bears a name,
And all, the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

But pen apocalyptic fails to show
What words cannot express nor mortal know.
Eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor mind conceived
The things prepared of God, by faith believed—
Yet to these realms all they who will may come
And find in them an everlasting home.
No curse is there ; no fear, no blight, no pain ;
Tears shed below shall ne'er be shed again.
No wailing rends the clear and fragrant air,
Because, like Egypt's homes, the dead are there ;
No bell is tolled ; no funeral train is seen,
No grave appears amid the hillocks green.
Jacob no more shall mourn his Joseph slain,
Nor Joseph close the patriarch's eyes again.
Paul and Ephesian elders shall no more
Weep broken farewells on Miletus' shore.
"Via Dolorosa" name no heavenly road,
No Calvary stand among the hills of God.
The hands and feet nailed to the cross which bore
The dying Christ, shall feel the nails no more—
No crown of thorns again shall pierce his brow,
Nor down the envenomed spear his heart's blood flow.
Five scars alone, signs of the cross, remain,
To mark the stoning Lamb that once was slain.
Sin reigns no more : as night retires at day,
So former things are there all passed away.

Jehovah's throne now opens on the view,
His ransomed see it, see the Monarch too.
God and the Lamb reveal their face divine,

41
 The hosts redeemed in rapturous chorus join—
 With harps, and vials full of odors sweet,
 Elders and living creatures throng his feet—
 The angels join them and the numbers grow
 Till myriads fill the ample plain below.
 From every lip ascends the matchless song,
 "Worthy the Lamb once slain! To Him belong
 Blessing, and glory, wisdom, riches, power,
 Which have been, are, and shall be evermore!"
 Louder than ocean's roar comes the refrain,
 From earth and heaven, "Worthy the Lamb once slain!"
 And the four living creatures say, "Amen!"
 These scenes celestial, traced with skill divine,
 Reveal the hand of God in every line.
 Hither the gospel would all nations bring,
 The gates stand open wide, and Christ is King.

Myriads through grace have reached the heavenly shore,
 "And yet there is room" for myriad myriads more,
 The call is urgent, the commission broad—
 "Go into all the world and preach the word—
 To streets and lanes, highways and hedges, go,
 Compel them to come in, my grace to know—

To men of every class, of every clime,
 Tell the glad tidings till the end of time.
 Publish the word in accents breathing love,
 Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove.
 All who believe shall full salvation share,
 And robes of purest white forever wear;
 Shall from the Father's arms no longer roam,
 But like the prodigal find welcome home."

Who now shall bear the joyful tidings forth
 That all may hear, the East, West, South, and North?
 While from the West is heard the thrilling cry,
 The South repeats it, "Help us, lest we die!"
 Loud the appeal, prompt be the answer given,
 An answer meet for earth, approved in heaven.
 When dangers thus assail the several parts,
 Hands be in union joined, in union, hearts—
 Our land is one, one are our fortunes all,
 Together let us stand, together fall.

But shall men hear, no matter how intent,
 Without a preacher, and a preacher sent?
 Scattered like sheep deprived of shepherd's care,
 Wandering and lost upon the mountains bare,
 They faint, they perish, perish everywhere.

Church of the living God! Awake! Arise!
 Upon the ripened harvest lift thine eyes!
 On every hand see fields of golden grain!
 Ho, reapers, enter in with brawn and brain!
 The harvest soon will pass, and, summer o'er,
 Will pass ungathered to return no more!
 Say, shall the Church stand idle when to view
 The harvest beckoning waits, and laborers are few?
 Faith which moves mountains should the work attend,
 And when faith calls, Christ will the laborers send.
 The promise his to hear his people's prayer
 When they the world's redemption make their care.
 Let then our prayers ascend, and pledge be given,
 Of earnest faith by equal gifts to heaven.

Shall heaven regard our prayers while we withhold
 What Magi offered—myrrh, frankincense, gold?
 Shall we profess our love with zealous haste,
 And then with Judas ask, "Why all this waste?"
 Shall avarice rule? Or we with Mary show
 What grateful hearts within our bosoms glow?
 On Jesus' head she poured the precious nard,
 On Jesus' feet, 'twas for her dying Lord—
 Delicious fragrance filled the spacious room,
 (But Mary's love diffused the best perfume)
 To Simon's halls the sweetness first was given,
 Then spread through earth, and mounted up to heaven.
 Her thoughtful Lord observed the generous deed,
 Hastened 'mid cavilling friends her cause to plead—
 Rebuked their bitter speech, and showed that she,
 Beyond them all, had pierced the mystery
 Which told his burial near—and then and there,
 Paid to her love a tribute rich and rare—

"Where e'er my gospel through the whole world shall spread,
 This deed shall mentioned be, and glory crown her head."
 Did such devotion mark Christ's faithful friend?
 Let friendship such as this our steps attend.
 Gifts joined with prayers unto the harvest's Lord,
 That laborers come, shall meet with large reward—
 The heralds of the gospel then shall fly,
 Apocalyptic angels through the sky—
 With hearts elate they shall the tidings spread,
 And men spring forth to life who once were dead.

But let the Church withhold the needed aid,
 Keep back the wealth within her coffers laid—
 Where love should rule, let avarice prevail—
 Then must the messenger and message fail.
 The tithes withheld, withheld the blessing too—
 A blood-bought Church proves to her Lord untrue.
 The missionary then, with heavy heart,
 Surveys his field once more, but must depart—
 His weeping hearers on his shoulders bend,
 And vainly wish to keep their faithful friend.
 Or if he struggle on, then hope and fear
 Spring intermixed, nor head nor heart is clear.
 His prattling infants 'round his cabin door,
 Wake anxious thought on what lies still before.
 His care-worn wife sits at the cradle-side,
 Grieving she in her girlhood had not died.

Her pallid hand supports her aching brow,
 Dreams of her early home are with her now—
 Anon she starts—she wakes to present pain,
 Wonders if ever joy will come again.
 Amid her locks the silver threads are seen,
 Strange as October tints mid leaves of green,
 Sad as a dirge sweet bridal songs between.
 Hers not the grief a wasted life oft brings,
 Her sorrow all from disappointment springs—
 Once cheered by christian prayers and promised aid,
 Bright hopes, like rainbow hues, to nothing fade.
 And now she sits bowed at her cradle-side,
 Grieving she in her girlhood had not died.
 Far out upon the prairie, lo, he stands,
 Who holds his Lord's commission in his hands—
 Strange thoughts the preacher's heart, strange looks his eyes,
 Fill, and betray to all a strange surprise.
 The Church had prayed, the Lord had sent him forth,
 And now the Church regards him nothing worth;
 Withholds the laborer's hire, gives stones for bread,
 And little heeds him or alive or dead.

Nor is this all: let Missions fail or pause,
 Terrific peril wraps our country's cause.
 Naught but religion can our country save
 From rank decay and a dishonored grave.
 This ligature must bind the State to God,
 This light alone reveal the perfect road.
 With claims imperious now before us stand
 The newer regions of this boundless land—
 Westward the course of empire takes its way,
 Its march resistless and supreme its sway.

The sceptre from the East must vanish soon
 And draw its lustre from the setting sun.
 A hundred States in near perspective rise,
 States to our own, Empires to other eyes.
 See through the Golden Gate a living tide
 Sweeps from Cathay and climbs Nevada's side—
 The rule reversed—Columbo's dream is o'er—
 India advances to fair Europe's shore!
 Lo, on the hemisphere the adventurer found,
 Asia and Europe share a common ground—
 Henceforth to mingle in reverseless fate,
 One o'er the Atlantic comes, one through the Golden Gate!

The crisis long approaching now appears,
 In trembling scales hang human hopes and fears—
 The tramp of coming millions fills the air
 Hurrying our rights to enjoy, our fate to share.
 Ring out the cry, "Shall the old flag be furled,
 Or with a hundred stars salute the world?"

Who can foretell what changes yet shall thrill
 The nation's heart, inspire the nation's will?
 Shall Papal pomp attract the public gaze?
 Shall Infidelity its altars raise?
 Shall Apathy pervade the public mind
 And leave the State to drift, the sport of every wind?
 Shall Civil Strife (we shudder at the word)
 Renew its way, heedless of man or God?
 Shall church and school alike be sought in vain,
 And Barbarism's night return again?
 Back to the inquiring mind the answer comes—
 This, or more dreadful doom, shall smite our homes,
 And all o'erwhelm, unless religion shed
 Its sacred light in emigration's tread.
 Soon as the exiles press our friendly shore
 Let gospel radiance on their pathway pour—
 Its golden beams illumine their onward way
 And fill their new found homes with heavenly day.

So to the South let kindred thought be given,
 And truth, to guide the Freedman's steps to heaven.
 With limbs unchained, his soul in bondage dwells,
 A body freed, but half the story tells.
 Mock not his hopes, nor yet his faults deride,
 Freedom's a myth where knowledge is denied.
 "He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves beside;" here all agree.
 Shall Church or State the solemn trust betray,
 For fish give scorpions, give the night for day?
 Risk the dire peril ignorance ever brings,
 Found in the peasant's hut, or in the halls of kings?
 Note how the Nazarite Samson, mocked and blind,
 Groped the huge pillars of the house to find—
 Ladies and lords exulting cheered aloud,
 Unseen the bolt that slept within the cloud—
 Bowing in might he broke the columns strong,
 Death on himself descending, whelmed the throng.
 Full well avenged for his two eyes, he fell,
 Their fate not one of all that host was left to tell.
 So Ethiop's sons, mocked with the hoped for prize,
 Are brought to freedom's fane, with sightless eyes.
 The franchise given, they grasp the props of state,
 The fabric trembles with the impending fate—
 Then bowing in their wrath the arches fall,
 And ruin rushing overwhelms us all.

Nor yet with these ceases our solemn trust,
 Others, who wealth deserve, scarce gain a crust.
 "Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
 Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind;
 Whose soul proud science never taught to stray,
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way....
 Who thinks, admitted to an equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company;"
 Children of nature, simple, brave and true,
 Who shall compute the compensation due?

Trusting and generous still to all, as when
 Was heard at Plymouth, "Welcome Englishmen!"
 Deceived, defrauded, outraged, one by one,
 They speed their footsteps toward the setting sun.
 Their steps bend toward the symbol of their fate,
 Soon in a troubled sky their sun will set;
 Will set to rise no more; no morrow's dawn
 Shall bring the promise of a glad return.
 Rise then, ye Eliots! rise, ye Brainards, rise!
 The Indian rescue, ere the Indian dies!

Thus let the truth prevail through church and school,
 Perennial fountains of benignant rule;
 Let church and school-house rise on plain and hill,
 The Bible in them both—God's Word and Will.
 Let this be done—all dangers then are past,
 Our country stands the noblest as the last;
 Her glad Centennial to millenials run
 Shall greet the rising of earth's latest sun,
 Her history writ with an impartial pen,
 Eclipse all records left for human ken—
 Surpass the scenes More in "Utopia" saw
 And Sidney in "Arcadia" loved to draw.
 Plato's "Republic" set in fairest view
 And Tully's glowing thoughts prove grandly true.
 Let this be done—ever from shore to shore,
 God various blessings on our land shall pour.
 His promise erst so rich to Israel given,
 Ere Moses stepped from Nebo's peak to heaven,
 Shall on this continent fulfillment find,
 And Freedom, Law, and Bible-truth combined,
 Ensphere America, beloved of God, the Cynosure of all mankind.

My Native Land, all hail! Some minstrel yet
 Shall sweep the harp to thee when I am sleeping.
 Sing Freedom's banners high in glory set,
 Their brilliant folds neath all heaven's azure sweeping.
 The ages travel on. My blood is leaping,
 Impatient grown of e'en the brief delay
 Which from the sons of earth the light is keeping.
 God speed the time! Burst forth auspicious day!
 When, Mission work fulfilled, darkness shall flee away!

The Columbia.

On swiftly to the golden West,
 To end its toils on Ocean's breast,
 The mighty river flows.
 Its floods are gathered far away,
 Where mountains rise to bar the day—
 Old with eternal snows.

O wondrous River! Could I well
 Reveal the wonder of that spell
 Which rests thy shores along,
 And show, responsive to thy lay,
 Thy shades of fir and cliffs of gray,
 That would indeed be song!

Then should the Cascade's low refrain
 Thrill through my song, a ceaseless strain,
 To tell thy legend's story.
 Then sky of blue and wooded cliff
 And struggling stream should glow as if
 They knew a sunset's glory.

Then should the children of the wood
 Live in my song as once they stood.
 And knew these shores their own.
 Then Indian maid, with lover near,
 Should saunter by thy waters clear,
 As in the days long flown.

—Harper's Monthly.

PITY THE RED MAN.

BY REV. P. BLVAN.

Pity the Red Man! scattered and peeled,
 Smitten and wounded, yet scorning to yield;
 Prairie and forest and lake were his own,
 Now he must wander, sad, homeless, and
 lone.

Give him you may not elk, bison, and deer;
 Give him "life's bread," his torn bosom, to
 cheer;
 Show the "reserve" for the Indian on high;
 Point to the lodge where he welcome may
 lie.

Hasten! he stands on the farthestmost shore;
 Haughty, intrepid, but loath to implore;
 Pilot his bark o'er the fathomless flood;
 Lead him to pardon, to heaven, to God.

CHERITH.

*Sabbath Evening at the Home of a Frontier
Home Missionary.*

BY ERASTUS JOHNSON.

Fall the evening shadows,
Wrapped in wakeful dreaming,
Waits a wife the wished-for footfall at the
door;
Waits by fading embers
That, with changeful gleaming,
Light with fitful shadows cheerless wall and
floor.
Pass the hours how slowly!
Turning now she listens,
In the dim light shining,
See, a tear-drop glistens,
As the deeper darkness lets down its pall,
And the sad wind dirges round the cottage
fall.
Sitting there half sadly,
She the joy remembers
Of those happy home-scenes in the distant
land;
Present half forgotten,
Leaning o'er the embers
Thus she muses, and adjusts each truant
brand—
"Oh! the past and present,
Can it all be real?
This the end that's shapen
Out of such ideal?
Yet the souls that perish, oh! how many wait,
Wait for us to lead them to the heavenly
gate!"
Look again. She kneeleth,
And is sad no longer,
Unseen hands the falling tears have wiped
away;
Fed by heavenly manna,
Now her soul is stronger,
Strength to fainting souls God giveth when
they pray.
Softly sung are solos
O'er the first-born sleeping;
From replenished fuel
Flames are upward leaping,
Lighting into cheerfulness rude cottage walls,
And anon that footstep on the threshold falls.
Done the blessed service
Of the morn and even,
Anxious souls have found their rest at Jesus'
feet;
Long delayed fulfillment
Of the promise given,
From the spring-time sowing precious
sheaves of wheat.
Cheered by homeward yearning,
Timed to sacred marches,
Miles are passed unheeded
Through the forest arches;
Book of precious promises beneath his arm,
Who on these is resting never feareth harm.
Rude the fare. What matter?
With content 'tis taken,
If the perishing by them the Lord shall
bless,
Faith in his own promise
Ever more unshaken,

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That the rose shall blossom in the wilderness.
Sharing with the needy
What to them is given,
Trusting each to-morrow
With the Lord of heaven;
God's own ravens bringing needful daily
bread,
As of old the prophet was at Cherith fed.

Cheerful age of spirit,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Sorrow o'er their souls ne'er hangs her
heavy pall;
On the cross of Jesus
Firm hold losing never,
Though in valleys deep sometimes their
pathway fall.
Ends the day and worship,
Peaceful is their sleeping,
For God's angel o'er them
Watchful guard is keeping;
While from raked-up embers issue fitful
gleams,
Dancing all the night on floor and wall and
beams.

THE LAND BETWEEN THE SEAS.

BY GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE.

Great God, this land between the seas,
This pilgrim's home of rest,
Bears no cathedral's hoary walls
Upon its youthful breast!
But deeper than the storm-knit roots
Of mighty forest trees,
We've laid the stones of thy dear house
Between these swelling seas.
And here upon these Western wilds
We'll build a home for men,
Till through the radiant air shall rise
Love's sweetest songs again!
For nations o'er the earth this house
A house of prayer shall be,
While on the prairie or the shore
We bow in faith to thee.
But, Father, at the hearth-stone now
Our children countless throng;
Thou wast, indeed, our *father's* God,
To thee our *sons* belong!
Send down the Spirit from on high,
In kindling tongues of flame,
To make the country which we love
A glory to thy name.
Gather the clouds of heavenly dews
Over our *home fields* wide,
And bid the missionary's heart
In trusting faith abide.
Nay, from the bands we grasp so close
Select each fairest son,
And let us send them forth with thee,
To see thy kingdom won!

MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS, COLORADO.

BY JOSEPH H. MARTIN.

"An indefinite number of high, ragged ranges could be traced by their lines of lofty summits as far away to the north and south as the eye could reach. But one among all these summits caught the eye and fixed the attention. Far away to the westward, we discovered a peak, a very giant among its fellows, a king amidst a forest of mountains, that bore aloft on its dark face a great white cross, so grand in proportions that at a distance of sixty miles we felt ourselves in its very presence"—*Rocky Mountain Presbyterian, June, 1878.*

In deep recesses of the West,
Where mountain ranges lift their crest,
Where lofty summits touch the skies,
In stern and awful grandeur rise,
One towering peak, like monarch crowned,
Surpasses all the others round,
Uprears his giant head and form,
Companion of the cloud and storm,
As if to fix a nation's gaze,
A world attract, surprise, amaze.
Lo! on his mighty front we trace
The symbol of redeeming grace,
The figure of a cross we see,
The sign of Love's great mystery,
When Christ the Lord for sinners died,
With wicked hands was crucified.
There on a dark and somber ground,
A bright and glittering cross is found,
Forever pointing to the sky—
A land of light and rest on high.
So on the face of this dark world,
Like snowy flag of peace unfurled,
The banner of redeeming love,
Inscribed with message from above,
The radiant cross of Jesus shines,
A figure drawn in fairest lines,
The brightest from beneath the sun,
The image of the Holy One,
Who for the guilty shed his blood,
Poured forth his life a crimson flood.
This form, of all below the sky,
Arrests the sinner's wandering eye,
And with a force, like Nature's laws,
His roving heart to Jesus draws.
It speaks to him of sins forgiven,
Reveals the way to God and heaven,
And points to scenes of bliss above,
A home of peace, and joy, and love.
Upon that Rocky Mountain height,
Nature has raised this cross of light,
A grand, colossal monument,
In honor of the great event,
The tragic scene of Calvary,
A mangled body on a tree,
With arms outstretched, extended wide,
A wounded, pierced, and bleeding side,
While head and feet transfixed with nails,
And drooping head and dying wails,
Attest the sufferer's pain and woe,
A depth of anguish none can know.
The sacred and historic page
The story tells from age to age,
And bids a dying world believe,
And from the Savior life receive.
Responsive to this earnest cry,
The mountain summit, towering high,

Displays in lines of spotless white,
A figure clear, distinct, and bright,
A massive cross upon its face,
The emblem of redeeming grace.
And as the monarch of this West,
Unrivalled stands among the rest,
The neighboring peaks that rise around,
With loftier, brighter splendor crowned—
So Jesus hanging on the tree,
In shame, and blood, and agony,
Exceeds in greatness, love, and worth,
All other names in heaven and earth.
His glorious cross forever stands,
And sheds its luster on all lands,
Undimmed by age, decay and time,
A beacon light to every clime,
Attracting by its brilliant rays
The world's admiring, trustful gaze.
Thither, O sinner, turn thine eye—
Behold the Man of Calvary.
Survey the wondrous, awful scene,
The mangled, bleeding Nazarene,
The Lord of glory crucified,
Who for the world's redemption died.
Subdued by love, on him believe,
Salvation from his cross receive.

HYMN FOR HOME MISSIONS.

BY MRS. MARY C. GURLEY.

We gather together a home mission band,
Your aid to implore for our dear native land;
For other fair vineyards we labor and pray,
But America's need is our burden to-day.
This land of the pilgrims; the hallowed abode
Which oft they bedewed with their tears
and their blood;
Land first in our hearts let whate'er may
betide,
Land where for sweet freedom our heroes
have died.
For *her* 'tis we plead; the one fairest and best
Of all in whose beauty rich nature is drest;
Your prayers and your off'rings, oh freely
bestow,
That more of Christ's love our own country
may know!
His heralds send forth to her mountains and
vales,
Where blow the fierce winds, or the soft
balmy gales;
Where'er reigns the gloom of oppression or
care,
There help these the light of salvation to
bear.
Her cities and wilds make resound with the
strain
Of praise to the Lamb that for sinners was
slain;
Nor rest till to him the dear people are won:
From her broad eastern shore to her far set-
ting sun.
Speed o'er her bright plains the glad news
of the Cross,
It's blessings to spread count no sacrifice loss,
When Jesus her strength and her glory shall
be,
Then indeed will our land be the land of the
free.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE PRAIRIES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

These are the gardens of the desert, these
The boundless unshorn fields, where lingers yet
The beauty of the earth ere man had sinned—
The prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if an ocean in its gentlest swell
Stood still, with all its rounded billows fixed
And motionless forever. Motionless?
No, they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over, with their shadows; and beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the south!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie hawk, that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have
played

Among the palms of Mexico, and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their
slopes

With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellation! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footsteps seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
The dead of other days—and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life,
And burn with passion? Lest the mighty mounds,
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest, crowded with old oaks,
Answer.—A race, that long has passed away,
Built them; a disciplined and populous race
Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the
Greek

Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourished their harvests, here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came—
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and wild,
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and the fresh-dug dell
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone—
Ail—save the piles of earth that hold their bones—
The platforms where they worshiped unknown gods—
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay; till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguers broke—and one by one
The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heaped
With corpses.

Thus change the forms of being; thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
Has left these beautiful and lonely wilds,
And nearer to the Rocky Mountains sought
A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away
On waters whose blue surface e'er gave back
The white man's face, among Missouri's springs

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And pools, whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bonds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannahs with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshipers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark brown furrows. All at once
A fresher breeze sweeps by and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

ARIZONA PLAINS.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Thou white and dried-up sea! so old!
So strewn with wealth, so sown with gold!
Yea thou art old and hoary white
With time, and ruin of all things;
And on thy lonesome borders night
Sits brooding e'er with drooping wings.

The wind that tossed thy wave and blew
Across thy breast the blowing sail,
And cheered the hearts of cheering crew
From further seas no more prevail.

Thy white walled cities all lie prone,
With but a pyramid, a stone,
Set head and foot in sands to tell
The tired stranger where they fell.

The patient ox that bended low
His neck and drew slow up and down
Thy thousand freights through rock-built
town
Is now the free-born buffalo.

No longer of the timid fold,
The mountain sheep leaps free and bold
His high-built summit and looks down
From battlements of buried town.

Thine ancient steeds know not the rein,
They lord the land, they come, they go
At will; they laugh at man, they blow
A cloud of black steeds on the plain.

Thy monuments lie buried now,
The ashes whiten on thy brow,
The winds the waves have drawn away,
The very wild man dreads to stay.

Oh! thou art very old. I lay,
Made dumb with awe and wonderment,
Beneath a palm within my tent.
With idle and discouraged hands,
Not many days ago, on sands
Of awful, silent Africa.

Long gazing on her mighty shades,
I did recall a semblance there
Of thee. I mused where story fades
From her dark brow and found her fair.

And yet my dried-up desert sea
Was populous with blowing sail,
And set with city, white-walled town,
All manned with armies bright with mail,
Ere yet that awful Sphinx sat down
To gaze into eternity,
Or Egypt knew her natal hour,
Or Africa had name or power.

HOME MISSION POEM.

REV. R F SAMPLE.

I.

The Lord hath blessed our nation
With freedom, truth and peace;
He to the kingdom called us
For such a time as this.
A solemn day is ours,
Dawn of millennial light,
Or sending down the ages,
The gloom of endless night.

II.

From China's sea-girt cities,
Japan's benighted plain,
Cold Norway's fir-clad mountains,
And Sweden's stormy main,
The regions by the Danube,
Fair Erin's emerald isle,
As tidal waves e'er flowing,
The surging millions come.

III.

They come to bless our nation,
To aid our onward course,
Perchance despoil our glory,
Nec blessing, but a curse:
To trample on our Sabbaths,
The cross and word divine,
Defy our Lord's dominion,
Pollute fair virtue's shrine.

IV.

The sons of Pilgrim fathers,
Of League and Covenant,
The Huguenots' descendants,
Once strong, now growing faint,
The faith to saints delivered
For which the martyrs died,
Of Knox and glorious Luther,
Alas! by some denied.

V.

The seats of rule and power,
Defiled by fraud and crime,
The passage of the serpent
Is traced by deadly slime;
The ambient air polluted
By the inebriate's breath,
And powers of darkness hasting
To join the dance of death.

VI.

Meanwhile our modern science,
Now delving in the earth,
Anon the heavens scanning,
Forgetful of its birth,
Tells of eternal causes,
Of law's potential reign,
A personal God denying,
Our cherished hopes all vain.

VII.

Upon our watch-tower standing,
We look far down the years,
Dark shadows on the prospect,
Not groundless all our fears;
If failing in our duty,
Receding from the strife,
Departed is our glory,
Destroyed our nation's life.

VIII.

O Christians! Lift the standards
Of truth and righteousness;
Go forth to peaceful conquests,
Enrobed in warrior dress;
Claim all the land for Jesus,
His is the right to reign;
Go tell the old, old story,
From ocean main to main.

IX.

Go seek your sons and daughters,
Where Sabbath bells ne'er ring,
Far Sinim's lonely pilgrims,
Where waves their anthems sing;
The toiling, tried, and sinning,
Hard by the Rio Grande,
In canyons, on the mountains,
Down by the golden strand.

X.

Then shall our land give honor
To Christ, our glorious King,
Adoring love and service,
His praise forever sing;
The light of truth e'er shining,
Wherever man is found,
To earth's remotest limit,
And time's remotest bound.

XI.

Yes, God hath blessed our nation,
With freedom, truth, and peace;
He to the kingdom calls us
For such a time as this.
A solemn age is ours,
Gateway of heaven's own light,
Or else portentous portal
Of death's eternal night.

MISSIONARY HYMN FOR THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

W. T. HUNT.

"Come and help us!" hear them calling,
Heathen in a Christian land,
Groaning under Satan's bondage,
Yearning for a helping hand.
From the western woods and prairies
Comes the cry of death and pain;
Christian brethren, in our churches,
Let them not appeal in vain.

"Come and help us!" do not linger,
'Tis the Crucified that pleads;
Bright the cross shines on his banner,
Up and follow where it leads.
'Mid the weary toil and danger
Christ will guard his soldiers brave,
Give them victory in the battle,
For his arm is strong to save.

"Come and help us!" precious Jesus,
Send thy Holy Spirit forth
Shine on all these heathen people,
Spread thy kingdom o'er the land.
Fill thy messengers with courage,
Nerve their hearts with zeal and love,
Crown them with thy grace and favor,
Bless their harvest from above.
TORONTO, Canada.

HOME MISSIONARY RHYMES.

THE MINER.

Huzza! for the Mission," the miner cries out,
'Here comes the blue banner, blue devils to
scout;
I see him descending the bridle-path nigh,
He looks as if bringing the mail from the sky.
"His steed seems weary, and not over fat;
He is spare and high-shouldered, and
crumpled his hat;
But a smile's on his face, and his eye is as
bright
And keen as an arrow—a pipe it would light.
"Let us off with the bottle, and cover the
dice—
Jack set on the coffee, and cook in a trice;
Put his nag in that hovel, and give him a
bite;
Alight, Sir, ye're weary, and rest here to-
night.
"And sit on the bench here—the cabin is
rude,
And tell us the news, Sir—you will not in-
trude;
What State do you hail from? I judge from
the East,
Massachusetts, New Hampshire—New En-
gland, at least?"
"What State would you rather?" the mission
man said,
As he wiped his high forehead, uncovered his
head;
"I reckon Vermont, for my father lived
there,
But I never wrote home," and he scratched
in his hair.
"And hast thou no mother in noble Vermont,
Her mountains are stately as erst they were
wont,
Her valleys are smiling in beauty and peace,
Her cities are spreading, her churches in-
crease."
"Ah, yes, Sir, I had," and the miner looked
down
To hide his rough face, in his palm with a
frown,
"But whether she lives?"—and the tears
filled his eyes—
"Or whether she's dead, Sir," the miner re-
plies.
"Did she live in the valley, or dwell on the
hill,
Or close to a river, she may be there still?"
"They lived by the Otter—'tis five years to-
day
Since I left that sweet homestead to wander
away."
"And never have written or sent by express
A word of your doings to ease her distress?"
"Ah, Sir, it is true, and my daddy's old."
"And thou a stray sheep from their bosom
and fold."
The miner turned round to the tree by his
side,
And smote on his bosom, and wept till he
sighed.

"Now cheer up, young man," said the mission
man straight,
"Your course can be mended; it is not too
late."
"But thou hast no letter." "They thought
thou wast dead."
Again the stout miner enshrouded his head;
"Yet I have a message, for thee it is meant,
Thy Father, thy Brother, the message has
sent.
"Return to thy Father, thou welcome shalt
be,
Come back to His bosom, there's kindness
for thee;
That Father is God, and the Brother who
died,
To save the lost sheep who have wandered
so wide."
His stalwart form trembled, he wept as he
said,
"Is my mother, Sir, living, or long ago
dead?"
"She's living, Sir, waiting to see thee at home,
How gladly she'll greet thee, whenever you
come."
The miner stood up in his strength, and his
height,
"I'll start off to-morrow before it is light;
I'll walk, and I'll run, and I'll swim, if need
be,
To see that dear mother, that's waiting for
me."

P. BEVAN.

APRIL, 1878.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY REV. JOHN SCOTFORD.

Lift the banner of the cross,
Let it wave o'er all the land;
Ye who love the Savior's cause,
Bravely for its triumph stand.
Onward let the watchword be,
All for Christ, and Christ in all;
Fight and shout for victory,
Till the powers of darkness fall.
From the South, the North, the West,
Comes, for help, the pleading call;
Men, with sin and guilt opprest,
Bruised and ruined in the fall.
Christ is all the erring need,
Christ the Helper, all divine;
He a Savior is indeed,
He can on their darkness shine.
Help! oh, help! ye men of God;
Bring your tithes and offerings in;
Help, to spread the gospel word;
Help, to save our land from sin!
By the faith in him ye have,
By the love ye bear his name,
Help, a ruined world to save;
Help, his gospel to proclaim!

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HOME MISSIONS.

BY REV. CYRUS OFFER.

Home Missions! Blessed ministry of love,
How like the Master—coming from above
To bless the world; its darkness, sin and woe—
Wrought by the malice of man's deadliest
foe—

To overcome, by love's resistless might,
By truth's all-piercing, purifying light;
By holy joy—sweet joy in God, whose pew'r
Makes bitter sweet, makes glad life's saddest
hour.

Home Missions! Who feels not a sacred thrill
Of pleasure at a work that seeks to fill
Our own dear land with light, love, peace,
and joy,
To save from all that would its life destroy?
Lifting it up into the life divine,
In God's sweet smiles of purity to shine:
Regaining, thus, lost paradise with all,
And, more than all, loss suffer'd in our fall;
As with our second Adam we ascend
From death to life—life that shall never end—
Life that within us springing up shall be
From all approach of evil ever free;
From all that might endanger or appall—
Fullness of Him, that filleth all in all.

Home Missions! Home to every heart so
dear,

With what surpassing sweetness on the ear
Falls this familiar phrase, nor ever cloy;
All musical with sweet heart-soothing joys.

Home, sweet sweet home! And can we pass
these by,

Dear to us as the apple of the eye?
Content, if such our earthly comforts share,
But caring not as Christian hearts should
care—

With tender deep solicitude to win
Our children from the fearful curse of sin:
In faith, love, seeking these dear lambs to
bring

Safe under the Good Shepherd's sheltering
wing;

Home duties, pleasures, slighted or forgot,
So near, so dear, and yet remember not.

Home Missions! While we listen, and rejoice
In listening, to our Master's well-known
voice:

Go teach all nations—every creature teach,
Until my gospel all the world shall reach;
Repentance, with remission of all sin
To all, but at Jerusalem begin.

Thus going forth in our dear Savior's name,
Aglow with his pure Spirit's living flame—
Be ours to seek—we need not seek them long
To find them—an innumerable throng
Of sinners all around us, at our doors,
As when through broken dam the torrent
roars.

Up! post in haste, through all the region
cry:

"Escape ye, for your life, fly, quickly fly,
Or ruin—swifter ruin—will o'ertake,
And utter hopeless desolation make."

Home Missions scattering over all the land—
See where they go, brave self-denying band;

Home's hallow'd sweet associations all,
Dear to the heart, that pure, or sweet we
call—

Leaving behind them with all readiness,
And seeking only, how to reach and bless,
The far-off dwellers in some distant State,
In solitude and darkness desolate;
To cheer such with glad tidings of a love
That ever watches o'er us from above;
In regions where the hardy pioneer
Goes forth, the forest wilderness to clear;
Apart with strangers, there to rove or dwell
Where never sounds the blessed Sabbath bell.
There, with devoted apostolic zeal,
The blessings of salvation to reveal;
To lift the cross and cry, "Behold, and live!"
"Behold the Lamb of God," who died to give
Salvation to a sinful dying race,
With all the fullness of redeeming grace!

Home Missions! Let them spread from East
to West,

From North to South, till all the land be
blest—

From rocks where dashes the Atlantic wave,
To where Pacific waters gently lave
Our golden shores. Where rocky mountains
swell,

Broad prairies sweep, in forests or in dell;
Wherever weary foot of man had trod
O'er all our fair broad land—its virgin sod—
There let the heralds of the Cross be sent,
In rural temples, school-house, or in tent;
Where but the few or many may be found,
There let the gospel trumpet sweetly sound,
All potent prayer, with Zion's pleasant song,
In holy worship, echo sweet and strong.

Home Missions! What if far from public way,
Some weary way-worn pilgrim chance to
stray,

Faint from long travel, or the noontide beam,
Where o'er its pebbly bed a limpid stream
Of pure cold water trickles, as he slakes
His parching thirst, new life within him
wakes—

Refresh'd and gladden'd speeds him on his
way,

And all within, and all around is gay.
Thus, if afar from home's sweet pleasant
ways,

Disconsolate some weary traveler strays,
Where, all unlook'd for, falls upon his ear
Sounds dear in childhood—now more sweet
—more dear.

Once more he looks on childhood's home;
again

He listens—that dear old familiar strain—
His native village Sabbath-school, with all
The lov'd ones there—fond memories recall;
New life, new hopes, within his bosom spring,
And joy birds of a brighter future sing.

Home Missions! Fathers, mothers, dear, how
dear—

To you as oft, with trembling hope and fear,
You think of darling children far away,
Oh, what if these, alas! should go astray—
Into forbidden paths—yet even there
Swifter than thought, in answer to your
prayer,

God's blessed Spirit can his servants move,
 Father and mother to your child to prove,
 The love of Jesus in their hearts constrain,
 To seek and bring the wanderer back again.

*Home Missions! Send, Good Shepherd, from
 above,
 Send down thy blessed Spirit; let thy love
 Fill every heart, and every soul inspire
 With mission zeal, till like devouring fire
 Spread over all the land, its light illumine,
 Its flame, all dross of selfishness consume,
 Until the desert wilderness rejoice
 And blossom as the rose. Lift up the voice
 Of singing; let the silver trumpet sound
 With jubilate gladness all around,
 Till all the people's hearts responsive sing,
 Jehovah Jesus reigns, our God and King!*

THE FOUNTAIN.

The following is an extract from a beautiful poem, called "The Fountain," in the *Democratic Review* for April. It is from the pen of WILLIAM C. BRYANT, and for simplicity and beauty it has few equals:

So centuries passed by, and still the woods
 Blossomed in spring, and reddened when the year
 Grew chill, and glistened in the frozen rains
 Of winter, till the white man swung the ax
 Beside thee—signal of a mighty change.
 Then all around was heard the crash of trees,
 Trembling awhile and rushing to the ground,
 The low of ox, and shouts of men who fired
 The brushwood, or who tore the earth with plows.
 The grain sprang thick and tall, and hid in green
 The blackened hillside; ranks of spicy maize
 Rose like a host embattled; the buckwheat
 Whitened broad acres, sweetening with its flowers
 The August wind. While cottages were seen
 With rose-trees at the windows; barns from which
 Swelled loud and shrill the cry of chanticleer;
 Pastures were rolled and neighed the lordly horse,
 And white flocks browsed and bleated. A rich turf
 Of grasses brought from far o'ercrept thy bank,
 Spotted with the white clover. Blue-eyed girls
 Brought pails and dipped them in thy crystal pool;
 And children, ruddy-cheeked and flaxen-haired,
 Gathered the glistening cowslip from thy edge.

Since then, what steps have trod thy border! Here
 On thy green bank, the woodman of the swamp
 Has laid his ax, the reaper of the hill
 His sickle, as they stooped to taste thy stream.
 The sportsman, tired with wandering in the still
 September noon, has bathed his heated brow
 In thy cool current. Shouting boys, let loose
 For a wild holiday, have quaintly shaped
 Into a cup the folded linden leaf,
 And dipped thy sliding crystal. From the wars
 Returning, the plumed soldier by thy side
 Has sat, and mused how pleasant 'twere to dwell
 In such a spot, and be as free as thou,
 And move for no man's bidding more. At eve,
 When thou wert crimson with the crimson sky,
 Lovers have gazed upon thee, and have thought
 Their mingled lives should flow as peacefully
 And brightly as thy waters. Here the sage,
 Gazing into thy self-replenished depth,
 Has seen eternal order circumscribe
 And bind the motions of eternal change,
 And from the gushing of thy simple fount
 Has reasoned to the mighty universe.

Is there no other change for thee, that lurks
 Among the future ages? Will not man
 Seek out strange arts to wither and deform
 The pleasant landscape which thou makest green?
 Or shall the veins that feed thy constant stream
 Be choked in middle earth, and flow no more
 For ever, that the water-plants along
 Thy channel perish, and the bird in vain
 Alight to drink? Haply shall these green hills
 Sink, with the lapse of years, into the gulf
 Of ocean-waters, and thy source be lost.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY MARY H. FIELD.

Maker of human hearts, we owe
 To thy inspiring gracious hand
 Love's sweet eternal overflow,
 Outgushing toward our native land.

From northern mount to southern sea,
 From eastern cliff to sunset shore,
 How dear to us! how dear to thee!
 We lay its needs thy throne before.

Our freedom is an empty boast
 Unless thy truth doth make us free;
 Our sun in murky night is lost
 Except thy word our light shall be.

For all the past our thanks we bring,
 To thee our cheerful offerings pay;
 Our fathers' and our only King,
 Be thou our Guide in all our way.

Thy faithful servants' hearts upbear,
 Who in thy kingdom's vanguard press;
 In crowded marts hear thou their prayer,
 Their cry in the lone wilderness.

They rear the cross on every hand,
 The old, old story still they tell;
 Oh, crown their work, and our dear land
 Give thou to our Immanuel!

SAN JOSE, California.

MISSION HYMN.

BY MISS LUCY A. M. GROVE.

Tune—Webb, or, I love to hear the story.

Go, wave the gospel banner
 O'er our beloved land;
 Go, preach the love of Jesus,
 From mountain side and strand.
 Tell of a precious Savior,
 Tell of his pleading love,
 How that with God the Father
 He intercedes above.

Go out among the lowly,
 Go where the humble dwell—
 The same sweet, simple story
 The weak and fallen tell.
 Invite them all to Jesus;
 The Friend of sinners true—
 Who bore our sins in anguish,
 In love, and sorrow too.

Then wave the banner freely,
 Inscribe upon each fold,
 Jesus, and Jesus only,
 In characters of gold.
 From ocean unto ocean
 Across the dreary main,
 Echo the theme—redemption,
 That cleanses every stain.

The harvest fields are whit'ning—
 The harvesters are few;
 Oh, hear the Master calling,
 And saying unto you:
 Go forth unto your gleanings
 And bear the sheaves away;
 Present each one to Jesus—
 Go, work while yet 'tis day.
 SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

"WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME DO?"

Oh, for a vision and a voice to lead me,
To show me plainly where my work should lie,
Go where I may, fresh hindrances impede me,
Vain and unanswered seems my earnest cry.

Hush! unbelieving one; but for thy blindness,
But for thine own impatience and self will,
Thou wouldest see, thy Master's loving kindness,
Who by those hindrances is leading still.

He who of old through Phrygia and Galatia,
Led the Apostle Paul and blessed him there,
If he forbid to preach the word in Asia,
Must have prepared for thee a work elsewhere.

Courage and Patience! Is the Master sleeping?
Has He no plan, no purposes of love?
What though awhile His counsel He is keeping,
It is maturing in the world above.

Wait on the Lord, in His right hand be hidden,
And go not forth uncalled to strive alone,
Shun like a sin the tempting work forbidden,
God's love for souls be sure exceeds thine own.

None are good works for thee, but works appointed,
Ask to be filled with knowledge of His will
Cost what it may; why live a life disjointed?
One work throughout, God's pleasure to fulfill.

But if indeed some special work awaits thee,
Canst thou afford *this waiting time to lose*?
By each successive task God educates thee,
What if the iron be too blunt to use?

Oh! thou unpolished shaft, why leave the quiver?
Oh! thou blunt ax, what forest canst thou hew?
Unsharpened sword, canst thou the oppressed de-
liver?
Go back to thine own maker's forge anew.

Submit thyself to God for preparation,
Seek not to teach thy Master and thy Lord,
Call it not zeal; it is a base temptation,
Satan is pleased when man dictates to God.

Down with thy pride! With holy vengeance tram-
ple
On each self-flattering fancy that appears,
Did not the Lord himself for our example,
Lie hid in Nazareth for thirty years?

Wait the appointed time for work appointed,
Lest by the tempter's wiles thou be ensnared,
Fresh be the oil wherewith thou art anointed,
Let God prepare thee for the work prepared.

"AND SOME AN HUNDRED-FOLD."

It is not I, my scattered grains
Lie few and far apart,
Ofttimes I turn and view them o'er
With sad and troubled heart.
My neighbor's field sheds far and wide
Its rich and golden gleams,
While e'en the very light of heaven
Its gathered radiance seems.

Fit tribute for the Master's hand,
While I—ah, pain and grief—
Can not of my poor, scattered grains
Bind e'en one little sheaf!
Yet if the Master's gentle hand
Will smallest blessing deign,
With joy, my thankful heart will say,
"I have not toiled in vain."

L. W. HAYDEN.

HARVEST HYMN.

REV. J. A. WILLIAMS.

The mission fields are ripening,
The harvest-time has come,
With many thousands reaping
For thousands more there's room;
There's need for earnest workers,
Messiah calls for more,
To labor in the harvest
Ere harvest days are o'er.

To reap and bind and gather
For Him whose footsteps trod
Home mission fields, beginning
This harvesting for God.

But oh! how slow the reaping,
How small the harvest yield!
The gleanings, only gleanings,
Are brought from Zion's field!

Messiah! O Messiah!
In this soul-reaping strife
Let Zion bring with shouting
The precious sheaves of life.
Arouse thou, O ye reapers!
O slumb'ring church, awake!
And of Messiah's harvest
A full possession take.

Possess, and hold, where waveth
Life's precious golden grain,
From ocean to the ocean,
From mountain-top to plain,
And save for great Messiah,
O Zion, bought with blood,
Though earth and hell oppose us,
The harvest of thy God.

BROOKVILLE, Pa.

HYMN.

BY GEO. KRINGLE.

Spirit, from thy mystic throne;
Spirit from the world unknown,
Hear us, unto Thee alone
We pleading come.
Pleading for Thy conquering power;
Pleading for thy quickening dower;
Pleading for Thyself! This hour,

Pitying Spirit, come.
Banners of the cross we hold,
Blood-stained, glorious, every fold;
Heralds to the conflict old,

We pleading come.
Thousands on each neighboring hill,
Thousands that the valleys fill,
Nothing know of Jesus still,
Therefore we come.

Sleeping midst their garnered grain;
Laughing midst the festive train;
Weeping with none to sustain—

Oh, bid them come!
Heralds of the cross, we cry—
Holding up our banners high—
Jesus, Jesus, passeth by
Arise and come!
Come, the crimsoned cross behold;
Look beyond the feast, the gold;
Christ, the sacrifice of old,

Is passing by.
Soul, stand weeping, lost no more;
Pitying, pitying as before
Jesus, from the mystic shore,

Is passing now!
Spirit, though aloud we cry,
Lifting banners to the sky,
None will see the Christ go by
But by thy power.
Then bend from the world unknown,
Holy Spirit, from thy throne,
Help, for thou canst help alone,
In pity come.

SUMMIT, N. J.

BEYOND THE WEST MOUNTAINS.

I sit by the window which westward looks on
 The darkness advancing in grand echelon,
 The shadow of summits all jagged and red,
 And bathed in the blood of the day that is dead.
 The west of the mountain is rosy with light,
 The east is all black with foreboding of night.
 I sit, and I listen to catch, if there be,
 A voice from the sundown appealing to me,
 And ever this verse is a song in my breast—
 The shadow lies eastward, the sunshine goes West.

The sun, and the moon, and the stars, in their flight,
 Do beckon us daily, and call us by night,
 With summons too soft for our palpable ears,
 With voices so soft that the soul alone hears.
 Of all the children of passion and woe,
 No matter how lofty, no matter how low,
 Not one is so hardened, not one so forlorn,
 That, after the sundown or early at morn,
 He may not have felt that his soul was addressed
 By voices which lead him and summon him West.

At morning and night, in the hush of the day,
 Our thoughts spread their pinions and fly far away;
 Like prophets and poets, we all of us rise
 Above the horizon which circles the skies.
 All gone is the greed for the getting of gain
 Which filled the fair noonday with worry and pain.
 One hour of this peace fits the mortal anew
 To live for the beautiful, good, and the true,
 To scorn the traditions of wrong which infest
 The empires of old, and to long for the West.

Sad toilers in cities, worn, weary, and wan,
 Lean out from your garrets, look westward upon
 The promise writ there in the cool, pearly sky,
 Of rest where the winds sing a soft lullaby.
 Oh! think of the clover which blossoms in June,
 The birds whose blythe chorus is ever in tune;
 The farm on the prairie, the ranche on the plains,
 The orchards which droop o'er the shady lanes;
 The carpets of bloom where the weary may rest,
 And gather new strength from the beautiful West.

All nations that live from the South to the North,
 Obey the injunction that bids them go forth
 And build in the land which their children shall own.
 From ocean to ocean a girdle and zone,
 A ribbon of wagons, with roofs gleaming white,
 Is led by the sun and the stars in their flight.
 Like white birds of passage the wagons move on,
 Are lost in the shade of the grand echelon,
 Are seen, as in triumph, upon the white crest
 And top of the mountains which hold the fair West.

—Frank Carpenter.

OUR LAND.—L. M.

INCREASE N. TARBOX.

I.

This land, O God, which thou hast kept,
 A large dominion, wild and free,
 Which, through the ages past, has slept,
 With all its stores, from sea to sea—

II.

Make it an Empire, all thine own,
 With glory of the latter days;
 Here may Immanuel build his throne,
 And fill the forest with his praise.

III.

Not fields, or flocks, or crowded marts,
 Or white-winged ships on every sea;
 Not golden ores, or polished arts,
 Can make a people strong and free.

IV.

Thy grace can lift to high estate
 The lowliest, whom thy truth has stirred
 'Tis thine to make a nation great,
 Reared on the pillars of thy word.

V.

Then let thy holy word go forth
 Through all dark places of the land,
 Till East and West, till South and North,
 Shall bend in awe at thy command.

VI.

For not in man we make our boast,
 Nor fruitful acres, fair and broad,
 We trust not in an armed host,
 But in the mighty arm of God.

32 CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE,
 Boston, Mass. }

INDIAN HYMN.

Many years ago an Indian preacher was in the African Church, in Richmond, Va. After a very impressive sermon, which he had delivered, he sang the following hymn with great effect. When he came to the two last lines he pointed to each class of persons. "See white man, black man," then striking his breast, "red man face, all happy, like on high." The church, which would seat nearly three thousand people, was well filled, yet not a dry eye in the vast multitude was to be seen.

"In de dark wood, no Indian ligh,
 Den me look heaven, me sen' up cry,
 Upon me knees so low;
 Dat God in high and shiney place,
 See me at night wid teary face,
 De preacher tell me so.

"God lub poor Indian in de wood,
 An' me lub God, an' dat be good,
 Me praise him till me die;
 Den me lub God wid inside heart,
 He fight for me, he take me part,
 He save me once before.

"When me be old, me head be gray,
 'Me wid you then,' me hear him say;
 'Me wid you when you die;
 Den take me home to shiney place,
 See white man, black man, red man face,
 All happy, like on high.

Circulate the ROCKY MOUNTAIN PRESBY-
 TERIAN and help Home Missions.

53
HOME MISSION POEM.

7's. and 6's.

MRS. L. L. NEWELL.

Has God granted home and birth
In this freest land of earth?
Has he filled your soul with love
For your Savior throned above?
Surely then, he holds for you
Earnest work, and labor true!

Have you oft the question asked—
Lord, what is the special task—
Or, what may the mission be
Which thy wisdom planned for me,
When within the scheme of grace
Thou designed for me a place?

Hear the answer, "Child of God,
The glad tidings spread abroad;
Unto thine own people go;
Tell them how, from sin and woe,
Christ, the Sinless, came to save—
That for *this*, his life he gave."

Fol'wing the command, *begin*
At Jerusalem, and win
First, the loved ones in your homes,
Bidding them to Jesus, come;
Then, out through the by-ways cry,
"Living water! who will buy?"

Stay not here your work of love;
Let your zeal your calling prove,
To your glorious Lord and King
Many trophies grateful bring,
Won by patient toil and care
From the great world's witching snare.

Rise! and save your native land;
For her welfare stanchly stand;
Let not sin, and godlessness,
Vice, and wrong, and drunkenness,
Strike down virtue; drive out right;
Darkness sow for gospel light!

Christian patriot, *can* you ask
Longer what your special task—
What your life-work here below?
Look! God points you to the woe
Sin and wrong have planted here—
More, he asks, than sigh or tear.

Oh! for God and native land,
And his Word make strong your hand.
Task—an *angel* might desire;
Task—your Christian zeal must fire!
This *your task*, oh, *seeking one*,
May it win, at last, "Well done."
ROCHESTER, Minn.

**OUR NATIVE LAND FOR
JESUS.**

BY MRS. L. L. NEWELL.

"Go up and possess the land."

The West, the West for Jesus!
Where Sin now reigns supreme,
On mountain-top, through canyon,
True gospel light shall gleam.

Refrain:

Our native land for Jesus!
Be this our rallying cry,
We'll conquer Satan's strongholds,
For Christ we'll win, or die.

We want no carnal weapons,
We ask no earthly sword;
Error and vice will vanquish
By God's eternal word.

Refrain:

By truth the land we'll conquer
For Christ, the King of kings;
Foul Sin shall trail her banner,
While Faith of victory sings.

Refrain:

Lord, send us men of valor,
Oh, send us men of might!
Lord, send us men of courage,
Who ne'er shall yield the right!

Refrain:

Lord, send us men of power!
Men great through faith and prayer,
Who in the mighty conflict
With us shall do and dare.

Refrain:

ROCHESTER, Minn.

THE VOICE OF THE HERALD.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness."

INCREASE N. TARBOX.

A sound of glad thanksgiving
In border lands is heard;
The lonely vales are ringing,
And forest depths are stirred;
By many a humble dwelling,
In wood and mountain glen,
The messengers are telling
Of God's great love to men.

Oh ye, who walk in gladness,
Where God's fair temples rise,
Think of the gloom and sadness
Beneath these forest skies;
Where sinful souls are turning
Bewildered and unblest,
And Christian hearts are yearning
For the old Sabbath rest.

Ye know the consolation
Of the sweet word of God,
In days of tribulation,
When falls the chastening rod;
Go help the sad and weary
To find this cheering ray,
When clouds hang dark and dreary
Around their earthly way.

Like the soft dews descending
On Zion's ancient hill;
Like the poor rain-drops blending,
In Kedron's holy rill;
So fall the gospel graces,
The light from Bethlehem's Star,
On these lone mountain places,
These humble homes afar.
BOSTON, Mass.

THE CHURCH AND HER MASTER.

A Home Mission Dream.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

I saw a glorious mother sitting where
Hills on each side were sloping to the sea;
Around her feet her happy children played,
And rose from plain and hill, and forest
glade,
Nor chords of music chiming in the shade,
Nor sound of honest labor, ringing free.

The woman resteth there as one who waits,
While still her busy children toil or feast:
O woman, with those beauteous, longing
eyes,
Filled with reflected light of paradise,
Why searchest thou all the day the eastern
skies?

For yet thy face is ever toward the East!
Ringeth to us her soul-full answer down,
Sweet as the splash of fountains playing:
"My Lord went from me, going through
yon gate,
Where morning's golden angels ever wait
To follow in his splendid train of state;
And I for his return am praying.

"I watch for him from Olive's in the East,
These children are his house adorning;
For him my dead ones shall like lilies
bloom,
Each buried saint upspringing from his
tomb;
His smile will chase away my night of
gloom—
Behold, he bringeth me joy for mourn-
ing!"

There came a weary Pilgrim to her side,
For her own children interceding—
"O woman, *Westward* turn that gracious
face;
See where the thousands of thy stalwart
race
Have sought these years their distant dwell-
ing-place:
And shall their mother sit unheeding?

Send help and comfort to those exile sons;
Comes from the lovely West a weary
wail,

Of those who bear such heavy cross alone;
As once on earth thy mighty Lord hath
known,

He waiteth best who best his work hath done.
Doth not their piteous cry with thee pre-
vail?"

But still that mother's eyes were on the
East.

"I go," the Pilgrim said; "I go to take *thy*
place—
To do the work thy slothful hands resign;
To make thy lonely, outcast children mine;
Garner the golden harvests that were
thine."

So passed he with a shadow on his face.
Still sat the glorious mother looking East,
In gathered clouds had Olive's crest
grown dim;
That Pilgrim journeyed toward the farther
coast.

Sudden the East its flush of promise lost,
As Covenant Angel had her pathway
crossed,

And light, and warmth, and hope, had
gone with *him*!

Now, smitten to the heart with chill sur-
prise,

Repentant rose the mother, struck her
breast,

For light refulgent from that Pilgrim shone,
And pierced hands did the work *she* left
undone,

And He she waited for went by, un-
known—

Her Lord had passed her, going to the
West!

COLORADO.

A Centennial Hymn.

BY WILLIAM E. PABOR.

Hills of beauty round us rise,
Sentinels to valleys sweet;
Crowned with azure from the skies,
Bathed in emerald at their feet.

Lightness lingers, rises, falls,
Shedding glory on our walls.

Colorado, land of treasures new and old;
Colorado, land of silver and of gold;
Colorado, sunny day and starry night;
Colorado, land of beauty and delight.

Regal in the early morn
Lies the sunshine, broad and bright;
Joy and health are newly born
In a baptism of delight.

And the sick rise free from pain,
And the old grow young again.

From the mountain peak the breeze,
Floating to the plains below,
Fan the flowers, the firs, the trees,
Where the shining waters flow.

Here by waterfall and glen,
Pleasure waits the will of men.

Airy echoes on the hills,
Gleams of sunshine everywhere;
Cooling breezes by the rills,
Tempest tremors in the air.

All the elements of health,
All the walks and ways of wealth.

MOUNTAINEER'S PRAYER.

Gird me with the strength of Thy steadfast
hills!

The speed of Thy streams give me!
In the spirit that calms, with the life that
thrills,

I would stand or run for Thee.
Let me be Thy voice, or Thy silent power—
As the cataract or the peak—
An eternal thought in my earthly hour,
Of the living God to speak.

Give me of the brook's faith, joyously sung
Under clank of its icy chain!

Give me of the patience that hides among
Thy hill-tops in mist and rain!
Lift me up from the clod; let me breathe
Thy breath;

Thy beauty and strength give me!
Let me lose both the name and the meaning
of death

In the life that I share with Thee!

—Lucy Larcom.

55
"NOBODY'S CHILD."

ALONE in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold feet,
All day I have wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering, and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head.

Oh! why does the wind blow on me so wild?
Is it because I am nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty and all things bright;
Beautiful children in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in their rapture there.
I wonder if they in their blissful glee
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat?

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down,
In its terrible blackness all over the town?

Shall lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold, hard pavement, alone to die,
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,

And their mammas have tucked them up snugly in bed?

For no dear mamma on me ever smiled,—
Why it is, I wonder, I'm nobody's child?

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me, e'en the little dogs run

When I wander too near; 'tis wondrous to see

How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!

Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes when I lie

Gazing far up in the deep, blue sky,
Watching for hours some large, bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar.

And a host of white-robed nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me on gilded wings
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird—
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame

They told me of such unbounded love,
And bid me come up to their home above;
And then with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet tender eyes,
And it seems to me, out of the dreary night,
I am going up to that world of light;
And away from the hunger and storm so wild,
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

—Anon.

COLORADO.

At last a State! The joyful cry
Leaps o'er the spreading plains that lie
Like summer seas beneath the sky,

To where the mountains, proud and grand,
Uplift their snowy heads and stand
The warders of our wondrous land;

And from their lofty battlements
It echoes down the deep descents,
Like far-off music wafted thence.

The miner, with his tangled hair
And brawny hands, all bronzed and bare,
Hears the glad tidings in the air;

Lays down his pick and spade, and led
By some strange fancy, strangely sped,
Climbs to the high rock overhead—

Climbs to the verge, and from the height,
Bathed in a flood of liquid light,
Looks on a land divinely bright.

Eastward he sees the mighty plains,
The fields that promise golden grains,
The railways and their loaded trains;

He sees the winding rivers run
By farms from deserts newly won,
And cities shining in the sun;

The busy herders with their bands,
Far scattered o'er the level lands,
Show peace and plenty joining hands.

Nearer he turns his eyes and sees
A source of greater wealth than these,
Slow-yielding to his energies—

A thousand veins of virgin gold,
And silver more than can be told,
Hid in the hill-sides gray and old.

Like waves, advancing all abreast,
The mountain ranges, crest on crest,
Rise grandly to the glowing west.

The Holy Cross its spire uprears,
Mount Lincoln's lofty dome appears,
And Gray, all hoary with its years.

A fairer scene was never lent
Than Colorado can present,
The gem of this great continent,

As when the summer solstice calls,
And when the summer sunset fails
Athwart our mighty mountain walls,

We watch the gold and crimson dye
That greatens o'er us, far and high,
Until its glory fills the sky;

So shall her elder sisters wait,
And watch the growth of her whom fate
Has made the proud Centennial State.

W. B. VICKERS.

DENVER, July, 1876.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY REV. SAMUEL WOLCOTT, D.D.

Where, of late, primeval forests
Crowned with glory hill and plain,
Where, in solitude unbroken,
Nature held perpetual reign—
See, with mighty tread advancing,
Tokens of a conquering race—
Fields, with harvest joy resounding,
Cities, throned in queenly grace.

Like the goodly tents of Israel,
Spread through Shittim's garden-vale—
Bright the star prophetic rising,
Loud the shout of kingly hail—
See outspread the Great Republic,
Star and rising scepter see;
Loud, from ocean unto ocean,
Lift the anthem of the free.

In thy heritage rejoicing,
Guard, O Land, thy sacred trust;
Faithful to thy glorious mission,
Win the blessing of the just;
Through thy spreading towns and hamlets,
Shed the light of Truth divine;
Over forest-glade and prairie,
Let its kindling radiance shine.

God of Nations! our Defender
In the paths of peril trod,
Through the century our Leader—
(Guide us still, our fathers' God!)
Lead the nation by thy Spirit,
Down the ages, strong and free—
Lead—till Shiloh lift his banner,
And to Him the gathering be!

CLEVELAND, O.

OUR NATION'S STRENGTH.

BY MISS E. M. BACKUS.

America's Centennial year
Comes hastening on apace;
Swift as a post time's cycles fly,
While mortals run their race.

But Plymouth Rock a rock remains,
And "seed-corn," landed there,
Produces crops, most glorious crops,
In which all nations share.

Eschewing Mother England's tea,
New England fired her gun,
And hit Old England in the back,
Because Old England run.

New England built a meeting-house,
The best she could afford,
And, that the preacher might be heard,
Put in a sounding-board.

New England built a school-house, too,
Much like a modern shed,
And, anxious to preserve the same,
She painted it a red.

And, though the building was not great,
Yet knowledge did increase,
While Errett learned his A, B, C,
And Webster spoke his piece.

And Noah Webster spelled our words,
And told us what they mean;
His Lexicon's approved, they say,
By England's gracious Queen.

America was counted great
Because she prospered so,
And great she was, and still she grows,
As the statistics show.

And Heaven, propitious to our land,
Unlocks her minerals rare;
Opens her mines, brings out her gold,
And gives each State a share.

But aye, the meeting-house and school,
These are the gifts we crave;
In them there is a power to make
A nation strong and brave.

The schools that prized the Word of God,
And learned their "catechise,"
These were the schools that made our youth
Discreet, polite and wise.

And, if this goodly land is saved
From the destroyer's power;
If righteousness and peace shall be
Our nation's strength and tower—

The minister of God must stand
On Zion's tottering wall,
Must bear the cross, endure the shame,
Or truth will surely fall;

Must preach the Word, the quickening
Word,
With holy zeal and skill;
Stand up for Jesus, boldly stand,
With steadfast heart and will.

The Bible and the Catechism,
These are our *cui bono*;
"Go West, young man," go North and
South,
Go teach and preach, please ye—
Go ye!

AMERICA FOR GOD.

BY REV. ABRAHAM S. GARDINER, READING,
MASS.

Tune, "Lénox."

Arise! O Church, arise!
On this, our Western shore,
And claim the land for God,
Now and forever more.
Thy glorious watchword henceforth be,
Jesus! America for thee!

This is the heritage
God to our fathers gave;
Fairer than orient clime,
Cursed by the cowering slave.
The fathers kept the sacred trust,
Then passed it down, and sank to dust.

Ours now the charge divine
To guard this blood-bought land,
And consecrate to God
Each spot whereon we stand;
For Heaven must all our rights maintain,
Or watchmen shall awake in vain.

Then be it ours to pray,
And ours be it to give,
And show in generous deeds
The faith by which we live.
Works without faith are dead, we know—
Faith without works is worthless, too.

God of our fathers! hear
Our prayers, that truth may spread;
God of our fathers! see,
We send the starving bread.
This the best pledge to freedom given,
This the best tribute paid to Heaven.

Then rise! O Church, arise!
Put thy whole armor on!
Stand for thy risen Lord,
His covenant and crown;
Thy glorious watchword henceforth be,
Jesus! America for thee!

THE PIONEERS.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

I hear the far-off voyager's horn;
I see the Yankee's trail—
His foot on every mountain pass,
On every stream his sail.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,
The steamer smokes and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form!

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
The fitting place shall find—
The raw material of a State,
The muscle and its mind!

And westering still, the star which leads
The new world in its train,
Has tipped with fire the icy spears
Of many a mountain chain.

—Whittier.

JOSEPH, THE NEZ PERCE.

From the northern desolation
Comes a cry of exultation:
"It is ended. He has yielded. And the stubborn
fight is won!"
Let the nation in its glory
Bow with shame before the story
Of the hero it has ruined and the evil it has done.

How he prayed while hope remained,
Though the white man's hands were stained
With the blood that cried for vengeance of his murdered
kin and clan.
For the home the good God gave him,
And the treaty sworn to save him,
For the shelter of his children, for the right to be a
man.

Then the troops began to hound him,
And he wrapped his blanket round him,
And he called his braves to follow, and he smote
them hip and thigh;
But the hosts grew vast and vaster,
And the whirlwind of disaster
Drove him out into the mountains and beneath an
alien sky.

Through the continental ridges,
Over tottering torrent bridges,
By the verge of black abysses, in the shade of mount-
ains hoar;
Herds and wives and children bearing,
Months he journeyed, toiling, daring,
With an army trailed behind him and another
crouched before.

Thrice the sudden blow descended,
Roar and flash and clashing blended;
Twice his rear-guard laced and checked them till
the hunted tribe were free.
Once he reeled, but swiftly rallied,
Forth upon the spoilers sallied,
Drove them headlong into shelter, captured all their
cannonry.

But the mountains could not shield him,
And the snowy heights revealed him,
And the false friends would not aid him, and his
goal was far away;
Burdened by his weak and wounded,
Stripped and harried and surrounded,
Still the chieftain of the Northland, like a lion, stood
at bay.

From the freedom that he sought for,
From the dear land that he fought for,
He is riven by a nation that has spurned its plighted
word;
By the Christians who have given
To the heathen—gracious Heaven!—
With the one hand theft and falsehood, with the
other ball and sword.

—W. H. Babcock, in *Harper's Magazine* for Decem-
ber.

COLORADO.

BY MRS. T. R. WRIGHT.

O Muses, help me sing the praise
Of this most glorious land.

* * * * *
The varying plains are ever new
And pleasing to the sight,
Whether in summer's emerald sheen,
Or winter's silver light.

* * * * *
Far up the rugged mountain sides
Myriads of lakelets lie,
Like precious gems in settings rough—
Diamonds in porphyry.

In mountain fastnesses they sleep,
Reflecting heaven's own blue,
Fed by the tiny streams that creep
The rock-ribbed canyons through.

No stagnant marshes taint the air
With miasmatic breath;
No noisome weeds, decaying, help
To fill the ranks of Death.

Better than lovely scenery—
Better than all thy wealth—
O Colorado, is thy breeze
That bears the balm of health.

Our hearts grow warmer in the air
Of this delightful land;
And, nourished by its purity,
Even human souls expand.

"THE DESERT SHALL REJOICE."

7s—Double.

INCREASE N. TARBOX, D.D.

I.

Westward still the pilgrims go,
Nearer to the setting sun;
On through storm and heat and snow,
Till their mighty task be done;
Bold heroic sons of toil,
Still they leave the ancient nest,
To subdue the forest soil
And to give their children rest.

II.

Let the sowers follow fast,
Laden with the precious grain;
Let the heavenly germs be cast
Wide o'er hill and vale and plain;
God will guard the fruitful seed,
Will not let this labor die,
For immortal souls must feed
On the bread of His supply.

III.

His eternal promise stands,
Safely in the record kept;
As the rain on thirsty land,
Which, in silence, long have slept;
So My word from heaven shall fall,
On the thirsty souls of men,
It shall go without recall,
Void, it shall not come again,

IV.

In the morning sow the seed,
Nor at evening stay thy toil:
Hear the kindred voices plead
From the far-off forest soil;
So the wilderness shall bloom
In its heavenly beauty clad;
So the deserts lose their gloom,
And the lonely place be glad.
BOSTON, Mass.

THE LAND TO BE WON.

BY FAREL HART.

In the wide, wide West
Where the winds are free,
In the wild, wild West,
In the prairie sea,
In the land of plain,
In the mountains' home
Where rivers are born
And fierce storms roam,
Where the voice of nature
In silence speaks
From grassy mead
And snow-clad peaks,
Where a million souls,
Some foul, some fair,
Ruin lives,
Or lives repair,
There, there, in that wondrous world,
There, there in the wide, wild West,
Let the Cross be known
And the Savior blest.

A Friend's Tribute to the Memory of
Rev. Josiah Welch.

Late of Salt Lake City, Utah.

BY J. P. SCHELL, IOWA CITY.

O friend, O brother dear, and art thou gone
To join the ransomed pilgrims passing on
The way of all the best?

What tribute may this poor heart bring to
one

Who late hath heard the Master's word, *Well*
done,

Enter thy longed-for rest.

Strong was thy faith, and strong thy ready
hand;

And for it, God did set thee in a land

Of mountains dark with sin.

There thou didst stand—a hero among men;

There thou didst toil with heart, and hand,
and pen,

Though darkness hemmed thee in.

And there thy God did smile upon his own;

The precious truth, so diligently sown,

Became a harvest fair;

And oft with thee a little flock elate

Did meet their Lord within the temple gate,

While watching unto prayer.

There, too, thou ledd'st with joy a happy
bride—

The light of many hearts, her parents' pride—

The loveliest of flowers;

Alas, too fair a flower to linger long,

Soon wafted heavenward, she dwells among

High heaven's unfading bowers!

And thou hast followed her—alas! too soon!

If our sad hearts might yet secure the boon,

Fain would we keep thee here.

For thou a desolate flock behind hast left,

Of pastor and of truest friend bereft,

To mourn their loss so dear!

HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

REV. ROBERT W. LANDIS, D.D.

Iambic, 7, 6.

I.

The land of our possession

Thou hast, O Christ, redeemed

From bondage and oppression,

That it may thine be deemed—

That valleys, plains and mountains

Should all, in coming days,

With rivers, lakes, and fountains,

Re-echo with thy praise.

II.

From distant climes in legions

The thronging masses come,

To find within these regions

Their freedom and a home;

To whom, with those who need it

In all this land, would we

Thy gospel give—oh speed it!

And make them truly free.

III.

Let not th'endeavor daunt us;

The toil, the sacrifice;

Nor sin, nor hell supplant us,

And seize the glorious prize:

Though Antiehrst invade us,

Break thou his cruel chain,

Till e'en his captives aid us

To extend thy gracious reign.

IV.

Oh quicken by thy Spirit

Our love and zeal, that we

May toil till thou inherit

This land from sea to sea—

Till only thou rule o'er us,

And every voice shall raise

Its tribute, in full chorus,

To thy unceasing praise.

DANVILLE, Ky.

THE NORTHWEST.

BY REV. P. BEVAN.

Ye valleys and mountains, gigantic North-
west!

With health in thy fountains, and wealth in
thy breast;

Where winter may rally, midst glacier and
snow,

While summer might dally in softness below.

Since grandeur and beauty, thy lineaments
trace—

Let honor and duty encircle thy face;

Let virtue and love in thy dwellings reside,

That angels above may thy guardians abide.

And deep as the walls of thy canyons and
glens;

And wide as the halls of thy barriers im-
mense,

Let thy bulwarks of truth to the firmament
climb—

On the hearts of thy youth, 'grave her lessons
sublime.

Thou sittest a queen on thy ramparts of
gold;

May "Evangel" be seen on thy banners un-
rolled;

On thy peaks let the star of the "Crucified"
rest—

To blaze from afar, over ocean's wide breast.

As the notes of salvation come floating along,

Let thy uttermost station re-echo the song,

Till the tidings be sent, on the wings of the
breeze,

To the rich Orient, and the isles of the seas.

Every day, and every week,
Something higher would I seek;
Something nobler to be done,
Something better to be won.
This shall be my motto ever—
Something higher, nobler, better.

Higher than the level plain,
Yonder mountain-top I'd gain.
Nobler than the petty strife
Which degrades this earthly life.
From thy soul cast every fetter,
For the higher, nobler, better.

DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

Tune Webb.

REV. CYRUS OFFER.

America for Jesus!
 We ask no other King:
 America for Jesus!
 Loud let the watchword ring.
 Go, heralds of salvation,
 With silver trumpet voice,
 Make joyful proclamation,
 Bid all the land rejoice.
 As beauteous morn, ascendant,
 Lights up the eastern hills;
 As noontide smiles resplendent,
 The land with glory fills:
 Thus radiant, all victorious,
 Look, Jesus, from above,
 Till all our land be glorious
 With heavenly joy and love.
 Where city crowds are pressing
 In busy marts of trade,
 With villagers possessing
 The quiet rural shade:
 Where halls of legislation,
 Schools, courts of justice stand,
 A free and full salvation
 Proclaim throughout the land.
 As sunshine on the mountains,
 As music in the dell,
 As gushing living fountains,
 Where peace and plenty dwell:
 So may thy land and nation,
 Columbia ever be,
 All glorious with salvation,
 The noble, strong and free.
 CHAZY, Clinton Co., N. Y.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

8's, 7's, 4's.

BY MRS. ARMSTRONG MALTBIE.

O'er the white Sierras flashing,
 Westward beacon-lights appear,
 Where Columbia's tides are dashing
 'Gainst her head-lands bold and clear,
 Lo! Christ's heralds
 Have proclaimed salvation here!
 Forests dense and broad savannas,
 Golden sands and sterile plains,
 Yet must learn its glad hosannas,
 Ring with shouts that Jesus reigns;
 Who will wake them
 Ere life's fleeting daylight wanes?
 Deep among the mountain canyons
 Gather crowds of every tongue,
 Seeking not the many mansions
 Whose bright doors are open flung.
 Point them thither,
 Tell them Jesus bids them come.
 Toiling for the things that perish,
 Homeless, weary, faint and chill,
 Tell them of a Friend to cherish
 And defend from every ill.
 If you love Him,
 Lead those souls to waters still.

Throbbing cities in the valleys,
 Where our mightiest rivers flow,
 Westward empire's tide-wade rallies,
 Shall salvation's move more slow?
 Will you, will you,
 Jubilee's sweet trumpet blow?
 Then, their broad foundations shaken,
 Error's strongholds swift must fall,
 And our teeming millions waken,
 Crown their Savior Lord of all.
 Lo! He bids us,
 Hear with joy His earnest call!
 SYRACUSE, N. Y.

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.

BY GEORGE H. SPRING.

7 and 6s Double.

O God of our salvation!
 We low before thee wait,
 For our beloved nation.
 Thy throne we supplicate;
 As with material bounty
 Thou'st crowned us o'er the rest,
 So with thy grace and mercy,
 O God! may we be blest.
 Our States, once solitary,
 Now teem with human life;
 Our fields, once waste and dreary,
 With fruitfulness are rife;
 But men, alas! by thousands
 Our land are scattered o'er,
 Who yield thee no devotion
 For all thy bounteous store.
 Their deathless souls so precious
 Were bought by blood divine;
 They may be won for Jesus,
 And in his beauties shine.
 Oh! breathe thy loving Spirit,
 Our languid hearts to move,
 That we may hasten to them,
 To tell thy wondrous love.
 LEMAES, Iowa.

IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD?

Is there no balm for the sinner distressed?
 Is there no word for the sorrowful breast?
 Is there no hope for the outcast and poor?
 Will no kind angel step in at the door?

"Yea," said the angel, "I will not pass by,
 Hath no one told thee how Jesus did die?
 He, 'the Physician,' will come at thy call,
 Gilead's rich balsam he beareth for all."

Mercy! oh mercy! while penitents cry
 Will the Lord's servants pass heedlessly by?
 Why should they perish, diseased and dis-
 mayed?

Balm and Physician sent down to their aid.

Herald of Jesus! awake at the call,
 Haste to the cottage! and haste to the hall!
 Go to the highways to answer the sound,
 Pour the rich balm in the penitent's wound.

P. BEVAN.

ARIZONA.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Go ye and look upon that land,
That far, vast land that few behold,
And none, beholding, understand—
That old, old land which men call new—
Go journey with the seasons through
Its wastes, and learn how limitless.
The solemn silence of that plain
Is, oh! so eloquent. The blue
And bended skies seem built for it,
And all else seems a yesterday,
An idle tale but illy told.
Its story is God alone,
For man has lived and gone away
And left but little heaps of stone.
Lo! here you learn how more than fit
And dignified is silence, when
You hear the petty jeers of men.
Its awful solitudes remain
Thenceforth for aye a part of you,
And you have learned your littleness.
Some silent red men cross your track;
Some sun-tanned trappers come and go;
Some rolling seas of buffalo
Break thunder-like and far away
Against the foot-hills, breaking back
Like breakers of some troubled bay;
Some white-tailed antelope blown by
So airy like; some foxes, shy
And shadow-like, move to and fro
Like weavers' shuttles as you pass;
And now and then from out the grass
You hear some lone bird cluck, and call
A sharp, keen call for her lost brood,
That only makes the solitude
Seem deeper still, and that is all.

That wide domain of mysteries
And signs that men misunderstand;
A land of space and dreams; a land
Of sea-salt lakes and dried-up seas;
A land of caves and caravans,
And lonely wells and pools; a land
That hath its purposes and plans,
That seems so like dead Palestine,
Save that its wastes have no confine
Till pushed against the leveled skies;
A land from out whose depths shall rise

* * * * *

HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY H. B. L.

From where the golden gateway
Unbars the giant West,
From prairie and Sierra,
From Rocky Mountain crest,
From city street and alley,
Across from sea to sea,
There rings a cry of spirits
For thee, dear Lord, for thee.

This world is very weary,
Its woes and wants are wide,
Cries for the living water
Float in on every tide.
Lord, if our ships shall carry
Thy gospel o'er the sea,
First be our own land watered
With living streams from thee.

Send forth the seed for sowing,
Go with the sowers, Lord,
Till city, plain and mountain
Shall echo to thy word.
When our whole land shall render
Heart-service full and free,
The world shall catch the fire,
And turn, O Lord, to thee.

OUR COUNTRY.

A Home Missionary Hymn.

BY REV. E. P. ROGERS, D. D.

I.

Our fathers' God! To thee we raise
The swelling notes of grateful praise;
And bless thee for thy favor shown
This land we fondly call our own.

II.

Our sainted sires the ocean crossed,
By many a wintry tempest tossed,
To rear, where still the savage trod,
Their banner, in the name of God.

III.

They gave it to the Western breeze,
With earnest prayer, on bended knees,
That Christ's dear name might be confest
From North to South, from East to West.

IV.

And, now, to California's coast
Let him be known as Lord of Hosts;
Let rolling prairies sing his praise;
Let mountains glorious anthems raise.

V.

Let song of humble worshiper
The silence of the forest stir;
While Southern gulf and Northern lake,
In turn, responsive music make.

VI.

And, as the living currents run
So swiftly to the setting sun,
Still let them bear upon their tide
Immanuel's glory, far and wide.

VII.

Be thou the God of all our land,
From Eastern shore to Western strand,
And may our own dear country be
A glorious temple, Lord, for thee.

UTAH LAND.

Land swept by the drifting cloud!!
Where rivers marmur to the sea,
Where lightnings flash and thunders loud,
Roll forth their symphony.

Whose summits clad in evergreen,
And peaks tipped with eternal snow,
Show glimpses here and there between
Of valleys nestling far below.

Where sunlight falls on waving grain,
On teeming homes and landscapes fair,
While the white waves of the salt main
Afar shine through the smoky air.

Where hidden caves of silver shine,
And many a bank of golden sand
Is waiting to be made a mine,
Only the stroke of master hand.

Where all the powers of earth and air
Have left their trace of conflict grand,
O wilderness! so rich and fair,
Thy name is Utah land.

—Salt Lake Herald.

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HOME MISSION HYMN.

PROF. STEPHEN ALEXANDER.

Our fathers' God we bless thee,
And "lift our hands to pray,"
With thanks and prayers address thee
On this, our festal day.

Each coming generation
Does in thy goodness share,
As for thy great salvation
Thou dost the way prepare.

Be joy of that salvation,
Our privilege to spread
Where'er throughout the nation,
Man's hastening foot has sped—

All o'er the verdant prairie,
And the ascending plain,
From ocean unto ocean,
Throughout our broad domain—

To tell the wondrous story
Of Jesus and his love;
And how, though King of glory,
He intercedes above—

Tell it to lisping childhood
All gathered in his fold;
Tell it to burdened manhood;
Tell it to young and old—

Tell to the exiled stranger,
Here sheltered by our laws,
The story of the manger;
The lesson of the cross.

By Providence protected,
Now, Savior, thus we come,
E'en by thy word directed,
In mission to our home.

And as in meek submission,
We come with faith sincere;
Now, by thy benediction,
Assure us thou art here.
PRINCETON, N. J.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Go tell the story of the cross,
To hearts with sorrow aching;
And spent with anguish pain and loss,
Are burdened nigh to breaking.
Tell how He came from realms above
So swift and strong to save us,
And in the might of sovereign love
He pitied and forgave us.

Though far our steps in deserts wild,
Of sin and folly, wander,
The Father welcomes back the child;
The seal of peace is yonder—
Where lifts the cross its awful form,
With Christ the victim dying;
No room for ill to triumph now;
No place for hopeless sighing.

Go tell this love on prairies wild,
Tell o'er their green savannas,
The glory of the Crucified
Rings out in clear hosannas;

Go sing it on the mountain steep,
And in the laughing valleys,
While marching to its music deep
The ransomed army rallies.

O sweetest love, divinest grace,
O mercy full and tender,
Pour down in every shadowed place,
The sunrise of thy splendor,
Till every knee to Christ shall bend,
And countless hearts adore him,
And praise and thanks for aye ascend,
In incense clouds before him.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY REV. A. L. FRISHIE.

Tune—Mendon.

O God, for our beloved land,
Anxious and earnest, lo, we pray;
We watch the scepter in thy hand—
Hear us and help, O Lord, to-day.

Where feebly burns the gospel light
On altars once with glory graced,
Oh, grant again the blessed sight—
Restore the candlesticks displaced.

On mountains wild and prairies wide
Thy churches build, endow, possess;
Thy way-worn heralds stand beside;
Clothe them with strength, cheer with
success.

Here mingling nations come from far,
For gold and guerdon of the free;
Make these, O Lord, a Bethlehem star
To guide their searching steps to thee.

Before thy cross, O Lamb of God,
Be color, caste and race unknown,
Lost in the perfect brotherhood
Of souls by Christ redeemed, made one.

Inspire thy people for the hour—
Its honor, greatness may we see;
Gird us with faith and love and power
To win the land entire for thee.
DES MOINES, Iowa.

SAFETY OF THE STATE.

INCREASE N. TARBOX, D.D.

C. M.—Double.

The little springs and crystal rills
In lonely places hide,
They run among the ancient hills,
And through the forests glide;
Their birth-place is the wilderness;
From mountain wilds they go
Through many winding paths, to bless
The thirsty lands below.

God guards these little lonely springs,
Nor lets their channels dry;
He hovers on his cloudy wings
Along the stormy sky;
He giveth rain, and "snow like wool,"
And feeds this ceaseless flow,
To make the lowlands beautiful,
And waving harvests grow.

The strength that makes a nation great,
In secret is supplied;

The energies that build the State,
In humble virtues hide;
From Christian homes among the hills,
The streams of influence flow;
The force, that fights with earthly ills,
And overcomes the foe.

And if these little fountains fail,
And little streamlets dry,
No art or cunning can avail—
The nation's self must die.
But if the mountain streams are pure
And constant in their flow,
The nation's heritage is sure
In all the plains below.

BOSTON, MASS.

HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY GEORGE S. DWIGHT.

From the land of his affliction,
Bethlehem and Gethsemane;
From the Mount of crucifixion,
Christ hath crossed the Western sea!
He is coming like the morning—
Scattering doubt and darkness dim—
Rise! put on thy best adorning,
Western world, to welcome him!

He is coming to deliver
From the thrall of sin and pain,
Toilers on the lake and river,
Dwellers on the hill and plain!
Sorrow shall forget its sadness,
Pave his path with royal palms;
Joy, with a diviner gladness,
Speak his praise in loyal psalms!

Let us hasten forth to meet him—
Joyful that the Christ appears!
With repentant kisses greet him,
Heal his wounds with human tears.
Entering here, no more a stranger,
Let each home his dwelling be;
His the hall, and not the manger—
Every heart his Bethany.

Here let not his own disown him,
Slight his love and scorn his words;
Lift the thorn-wreath and recrown him
King of kings, and Lord of lords!
Oh, thou Christ, our souls adore thee,
Pledge thee love for evermore!
Lo! the land is waiting for thee,
From its center to its shore!

MONTCLAIR, July 4, 1876.

YOSEMITE FALLS.

Look up from your easel, pale painter, and see
The fall of the waters in Yosemite;
The waters which fall from the feet of the clouds,
And wrap the black granite in silvery shrouds.
There arches of iris on piers of pure gold
Spring over the rivers, swift, rushing and cold,
Which, leaping and curling in crystalline floods,
Wash meadows mosaic with beautiful buds.
Where Spring, the soft-footed and warm, finds a nest
While wooing, with kisses, the peaks of the West.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY MRS. N. E. MORSE.

Jesus, gracious Savior, bend
From thy majesty on high;
To our weakness condescend,
Listen to our earnest cry:
Harvest fields gleam white to-day,
Fit us for thy work, we pray.

Where our cities smiling stand,
Many templed, rich and great,
Sin and want go hand in hand,
Souls are starved and desolate;
May thy children's mission be,
There to make thy gospel free.

Mountains, veined with precious ores,
Guard our prairies vast and wide;
By our rivers' fruitful shores,
Inland fleets and navies ride;
Oceans on the East and West
Bring their wealth at our behest.

All our greatness, oh how vain!
All our wealth, how poor and base!
Unless thou, O Lord, dost reign,
And bestow thy quickening grace;
Vain their building, who disown
Christ, the sure foundation stone.

Gird thy Church, O Lord, with power,
Send it forth a conquering host,
That our country's priceless dower,
To thy kingdom be not lost;
That *this* may our glory be,
Christ doth reign from sea to sea.

OUR COUNTRY FOR CHRIST.

LUCY LARCOM.

In the name of Christ we rally
To the banner of the truth;
Sound his name from plain and valley,
Manly voices, heart of youth.

Christ! the bending prairie grasses
Whisper, with a grateful sigh;
Christ! through dark Sierra-passes
Wild winds sweep the glad reply.

Lo! upon these Western mountains,
Beautiful his feet shall be;
Savage wastes and sunless fountains
Life and light in him shall see.

At his call shall manhood waken
From its trance of sloth and sin;
Shackles from the strong be shaken,
Freedom, peace in him to win.

Christ! the heart of a great nation
From its depth cries unto thee;
Let the floods of thy salvation
Cleanse the land from sea to sea.

Every hope to meet thee presses;
Every voice would welcome frame;
Lo! the untrodden wildernesses
Bloom with thy beloved name.
BEVERLY FARMS, Mass.

6163
THE BELIEVING PRAYER.

BY REV. R. W. LANDIS, D.D.

I.

Once more, dear Lord, I bow
Before the throne of grace;
Oh aid me by thy Spirit now,
Truly to seek thy face.
Help me myself to yield,
Obedient to thy word,
And oh, from all self-seeking shield
And purify me, Lord.

II.

I can not ask that thou
Should'st grant at my request,
Aught that I would on self bestow—
That idol of the breast;
Nor gifts of thee would crave
Which I may idolize;
And put in place of thee who gave,
And to them sacrifice.

III.

I ask that thou my heart
Wilt wholly purify,
To rest in naught thou dost impart,
But on thyself rely.
I ask that each supply
Of mercies I may meet
May be no sooner mine than I
Shall lay them at thy feet.

IV.

Nor aught would I acquire
But to return to thee;
That it may with my whole desire
Lead me still nearer thee;
That it may be alone
My steady, constant aim
In all I seek, or aim, or own,
To glorify thy name.
DANVILLE, Ky.

THE NEW COLORADO.

BY THOMAS HARVEY CANNON.

Amid the wrecks of primal times,
Of buried years and tropic climes,
Thou sittest, Queen of Peak and Plain,
Amid the tomb of centuries slain,
Watching with youthful jealousy
Thy purple heights and waveless sea.

O waveless sea, each burning breeze
Still deeper sinks thy Argosies
Long sailed beyond this harbor bar
And tombed where sun and desert are.

Sleep on, O cities of the dead,
Thy wharves are not, thy seas are fled,
And give no token of the place
Where tide and shore sat face to face.

The umbra of the passing lies
Beyond the ken of human eyes
And change, their mourner, marks in tears
The horologe of marching years.

Bend down white peaks and homage pay
To Empress born of newer day;
Thy benediction on her throw
O white stoled priests in cowls of snow.

O breezes! cease thy mystic dreams;
O'er tideless seas and sunken streams
A cool and fleecy cloudland spread,
A resting shadow for her head;
A bridal veil of mystic showers
From star-sown peaks to fields of flowers.

I sit beside thy portal gate
And watch the dial hand of fate
Mark with its sure and rapid stride
Thy youthful joy and swelling pride;
My eye, prophetic, watching, sees
But resurrected centuries.

**HOME MISSION PIONEERINGS
IN COLORADO.**

The Trip to Ouray, June 12, 1877.

BY REV. PHILIP BEVAN.

Stranger:

Up the rugged hills ascending,
Wither are those pilgrims wending?
Through the horrid gulches steering,
In the caverns disappearing,
Farther, higher, still they climb—
Will they scale that peak sublime?
Hurrying 'mid the waste of snows
Will they court unbidden woes?
Would they mark the sun arise
Beaming through unclouded skies?
Surely these some vow would pay
Reverent to the orb of day,
Or they trace the eagle's flight,
As he sweeps from height to height.
Ah they fall! they downward glide,
On the avalanche they ride.
By the icy monster borne
Through the rocks and forests torn.
Prostrate in the canyon deep
Are they buried. Do they sleep?
Craving gold with latest breath,
Have they found? but grasped in death?
No! they rise and shout aloud,
Answering through the snowy cloud.

Herald:

Stranger! Not with lust of gold,
Have we scaled these ranges bold;
Not to rob the eagle's nest
Have we crossed yon snowy crest;
Not to hail the glowing sun
We the icy peaks have won;
Not to delve in glittering ore
We this wilderness explore;
Not to gain earth's wealth, but show
Richer mines than mortals know.
Higher than the eagle's height,
Teach we man a heavenward flight;
Bring the lamp of life divine
O'er this darkened soul to shine;
Teach his tongue to pay his vows
Anthem'd in God's holy house;
Make the rugged waste afford
Praise and gladness to our Lord;
While each sheltered vale shall rise
Like a blooming paradise.

"THE THIRTY-EIGHTH STAR."

It dawns on the canvas, as seen from afar
In glorified Dreamland, the Thirty-eighth
Star—
A marvel of beauty, a triumph of Art,
As Nature had sought to learn Heaven by
heart.
How true to the grandeur of mountain and
wild
Of fair Colorado, the Century's Child!
How, gazing, we list to the dash of the
streams,
O land of our wonder, and land of our
dreams!
How truly we feel (giving Fancy the rein)
The chill of the gorges, the heat of the plain,
The breath of the blossom the zephyr has
swayed,
The chorus of waters in merry cascade!
O mighty upheaval from valleys untrod,
Snow-crowned as in surplice for service of
God!
What might not be seen from summit sub-
lime,
Above all the rage of the tempests of Time!
What might not be learned in the depth of
such hold—
What treasures of knowledge and treasures
of gold,
Where lore of the ages is waiting, perchance,
In rock-script that fastens the scientist's
glance!
There's wrath in the cloud-land, but brightly
above
The sunlight streams through, as the light of
that Love
That gilds this inscription on Edens untrod:
The nearer to Nature, the nearer to God!
And this is her semblance in solitudes wild,
Our bright Colorado, the Century's Child;
And thus we present to the Old World afar,
Columbia's fairest, her Thirty-eighth Star.
—Chicago Tribune.

HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

BY MISS MARIA P. ARMS, FORMERLY MIS-
SIONARY TO THE CHOCTAWS.

Through all our land, from shore to
shore,
Are needy souls who aid implore;
As freely as we now receive,
Let us the blessed Gospel give.

The great command anew we hear,
In open doors and lands brought near;
In world-wide need, dear Lord, we see
A call to work to-day for Thee.

We who thus great salvation know
Are called to preach it as we go;
Since "Who-so-will" is bid to come,
Shall we not say, "There yet is room?"

Let our own altar furnish coals
To kindle love in other souls;
And from our lamp a light be given
To help them find the way to heaven.

But our best help we cannot give
Till Thou, O Lord, dost in us live,—
The life, the light, the working power
Of our whole being, hour by hour.

When thus our life is hid in Thine,
Thy love in all we do will shine;
Then will the nations as they come,
Learn here to seek a heavenly home.

SPRINGFIELD, VT.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY MRS. H. F. BUTTS.

Far from our Father's home,
A little band we come
To worship Thee;
The same love we adore,
Here on the prairie floor,
That led the pilgrims o'er
The stormy sea.

Be Thou our Friend and Guide,
Whatever may betide,
In this new land;
Help us Thy will to see;
Thy servants, Lord, are free;
And may we ever be
Led by Thy Hand.

The earth is all Thine own;
The harvests o'er it strewn
Are Thy bequest;
The gold within the mine,
The fruits upon the vine;
O, when our laws are Thine—
Then all is blest.

With earnest hearts we pray,
Here in Thy house to-day,
At this sweet hour;
Our land to consecrate,
To make each added state,
In truth and virtue great—
Strong in thy power.

Our strength is not our own;
We bow before Thy throne,
In childlike trust;
O, bless this virgin soil,
Bless all the hands that toil,
And let no evil foil
The true and just.

—Brooklyn.

—o—

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight:
Cease from man, and look above thee;—
Trust in God, and do the right.

Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;—
Trust in God, and do the right.

—N. McLeod, D.D.

—o—

DENVER, COL., FEBRUARY, 1876.

THE PRIZE POEM.

AMERICA FOR GOD.

REV. ABRAHAM S. GARDINER, Reading,
Mass.

Thy "report has traveled forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joys."
—Cooper.

THE ARGUMENT.

America a new and fairer Canaan;
salubrity of climate, variety of pro-
ductions, and impressive scenery, of no
value without God; description of a
godless nation; the nation happy
whose God is the Lord; vast multi-

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tudes, like sheep without a shepherd;
the Church exhorted to awake and look
on the fields already white; the duty
of the Church to pray the Lord of the
harvest to send forth laborers; its pray-
ers should be accompanied with gifts
sufficient to support the missionaries
when they enter upon their work; duty
of self-denial for Jesus' sake; conse-
quences of withholding contributions
to the mission cause; missionaries dis-
couraged; their families in suffering;
their fields abandoned; God's blessing
withheld; a blood-bought Church, rec-
reant to her trust and guilty of bring-
ing reproach upon her Lord; further
results attendant upon the failure or
suspension of missions; influx of Ro-
manism; infidelity; indifference; bar-
barism. The immigrant at his coming
should meet the gospel, and its light
should be kept steadily upon his path
and home, and upon all the homes of
the growing West. This is the work
of missions. Let this work be done,
and the Republic will be saved, mis-
sions be crowned with success, and God
be glorified.

Not pomp of heraldry, nor pride of kings
Shall fill our thought: the muse of Zion
sings.

Far humbler themes, and yet far nobler,
claim

The world's applause, the eulogy of fame.
Vast throngs of people on our vision rise,
Beneath the arches of fair Freedom's skies.
From distant Maine, first touched by morn-
ing's ray,

To shores Pacific, and the setting day;
From orange groves, where tropic breezes
blow,

To mountains crowned with everlasting
snow;

What realms are these, stretching through
zones so vast?

What fairer Canaan has appeared at last?

Jordan here finds a rival swift and strong
Where Mississippi pours its floods along.

The lofty Lebanon aspires in vain

To reach the summit of Nevada's chain.

Eschol its clusters sees renewed once more

On vines that shade the California shore.

Temples like that which crowned Moriah's
steep,

Pure and resplendent in our quarries sleep.
There let them sleep, but let one fairer rise,
Broad as the land, and lofty as the skies,
Beneath whose dome men from all climes
may meet

And lay their offerings at the Savior's feet.
Such the domain which fills our wondering
view,

Its present vast, and vast its prospects, too.

But what are ambient air and fertile sod?
Shall Israel live, and not know Israel's
God?

Shall rights of civil and religious name
Stand undisturbed; their sacredness the
same;

Though godless crowds our happy country
draws

To share our freedom, and help frame our
'laws?

Shall legislation seek the public weal

When conscience slumbers, and men cease
to feel?

Shall social joys abide where social ties

Regard no more the test which truth ap-
plies?

These and a thousand ills, unnamed in
thought,

Come to the land where God is set at
naught.

Convulsions rend the bonds which hold the
State,

And desolation marks the track of fate;

Not fate that's blind, but fate of thousand
eyes,

Seen in Ezekiel's wheel of mysteries.

Then neighborhoods are cursed with social
crimes—

Variance and strife and hatred mark the
times.

Drunkenness, envyings, murders, nameless
sins,

Stalk boldly forth, and hell a victory wins.

But happy is that land where God is
known,

And in the public counsels holds his throne.

There justice marks the rule of men in
power,

As light the morn, and grass the vernal
shower.

There on a rock the social system rests,

And undisturbed abides a thousand tests.

There order reigns, and love and goodness
grow,

And peace and gentleness, and temperance,
too.

Such are the blessings which religion gives

Where man 'neath righteous laws and
rulers lives.

* * * * *

But who shall bear the joyful tidings forth
Through all the land, the east, west, south
and north?

How shall men hear, no matter how intent,
Without a preacher, and a preacher sent?

Scattered like sheep deprived of shepherd's
care,

They faint, they perish; perish everywhere.

Church of the living God! Awake! Arise!

Upon the waiting harvest lift your eyes!

See how the fields are ripe with whitened
grain!

Rich harvests wave, and shall they wave in
vain?

Shall fear the Church disarm, when to her
view

The harvest plenteous seems, the laborers
few?

Where is the faith which should the Church
attend?

The Church must pray, the laborers Christ must send.
His the sweet pledge to hear his people's prayer
When they the world's redemption make their care.
Ours then to cry, "Lord, send the laborers forth
Through all the land, east, west, south and north!"
Joined to this prayer let solemn pledge be given
That gifts shall follow our appeals to Heaven.
Shall Jesus hear our prayers while we withhold
The needed offerings, the demanded gold?
Shall we profess our love with zealous haste,
Then say, with Judas: "Why was all this waste?"
No; rather ours be Mary's love, to show
Her self-denial, her devotion, too.
On Jesus' head she poured the precious 'nard—
But little dreamed 'twas for her dying Lord.
The fragrance spread through all the spacious room,
But Mary's love diffused the best perfume.
To Simon's halls the sweetness first was given,
Then spread through earth and mounted up to heaven.
Such zeal as this marked Jesus' faithful friend;
Let zeal like this our every step attend;
Then shall our prayers unto the harvest's Lord,
That laborers come, meet with a rich reward;
Then shall the heralds of the gospel fly
Apocalyptic angels through the sky,
With hearts elate; then shall the tidings spread,
And men spring forth to life who once were dead.
But let the Church withhold the needed aid,
And hoard the gold within her coffers laid;
Let lust of gain and selfish greed prevail,
Then must the messenger and message fail.
The tithes withheld, withheld the blessing, too,
A blood-bought Church proves to her Lord untrue.
The missionary, then, with heavy heart
Surveys his field once more, but must depart;
His weeping hearers on his shoulders bend,
And vainly wish to keep their faithful friend;
Or, if he struggle on, then hope and fear
Spring intermixed, nor head nor heart is clear.
His prattling infants round his cabin door
Wake anxious thought as to what lies before;
His care-worn wife sits at the cradle side,
And grieves she in her girlhood had not died.

For out upon the prairie thus he stands,
Holding his Lord's commission in his hands.
The Church had prayed; the Lord had sent him forth,
And now the Church regards him nothing worth;
Withholds the laborer's hire, gives stones for bread,
And little heeds him, or alive or dead.
Nor is this all; let missions fail or pause,
Terrific peril wraps our country's cause.
Naught but religion can our country save
From rank decay, and a dishonored grave;
This ligature must bind the State to God—
This light alone reveal the perfect road.
The newer regions of our favored land
With claims imperious now before us stand.
"Westward the course of empire takes its way,"
Its march resistless, and supreme its sway;
The scepter from the East shall vanish soon,
And draw its luster from the setting sun.
But who shall tell what visions yet shall rise
Beneath the arches of these western skies?
Shall Rome's vain pageants lure the public gaze,
Or infidelity its altars raise?
Shall cold indifference, more deadly still,
Forgetting God, inspire the nation's will?
Shall church and school alike be sought in vain,
And barbarism clothe the land again?
To questions such as these an answer comes;
Yes, all these ills shall desolate our homes,
And thousand more, unless the gospel spread
Its sacred light in emigration's tread.
Soon as the exiles touch this western shore
Upon their path the gospel's light should pour;
It's sacred beams attend their onward way,
And fill their new-found homes with heavenly day.
Let this be done; the danger then is past—
Our country stands the noblest, as the last.
Land of the free! may Heaven thy virtue guard,
And Missions find in thee a rich reward.

HOME MISSION POETRY.

Among the hymns and poems sent in response to the offer of a prize, those from the following persons are considered worthy of honorable mention. A selection will be published in a small collection of Home Mission hymns, and others from time to time in the columns of this paper:

Rev. E. P. Rogers, D.D., Rev. G. S. Plumley, Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, D.D., Rev. Geo. L. Spining, Rev. S. J. M. Eaton, D. D., Rev. Chas. L. Thompson, D.D., Rev. Samuel Wolcott, D.D., Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D., Rev. Robert W. Landis, D.D., Rev. A. Brodhead, D.D., Rev. L. Young, Rev.

J. B. Smith, D.D., Rev. T. N. Ralston,
D.D., Rev. I. N. Tarbox, D.D., Rev.
Cyrus Offer, Rev. W. H. Luckenback,
Rev. C. E. Furman, Rev. Newman
Hall, Rev. J. C. Wilhelm, Rev. A. D.

Roe, Rev. D. C. Sloan, Rev. H. P.
Peck, Rev. A. L. Frisbie, Rev. Wm.
T. Fitch, Rev. J. A. Williams, Rev.
Chas. Ray, Rev. W. C. McDougall,
Rev. Wm. R. Duryee, Rev. E. H. Post,
Rev. Wm. Bishop, Wm. D. Porter,
J. Hervey Appleton, M. E. Winslow,
L. M. Glover, Edward O. Fisk, E. E.
S. Lord, E. E. Brown, J. B. Smith,
W. T. Hunt, L. F. Starrett, Chas. E.
Stevens, A. McKillop, G. Klinge,
Erastus Johnson, A. J. Culp, S. J.
Lee, Prof. Stephen Alexander, Jos.
H. Martin, Mrs. L. L. Newell, Mrs.
M. L. Rawl, Mrs. B. M. Stoeven,
Mrs. A. Morse, Mrs. C. A. Parker, Mary
H. Field, Annie L. Smith, Mrs. Sarah
L. Jones, Mrs. Elizabeth Wendell
Ten Eyek, Mrs. Grace Webster Hins-
dale, Mrs. M. S. Krackan, Mrs. A.
Maltbie, Mrs. L. H. Sargent, Mrs. R.
B. Archibald, Harriet M. Bolman,
Mrs. S. H. Good, Mrs. E. H. R. Ed-
monds, Mrs. W. W. McNair, Mrs.
Mary C. Gurley, Mrs. Julia McNair
Wright, Ethel Lynn, Mrs. Helen E.
Taylor, Mrs. L. B. Fletcher, Mrs. A.
S. Browne, Mrs. M. A. Careing, Mrs.
S. B. Titterington, Mrs. E. D. N.
Bianciardi, Mrs. M. F. Butts, Mrs.
E. Van Santword, Mrs. A. M. W.
Ward, Miss Lucy A. M. Grove, Miss
M. E. Thalheimer, Miss Helen E.
Brown, Miss R. S. Carey, Miss A. D.
Cobb, Miss S. A. Jenekes, Lucy Lar-
com, Miss Sarah F. Barrows, Miss A.
J. Thornton, Florence M. Goodrich,
Miss E. M. Backus, Miss J. Sinclair.

HOME MISSIONS.

BY REV. CYRUS OFFER.

Home Missions! Blessed ministry of love,
How like the Master—coming from above
To bless the world; its darkness, sin and woe—
Wrought by the malice of man's deadliest
foe—

To overcome, by love's resistless might,
By truth's all-piercing, purifying light;
By holy joy—sweet joy in God, whose pow'r
Makes bitter sweet, makes glad life's saddest
hour.

Home Missions! Who feels not a sacred thrill
Of pleasure at a work that seeks to fill
Our own dear land with light, love, peace,
and joy,
To save from all that would its life destroy?
Lifting it up into the life divine,
In God's sweet smiles of purity to shine:
Regaining, thus, lost paradise with all,
And, more than all, loss suffer'd in our fall;
As with our second Adam we ascend

From death to life—life that shall never end—
Life that within us springing up shall be
From all approach of evil ever free;
From all that might endanger or appall—
Fullness of Him, that filleth all in all.

Home Missions! Home to every heart so
dear,

With what surpassing sweetness on the ear
Falls this familiar phrase, nor ever cloy's;
All musical with sweet heart-soothing joys.

Home, sweet sweet home! And can we pass
these by,

Dear to us as the apple of the eye?

Content, if such our earthly comforts share,
But caring not as Christian hearts should
care—

With tender deep solicitude to win
Our children from the fearful curse of sin:
In faith, love, seeking these dear lambs to
bring

Safe under the Good Shepherd's sheltering
wing;

Home duties, pleasures, slighted or forgot,
So near, so dear, and yet remember not.

Home Missions! While we listen, and rejoice
In listening, to our Master's well-known
voice:

Go teach all nations—every creature teach,
Until my gospel all the world shall reach;
Repentance, with remission of all sin
To all, but at Jerusalem begin.

Thus going forth in our dear Savior's name,
Aglow with his pure Spirit's living flame—
Be ours to seek—we need not seek them long
To find them—an innumerable throng
Of sinners all around us, at our doors,
As when through broken dam the torrent
roars.

Up! post in haste, through all the region
cry:

"Escape ye, for your life, fly, quickly fly,
Or ruin—swifter ruin—will o'ertake,
And utter hopeless desolation make."

Home Missions scattering over all the land—
See where they go, brave self-denying band;
Home's hallow'd sweet associations all,
Dear to the heart, that pure or sweet we
call—

Leaving behind them with all readiness,
And seeking only, how to reach and bless,
The far-off dwellers in some distant State,
In solitude and darkness desolate;
To cheer such with glad tidings of a love
That ever watches o'er us from above;
In regions where the hardy pioneer
Goes forth, the forest wilderness to clear;
Apart with strangers, there to rove or dwell
Where never sounds the blessed Sabbath bell.
There, with devoted apostolic zeal,
The blessings of salvation to reveal;
To lift the cross and cry, "Behold, and live!"
"Behold the Lamb of God," who died to give
Salvation to a sinful dying race,
With all the fullness of redeeming grace!

Home Missions! Let them spread from East
to West,
From North to South, till all the land be
blest—

From rocks where dashes the Atlantic wave,
To where Pacific waters gently lave
Our golden shores. Where rocky mountains
swell,

Broad prairies sweep, in forests or in dell;
Wherever weary foot of man had trod
O'er all our fair broad land—its virgin sod—
There let the heralds of the Cross be sent,
In rural temples, school-house, or in tent;
Where but the few or many may be found,
There let the gospel trumpet sweetly sound,
All potent prayer, with Zion's pleasant song,
In holy worship, echo sweet and strong.

Home Missions! What if far from public way,
Some weary way-worn pilgrim chance to
stray,

Faint from long travel, or the noontide beam,
Where o'er its pebbly bed a limpid stream
Of pure cold water trickles, as he slakes
His parching thirst, new life within him
wakes--

Refresh'd and gladden'd speeds him on his
way,

And all within, and all around is gay.
Thus, if afar from home's sweet pleasant
ways,

Diseonsolate some weary traveler strays,
Where, all unlook'd for, falls upon his ear
Sounds dear in childhood—now more sweet
—more dear.

Once more he looks on childhood's home;
again

He listens—that dear old familiar strain—
His native village Sabbath-school, with all
The lov'd ones there—fond memories recall;
New life, new hopes, within his bosom spring,
And joy birds of a brighter future sing.

Home Missions! Fathers, mothers, dear, how
dear—

To you as oft, with trembling hope and fear
You think of darling children far away,
Oh, what if these, alas! should go astray—
Into forbidden paths—yet even there
Swifter than thought, in answer to your
prayer,

God's blessed Spirit ean his servants move,
Father and mother to your child to prove,
The love of Jesus in their hearts constrain,
To seek and bring the wanderer back again.

Home Missions! Send, *Good Shepherd*, from
above,

Send down thy blessed Spirit; let thy love
Fill every heart, and every soul inspire
With mission zeal, till like devouring fire
Spread over all the land, its light illumine,
Its flame, all dross of selfishness consume,
Until the desert wilderness rejoice
And blossom as the rose. Lift up the voice
Of singing; let the silver trumpet sound
With jubilate gladness all around,
Till all the people's hearts responsive sing,
Jehovah Jesus reigns, our God and King!

HYMN.

BY REV. CHARLES H. ROWE, Mystic River, Ct.

Tune.—"Rock of Ages."

North America for Christ!
This the watchword of the hour;
Lo! the land before us waits,
Till his kingdom come in power:
Every heart its tribute bring,
To our Saviour and our king.

North America for Christ!
List we to the great command,
To the chosen marshalled host,
Go ye up: possess the land:
Lift the standard high, and sing
Honors to our God and King.

North America for Christ!
This the challenge to the host;
Send the word along the lines,
Let it be no empty boast.
Till a continent shall bring
True allegiance to our King.

North America for Christ!
Thus, indeed, shall men be free.
When the Gospel's truth and light,
Roll in tides from sea to sea:
Loyal hearts their peans ring,
Glory to our Saviour King!

THE CHURCH AND HER MASTER.

A Home Mission Dream.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

I saw a glorious mother sitting where
Hills on each side were sloping to the sea;
Around her feet her happy children played,
And rose from plain and hill, and forest
glade,

Nor chords of music chiming in the shade,
Nor sound of honest labor, ringing free.

The woman resteth there as one who waits,
While still her busy children toil or feast:
O woman, with those beauteous, longing
eyes,

Filled with reflected light of paradise,
Why searchest thou all the day the eastern
skies?

For yet thy face is ever toward the East!

Ringeth to us her soul-full answer down,
Sweet as the plash of fountains playing:
"My Lord went from me, going through
yon gate,

Where morning's golden angels ever wait
To follow in his splendid train of state;
And I for his return am praying.

"I watch for him from Olive's in the East,
These children are his house adorning;
For him my dead ones shall like lilies
bloom,

Each buried saint upspringing from his tomb;
 His smile will chase away my night of gloom—
 Behold, he bringeth me joy for mourning!"

There came a weary Pilgrim to her side,
 For her own children interceding—
 "O woman, *Westward* turn that gracious face;
 See where the thousands of thy stalwart race
 Have sought these years their distant dwelling-place:
 And shall their mother sit unheeding?
 Send help and comfort to those exile sons;
 Comes from the lovely West a weary wail,
 Of those who bear such heavy cross alone;
 As once on earth thy mighty Lord hath known,
He waiteth best who best his work hath done.
 Doth not their piteous cry with thee prevail?"

But still that mother's eyes were on the East.
 "I go," the Pilgrim said; "I go to take *thy* place—
 To do the work thy slothful hands resign;
 To make thy lonely, outcast children mine;
 Garner the golden harvests that were thine."
 So passed he with a shadow on his face.
 Still sat the glorious mother looking East,
 In gathered clouds had Olive's crest grown dim;
 That Pilgrim journeyed toward the farther coast.
 Sudden the East its flush of promise lost,
 As Covenant Angel had her pathway crossed,
 And light, and warmth, and hope, had gone with *him*!
 Now, smitten to the heart with chill surprise,
 Repentant rose the mother, struck her breast,
 For light refulgent from that Pilgrim shone,
 And pierced hands did the work *she* left undone,
 And He she waited for went by, unknown—
 Her Lord had passed her, going to the West!

THE FOUNTAIN.

"He that watereth shall be watered also himself."—Prov. xi. 25.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."—Matt. x. 8.

See the little fountain yonder,
 Shining like a silver thread,
 To the mountain's dreamy twilight
 We may trace its crystal head.
 Through the thick copse like a diamond,
 Now 'tis sparkling on its way—
 Hurrying on with tinkling footsteps,
 Resting not by night or day;
 Bearing cheerfully its tribute
 To the river far away.

See! a stagnant pool it passes,
 And the pool says, "Whither now?"
 "I am rippling to the river,"
 It replies with placid brow;
 "Bearing to it healthful water,
 As the Master biddeth me;
 Water from the gushing fountain,
 In its mountain purity."

"Ah," the pool says, "you are foolish,
 You will need it by and by,
 When you feel the heats of summer,
 Pretty streamlet, you'll run dry."
 Cheerfully replied the streamlet,
 "If I am to die so soon,
 While the day lasts I must labor,
 Life is such a precious boon.
 If I am to lose this treasure,
 From the scorching noontide heat,
 To do good with it is better,
 I'll go on with flying feet."

Then the pool with great complaisance
 At its own bright foresight smiled,
 All its resources were garnered—
 Never drop could be beguiled.
 Plant, or shrub, or tree to moisten,
 Nor the lip of man nor child;
 Dead to all the joy of giving—
 By rank selfishness defiled.

Soon the fierce heats of midsummer
 Fell upon the little stream,
 But the trees its brink had shaded
 Its sweet waters to redcem;
 Throwing out their sheltering branches,
 In adversity's dread day—
 It had brought to them refreshment,
 Now the debt they would repay.

So the sun peeped through the foliage,
 Glinting on its dimpled face,
 But its shifting rays fell harmless
 Through the branches interlace;
 And the birds sang forth its praises,
 Sipping of its waters pure,
 Bathing in the silvery wavelets,
 From the ills of heat secure.

Flowers breathed their gentle perfume,
 Nestling in the banks beside,
 While the cattle loved to linger,
 Standing in the cooling tide.
 And the heart of *man* was gladdened,
 Sparkled now his eye with joy,
 As he marked the line of verdure,
 Following the brooklet coy.
 On it went, both blessed and blessing,
 Beauty marking all its course,
 Bearing life to field and wayside,
 From its very mountain source.

Where was now the pool so prudent?
 Where, alas! its boasted gain?
 Even to itself 'twas bringing,
 Only pestilence and pain.
 It had grown, alas! so sickly
 In its inactivity,
 E'en the beasts had learned to shun it,
 Sheltered not by leaf nor tree.

If by chance there stooped to kiss it,
 Morning air or evening breeze,
 Quick it passed, yet bearing with it
 Gems of poison and disease.
 Then the Master, in great mercy,
 Smote it with a hotter breath,
 Till the pool, and not the streamlet,
 Found in midsummer its death.

Was the streamlet self-exhausting?
 Nay. Our Master ne'er forgets,
 And such cheerful, loving labor,
 Never brings with it regrets.
 On it rippled to the river,
 There to pour its brimming cup,
 And the river bore it onward
 Till broad waters drank it up.

E'en the ocean waved its welcome,
 On its bosom smiled the sun,
 Drawing up its grateful incense,
 Till a web of cloud was spun.
 Then the clouds unto their bosoms,

Folded all this grateful spray,
And the winds like waiting chariots,
Caught and bore the clouds away.
Far away unto the mountain,
Where the streamlet had its birth;
Back unto the mother-fountain,
Where was never heat nor dearth;
Down they tipped refreshing showers,
Pouring there a baptism sweet,
Till the fount that gave so freely,
Felt its life with gifts replete.

If our God so blessed the fountain,
Which delighted all to give,
Will we fail to find rich blessing
If we give, as we receive?

Pleadingly we ask our Father,
What he has for us to do?
Daily watch his providences
For the light which must shine through.
Never is the prayer unheeded,
And, anon, before our eyes,
Of unsaved souls, sad visions,
From a near and far arise.

Thus the harvest fields before us,
Show to us our Lord's demands,
All their ripening whiteness beck'ning
For our *willing hearts and hands*.
There, we find our Father's answer,
There, what we can do or give,
Now, the only time for working,
And to give, as we receive.

Mrs. H. B. DYE.

BROWNVILLE, Neb.

These lines were suggested by the im-
pressive and happy use of the same illus-
tration, found in the torn waif of a sermon
on giving, many years ago. Author of ser-
mon unknown.

Mrs. H. B. D.

HARVEST HYMN.

REV. J. A. WILLIAMS.

The mission fields are ripening,
The harvest-time has come,
With many thousands reaping
For thousands more there's room;
There's need for earnest workers,
Messiah calls for more,
To labor in the harvest
Ere harvest days are o'er.

To reap and bind and gather
For Him whose footsteps trod
Home mission fields, beginning
This harvesting for God.
But oh! how slow the reaping,
How small the harvest yield!
The gleanings, only gleanings,
Are brought from Zion's field!

Messiah! O Messiah!
In this soul-reaping strife
Let Zion bring with shouting
The precious sheaves of life.
Arouse thou, O ye reapers!
O slumb'ring church, awake!
And of Messiah's harvest
A full possession take.

Possess, and hold, where waveth
Life's precious golden grain,
From ocean to the ocean,
From mountain-top to plain,
And save for great Messiah,
O Zion, bought with blood,
Though earth and hell oppose us,
The harvest of thy God.

BROOKVILLE, Pa.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

8's, 7's, 4's.

BY MRS. ARMSTRONG MALTBIE.

O'er the white Sierras flashing,
Westward beacon-lights appear,
Where Columbia's tides are dashing
'Gainst her head-lands bold and clear,
Lo! Christ's heralds
Have proclaimed salvation here!

Forests dense and broad savannas,
Golden sands and sterile plains,
Yet must learn its glad hosannas,
Ring with shouts that Jesus reigns;
Who will wake them
Ere life's fleeting daylight wanes?

Deep among the mountain canyons
Gather crowds of every tongue,
Seeking not the many mansions
Whose bright doors are open flung.
Point them thither,
Tell them Jesus bids them come.

Toiling for the things that perish,
Homeless, weary, faint and chill,
Tell them of a Friend to cherish
And defend from every ill.
If you love Him,
Lead those souls to waters still.

Throbbing cities in the valleys,
Where our mightiest rivers flow,
Westward empire's tide-wade rallies,
Shall salvation's move more slow?
Will you, will you,
Jubilee's sweet trumpet blow?

Then, their broad foundations shaken,
Error's strongholds swift must fall,
And our teeming millions waken,
Crown their Savior Lord of all.
Lo! He bids us,
Hear with joy His earnest call!
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

LOOK WESTWARD.

REV. WM. R. DURYEA, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Genesis xiii. 14.

Great Sun of Righteousness divine,
Whose early light our homes has blest,
Oh! let thy beams, reviving, shine
In later glory on the West.

Where fields with happy harvests wave
The bread of life no hands have sown;
Where wealth adds darkness to the grave
Thy lasting treasures are unknown.

But these on us thy love has poured,
Thy cross our souls from fear has freed.
And can we of thy gifts, O Lord,
Refuse our kindred in their need?

Forbid it, Master! at thy feet
Our cheerful offerings we lay;
Make them for thine own service meet,
And spread with them the gospel ray.

Spread those dear beams from East to West,
Till our broad land thy love shall know,
And praise, by every tongue expressed,
Reveals a heaven begun below.

HYMN.

BY GEO. KRINGLE.

Spirit, from thy mystic throne;
 Spirit from the world unknown,
 Hear us, unto Thee alone
 We pleading come.
 Pleading for Thy conquering power;
 Pleading for thy quickening dower;
 Pleading for Thyself! This hour,
 Pitying Spirit, come.
 Banners of the cross we hold,
 Blood-stained, glorious, every fold;
 Heralds to the conflict old,
 We pleading come.
 Thousands on each neighboring hill,
 Thousands that the valleys fill,
 Nothing know of Jesus still,
 Therefore we come.
 Sleeping midst their garnered grain;
 Laughing midst the festive train;
 Weeping with none to sustain—
 Oh, bid them come!
 Heralds of the cross, we cry—
 Holding up our banners high—
 Jesus, Jesus, passeth by
 Arise and come!
 Come, the crimsoned cross behold;
 Look beyond the feast, the gold;
 Christ, the sacrifice of old,
 Is passing by.
 Soul, stand weeping, lost no more;
 Pitying, pitying as before
 Jesus, from the mystic shore,
 Is passing now!
 Spirit, though aloud we cry,
 Lifting banners to the sky,
 None will see the Christ go by
 But by thy power.
 Then bend from the world unknown,
 Holy Spirit, from thy throne,
 Help, for thou canst help alone,
 In pity come.

SUMMIT, N. J.

IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD?

Is there no balm for the sinner distressed?
 Is there no word for the sorrowful breast?
 Is there no hope for the outcast and poor?
 Will no kind angel step in at the door?
 "Yea," said the angel, "I will not pass by,
 Hath no one told thee how Jesus did die?
 He, 'the Physician,' will come at thy call,
 Gilead's rich balsam he beareth for all."
 Mercy! oh mercy! while penitents cry
 Will the Lord's servants pass heedlessly by?
 Why should they perish, diseased and dis-
 mayed?
 Balm and Physician sent down to their aid.
 Herald of Jesus! awake at the call,
 Haste to the cottage! and haste to the hall!
 Go to the highways to answer the sound,
 Pour the rich balm in the penitent's wound.

P. BEVAN.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

REV. A. BRODHEAD, D.D.

8s and 7s.

By thy favor, King of nations,
 Blessings numberless are ours;
 Bring we now our heart's oblations,
 Praise thee with our highest powers.
 Peace and plenty, strength and gladness,
 Are our heritage from thee;
 Past is now our nation's sadness,
 Freedom reigns from sea to sea.
 But, our sins and want confessing,
 Low before the mercy-seat,
 Even yet a greater blessing,
 We, thy people, Lord, entreat.
 Through our gracious Savior's merit,
 Who for sinners didst atone.
 May the graces of thy Spirit
 Dwell in every heart and home.
 Let not unbelief enslave us,
 Nor intemperance debase;
 From all forms of error save us,
 May we give to wrong no place.
 May the bulwarks of our nation
 Be forever righteousness;
 May her walls be thy salvation,
 Her adornings, truth and grace.
 Let the people, as they gather
 To our land from every shore,
 Praise and honor thee, O Father,
 Son and Spirit, evermore.
 ALLAHABAD, India.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY MARY H. FIELD.

Maker of human hearts, we owe
 To thy inspiring gracious hand
 Love's sweet eternal overflow,
 Outgushing toward our native land.
 From northern mount to southern sea,
 From eastern cliff to sunset shore,
 How dear to us! how dear to thee!
 We lay its needs thy throne before.
 Our freedom is an empty boast
 Unless thy truth doth make us free;
 Our sun in murky night is lost
 Except thy word our light shall be.
 For all the past our thanks we bring,
 To thee our cheerful offerings pay;
 Our fathers' and our only King,
 Be thou our Guide in all our way.
 Thy faithful servants' hearts upbear,
 Who in thy kingdom's vanguard press;
 In crowded marts hear thou their prayer,
 Their cry in the lone wilderness.
 They rear the cross on every hand,
 The old, old story still they tell;
 Oh, crown their work, and our dear land
 Give thou to our Immanuel!
 SAN JOSE, California.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY REV. S. J. M. EATON, D.D.

Tune, "Webb."

I.

This land amid the oceans,
In all its wondrous pride,
Should hear the name of Jesus,
And spread his glories wide;
To him belongs the treasure
Our Western mountains yield,
To him the glorious fullness
That clothes the summer field.

II.

The swelling population
That surges through the hills,
That throngs amid the valleys,
And all our country fills,
Must be secured for Jesus
By free and sovereign grace,
That God may make our nation
His own abiding-place.

III.

Then let this blessed gospel
Be spread through all our bounds,
Till all our wide dominion
With earnest praise resounds—
Till saving truth shall echo
From every mountain crest,
And fill with sweetest music
The prairies of the West.

IV.

Then shall our blessed influence
Be felt the world around,
And nations now in darkness
Take up the joyful sound;
This world so sad and weary
Shall rest in sweet repose—
The desert then shall blossom
In beauty like the rose.

CHERITH.

*Sabbath Evening at the Home of a Frontier
Home Missionary.*

BY ERASTUS JOHNSON.

Fall the evening shadows,
Wrapped in wakeful dreaming,
Waits a wife the wished for footfall at the
door;

Waits by fading embers
That, with changeful gleaming,
Light with fitful shadows cheerless wall and
floor.

Pass the hours how slowly!
Turning now she listens,
In the dim light shining,
See, a tear-drop glistens,
As the deeper darkness lets down its pall,
And the sad wind dirges round the cottage
fall.

Sitting there half sadly,
She the joy remembers
Of those happy home-scenes in the distant
land;

Present half forgotten,
Leaning o'er the embers
Thus she muses, and adjusts each truant
brand—

22
"Oh! the past and present,
Can it all be real?
This the end that's shapen
Out of such ideal?

Yet the souls that perish, oh! how many wait,
Wait for us to lead them to the heavenly
gate!"

Look again. She kneeleth,
And is sad no longer,
Unseen hands the falling tears have wiped
away;

Fed by heavenly manna,
Now her soul is stronger,
Strength to fainting souls God giveth when
they pray.

Softly sung are solos
O'er the first-born sleeping;
From replenished fuel
Flames are upward leaping,
Lighting into cheerfulness rude cottage walls,
And anon that footstep on the threshold falls.

Done the blessed service
Of the morn and even,
Anxious souls have found their rest at Jesus'
feet;

Long delayed fulfillment
Of the promise given,
From the spring-time sowing precious
sheaves of wheat.

Cheered by homeward yearning,
Timed to sacred marches,
Miles are passed unheeded
Through the forest arches;
Book of precious promises beneath his arm,
Who on these is resting never feareth harm.

Rude the fare. What matter?
With content 'tis taken,
If the perishing by them the Lord shall
bless,

Faith in his own promise
Ever more unshaken,
That the rose shall blossom in the wilderness.

Sharing with the needy
What to them is given,
Trusting each to-morrow
With the Lord of heaven;

God's own ravens bringing needful daily
bread,
As of old the prophet was at Cherith fed.

Cheerful age of spirit,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Sorrow o'er their souls ne'er hangs her
heavy pall;

On the cross of Jesus
Firm hold losing never,
Though in valleys deep sometimes their
pathway fall.

Ends the day and worship,
Peaceful is their sleeping,
For God's angel o'er them
Watchful guard is keeping;

While from raked-up embers issue fitful
gleams,
Dancing all the night on floor and wall and
beams.

THE LAND BETWEEN THE SEAS.

BY GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE.

Great God, this land between the seas,
This pilgrim's home of rest,
Bears no cathedral's hoary walls
Upon its youthful breast!

But deeper than the storm-knit roots
Of mighty forest trees,
We've laid the stones of thy dear house
Between these swelling seas.

And here upon these Western wilds
We'll build a home for men,
Till through the radiant air shall rise
Love's sweetest songs again!

For nations o'er the earth this house
A house of prayer shall be,
While on the prairie or the shore
We bow in faith to thee.

But, Father, at the hearth-stone now
Our children countless throng;
Thou wast, indeed, our *father's* God,
To thee our *sons* belong!

Send down the Spirit from on high,
In kindling tongues of flame,
To make the country which we love
A glory to thy name.

Gather the clouds of heavenly dews
Over our *home fields* wide,
And bid the missionary's heart
In trusting faith abide.

Nay, from the bands we grasp so close
Select each fairest son,
And let us send them forth with thee,
To see thy kingdom won!

HOME MISSION HYMN.

BY MRS. N. E. MORSE.

Jesus, gracious Savior, bend
From thy majesty on high;
To our weakness condescend,
Listen to our earnest cry:
Harvest fields gleam white to-day,
Fit us for thy work, we pray.

Where our cities smiling stand,
Many templed, rich and great,
Sin and want go hand in hand,
Souls are starved and desolate;
May thy children's mission be,
There to make thy gospel free.

Mountains, veined with precious ores,
Guard our prairies vast and wide;
By our rivers' fruitful shores,
Inland fleets and navies ride;
Oceans on the East and West
Bring their wealth at our behest.

All our greatness, oh how vain!
All our wealth, how poor and base!
Unless thou, O Lord, dost reign,
And bestow thy quickening grace;
Vain their building, who disown
Christ, the sure foundation stone.

Gird thy Church, O Lord, with power,
Send it forth a conquering host,
That our country's priceless dower,
To thy kingdom be not lost;
That *this* may our glory be,
Christ doth reign from sea to sea.

OUR LAND FOR JESUS.

7's & 6's.

BY REV. G. S. PLUMLEY.

From ocean unto ocean,
From hills and plains arise
The music of devotion
To God, the only wise;
He sends his word victorious
To heal our ruined race,
And build his kingdom glorious,
To him be all the praise!

Our western home rejoices
The gospel light to see;
We raise, O God, our voices
In grateful thanks to thee,
Who thy own Son has given
To bear our sin and shame,
New, living way to heaven,
All glory to his name!

From our most eastern border
Where sounds Atlantic's roar
We march with ranks in order
To the far Pacific shore:
Where Mississippi treadeth
Her pathway bold and free,
Where each fair valley spreadeth,
Where gleams each inland sea.

To mountain top we carry,
To plain, to moor, and moss,
To glen, ravine, and prairie,
The story of the cross;
To flowery Texas, twining
Rich blooms of hues untold,
To California, shining
Profuse in gems and gold—

To Colorado's grandeur,
And to Montana bear,
The Babe of Bethlehem's manger,
The royal David's heir;
Till o'er thy wide expanses,
Proud land we love so well,
In victory advances
Thy sway, Immanuel!

Take thou our favored nation
Beneath thy fostering care,
The news of thy salvation
Let countless heralds bear;
Thine are our hearts, believe it,
We give them to thee, Lord,
Thine is our wealth, receive it,
To spread thy precious word!

From sea to sea obtaining
A kingdom never moved,
Within our borders reigning
Feared, honored, and beloved.
North, south, east, west, thy banner
Be ever wide unfurled,
Ten millions sing Hosanna
Throughout our ransomed world.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

PROF. STEPHEN ALEXANDER.

Our fathers' God we bless thee,
And "lift our hands to pray,"
With thanks and prayers address thee
On this, our festal day.

Each coming generation
Does in thy goodness share,
As for thy great salvation
Thou dost the way prepare.

Be joy of that salvation,
Our privilege to spread
Where'er throughout the nation,
Man's hastening foot has sped—

All o'er the verdant prairie,
And the ascending plain,
From ocean unto ocean,
Throughout our broad domain—

To tell the wondrous story
Of Jesus and his love;
And how, though King of glory,
He intercedes above—

Tell it to lisping childhood
All gathered in his fold;
Tell it to burdened manhood;
Tell it to young and old—

Tell to the exiled stranger,
Here sheltered by our laws,
The story of the manger;
The lesson of the cross.

By Providence protected,
Now, Savior, thus we come,
E'en by thy word directed,
In mission to our home.

And as in meek submission,
We come with faith sincere;
Now, by thy benediction,
Assure us thou art here.

PRINCETON, N. J.

THE FOUNTAIN.

The following is an extract from a beautiful poem, called "The Fountain," in the *Democratic Review* for April. It is from the pen of WILLIAM C. BRYANT, and for simplicity and beauty it has few equals:

So centuries passed by, and still the woods
Blossomed in spring, and reddened when the year
Grew chill, and glistened in the frozen rains
Of winter, till the white man swung the ax
Beside thee—signal of a mighty change.
Then all around was heard the crash of trees,
Trembling awhile and rushing to the ground,
The low of ox, and shouts of men who fired
The brushwood, or who tore the earth with plows.
The grain sprang thick and tall, and hid in green
The blackened hillside; ranks of spicy maize
Rose like a host embattled; the buckwheat
Whitened broad acres, sweetening with its flowers
The August wind. While cottages were seen
With rose-trees at the windows; barns from which
Swelled loud and shrill the cry of chanticleer;
Pastures were rolled and neighed the lordly horse,
And white flocks browsed and bleated. A rich turf
Of grasses brought from far o'ercrept thy bank,
Spotted with the white clover. Blue-eyed girls
Brought pails and dipped them in thy crystal pool;
And children, ruddy-cheeked and flaxen-haired,
Gathered the glistening cowslip from thy edge.

74
Since then, what steps have trod thy border! Here
On thy green bank, the woodman of the swamp
Has laid his ax, the reaper of the hill
His sickle, as they stooped to taste thy stream.
The sportsman, tired with wandering in the still
September noon, has bathed his heated brow
In thy cool current. Shouting boys, let loose
For a wild holiday, have quaintly shaped
Into a cup the folded linden leaf,
And dipped thy sliding crystal. From the wars
Returning, the plumed soldier by thy side
Has sat, and mused how pleasant 'twere to dwell
In such a spot, and be as free as thou,
And move for no man's bidding more. At eve,
When thou wert crimson with the crimson sky,
Lovers have gazed upon thee, and have thought
Their mingled lives should flow as peacefully
And brightly as thy waters. Here the sage,
Gazing into thy self-replenished depth,
Has seen eternal order circumscribe
And bind the motions of eternal change,
And from the gushing of thy simple fount
Has reasoned to the mighty universe.

Is there no other change for thee, that furks
Among the future ages? Will not man
Seek out strange arts to wither and deform
The pleasant landscape which thou makest green?
Or shall the veins that feed thy constant stream
Be choked in middle earth, and flow no more
For ever, that the water-plants along
Thy channel perish, and the bird in vain
Alight to drink? Naphy shall these green hills
Sink, with the lapse of years, into the gulf
Of ocean-waters, and thy source be lost.

THE NEW COLORADO.

BY THOMAS HARVEY CANNON.

Amid the wrecks of primal times,
Of buried years and tropic climes,
Thou sittest, Queen of Peak and Plain,
Amid the tomb of centuries slain,
Watching with youthful jealousy
Thy purple heights and waveless sea.

O waveless sea, each burning breeze
Still deeper sinks thy Argosies
Long sailed beyond this harbor bar
And tombed where sun and desert are.

Sleep on, O cities of the dead,
Thy wharves are not, thy seas are fled,
And give no token of the place
Where tide and shore sat face to face.

The umbra of the passing lies
Beyond the ken of human eyes
And change, their mourner, marks in tears
The horologe of marching years.

Bend down white peaks and homage pay
To Empress born of newer day;
Thy benediction on her throw
O white stoled priests in cowls of snow.

O breezes! cease thy mystic dreams;
O'er tideless seas and sunken streams
A cool and fleecy cloudland spread,
A resting shadow for her head;
A bridal veil of mystic showers
From star-sown peaks to fields of flowers.

I sit beside thy portal gate
And watch the dial hand of fate
Mark with its sure and rapid stride
Thy youthful joy and swelling pride;
My eye, prophetic, watching, sees
But resurrected centuries.

NATION, BY THE LORD EX- ALTED.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Nation, by the Lord exalted,
With thy realm from shore to shore,
Hast thou on thy mission halted?
Dost the Master's cause give o'er?
Forward thy detachments throwing,
Press thou onward to the West;
First to Him allegiance owing,
With Time's movements keep abreast.
Where with bloom the prairies waving,
Rise and fall, like inland seas;
Unknown wilds primeval braving,
Scorning all life's early ease;
Up the stern Sierras sweeping,
Fearless of eternal snows;
Down the slope Pacific leaping;
There the tide of empire goes!
What are bridges, with proud arches?
What are mountains tunneled through?
What thy forced and rapid marches,
That the old world never knew?
What thy green embosomed waters,
Pulsing on their mighty way,
If thy teeming sons and daughters
To their Maker never pray?
What are mines and harvests golden?
What are cities, magic-built,
If they rival cities olden,
In their luxury and guilt?
What are august Christian churches,
With their pomp and worldly tone,
If God's Spirit, when he searches,
Can not find within his own?
Oh the might of this great nation!
Oh her majesty and power!
If she knew her visitation,
If she knew her day and hour;
If, with God's own smile upon her,
She should her proud office meet;
She should lay her wealth and honor,
Humbly down at Jesus' feet.
Oh the might of this great nation,
In the center of the world,
Were the banner of salvation,
Boldly at her front unfurled!
Onward, onward, still advancing,
Should the cross of Jesus go,
Like the sun, triumphant glancing,
Till all lands His love should know.

A CRY FROM THE WEST.

BY MRS. L. L. NEWELL.

A cry comes from the mountains,
From the canyons of the West,
From Colorado's fountains,
And Nevada's crest.
From the hill-tops, now 'tis echoed,
Now, from the prairies below,
Now, by the winds 'tis carried,
Now, through the rain and snow,
Now, through the golden sunshine,
Now, through the gleaming mist,

Now, through the quaking aspen,
Ever a voice cries, "List!"
Is it a note of triumph?
(This cry which greets our ears,)
Nay, 'tis a voice of pleading
As though it came through tears.

It comes from western thousands
Who have *everything* but God,
Who tremble when his anger
And his judgments are abroad.
It comes from little children
Growing up in vice and sin;
Who have never heard of *Jesus*,
But know much of "bet" and "win."
Who have never had a Bible,
Or known a Sabbath day;
Who have never heard a blessing,
Or of the "better way."

It comes from godless households,
From colleges and schools,
From dredgers, miners, diggers,
Now owned as rich as men's tools.
It comes from wayward children,
Who once had homes of prayer,
Who have long been wandering, weary
With their load of grief or care.

'Tis for the glad evangel,
Their voice of pleading comes;
'Tis for the blessed gospel
To feed their starving ones.
'Tis for the bread eternal,
Which grows not on their plains;
'Tis for salvation's water,
Which flows not through their glens.
Oh, hearken, Christian brethren!
The cry is not for gold,
The need is not for silver—
Their mines yield wealth untold.

Oh! haste to help them, brethren!
Leave home, and ease, and friends;
Haste, for by *you* glad tidings
Our common Father sends.
Haste, for the need is urgent,
Satan and Sin are strong—
Haste, for soon Death may seize them,
Haste, for delay is wrong.
Haste, for the cry grows louder,
And the harvest *now* is white;
Haste, for the prince of darkness
Garners quickest in the night.

ROCHESTER, Minn.

"NOBODY'S CHILD."

ALONE in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold feet,
All day I have wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering, and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head.

Oh! why does the wind blow on me so wild?
Is it because I am nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty and all things bright;
Beautiful children in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in their rapture there.
I wonder if they in their blissful glee
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat?

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes
down,
In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold, hard pavement, alone to die,
When the beautiful children their prayers
have said,
And their mammams have tucked them up
snugly in bed?
For no dear mamma on *me* ever smiled,—
Why it is, I wonder, I'm nobody's child?
No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me, e'en the little dogs
run
When I wander too near; 'tis wondrous to
see
How everything shrinks from a beggar like
me!
Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes when I
lie
Gazing far up in the deep, blue sky,
Watching for hours some large, bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar.

And a host of white-robed nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me on gilded wings
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird—
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame

They told me of such unbounded love,
And bid me come up to their home above;
And then with such piteous, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet tender eyes,
And it seems to me, out of the dreary night,
I am going up to that world of light;
And away from the hunger and storm so wild,
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

—Anon.

JUBILEE HYMN.

SURREY, ENGLAND.

Tune: Berlin.

BY MARGARET SCOTT MACRITCHIE.

Like as the vesper dew comes softly pressing,
On weary petals of the clinging flowers
Like as the rain distils in summer blessing,
Where the sweet herbage faints through noontide
hours.

So let Thy peace, oh, Lord! our God, be given
Unto the hearts that have been pledged to Thee,
Thy benediction, like a breeze from heaven,
Come to the souls that seek Thee prayerfully.

Hear Thou our praises; hear each sweet petition,
That humbly for our work would intercede;
Be Thou the strength, the end of this, our mission;
Master, we trust Thee for its utmost need.

Through fifty years our faith had clung about Thee,
Through fifty years Thou hast been Sun and Shield;
Leave us not, Lord; we *cannot* live without Thee,
Nor labor lonely in Thy harvest field.

Save Thou the lost, and comfort hearts deep broken,
Use us to lead some wandering footsteps Home;
Bless Thine own Word, where'er it shall be spoken.
Let him that heareth rise and echo "*Come!*"

Now send us forth anew to tell the story,
Of the great Tenderness that waits above;
Thine is the power, and Thine shall be the glory,
Thine be the kingdom, oh, Eternal Love!

A HYMN FOR THE CONQUERED.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of
life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died over-
whelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resound-
ing acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the
chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the
broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and
desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes
burned in ashes away;
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at—
who stood at the dying of day,
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, un-
heeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but
their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for
those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the
breeze and the sun
Gay banners and streamers are waving, hands clapping,
and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the
field of defeat
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen and wounded
and dying—and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted
brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only
the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the
demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that
the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—
if need be, to die."

Speak, History, who are life's victors? Unroll thy long
annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won
the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermo-
pylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates?
Pilate or Christ?

—W. W. S., in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

A Friend's Tribute to the Memory of Rev. Josiah Welch.

Late of Salt Lake City, Utah.

BY J. P. SCHELL, IOWA CITY.

O friend, O brother dear, and art thou gone
To join the ransomed pilgrims passing on
The way of all the best?

What tribute may this poor heart bring to
one

Who late hath heard the Master's word, *Well
done,*

Enter thy longed-for rest.

Strong was thy faith, and strong thy ready
hand;

And for it, God did set thee in a land
Of mountains dark with sin.

There thou didst stand—a hero among men;
There thou didst toil with heart, and hand,
and pen,

Though darkness hemmed thee in.

And there thy God did smile upon his own;
The precious truth, so diligently sown,
Became a harvest fair;
And oft with thee a little flock elate
Did meet their Lord within the temple gate,
While watching unto prayer.

There, too, thou ledd'st with joy a happy
bride—

The light of many hearts, her parents' pride—
The loveliest of flowers;
Alas, too fair a flower to linger long,
Soon wafted heavenward, she dwells among
High heaven's unfading bowers!

And thou hast followed her—alas! too soon!
If our sad hearts might yet secure the boon,
Fain would we keep thee here.
For thou a desolate flock behind hast left,
Of pastor and of truest friend bereft,
To mourn their loss so dear!

HYMN.

REV. H. D. GANSE, D.D.

Our Captain of Salvation
Proclaims a Pentecost;
And lo! from every nation
Streams in his chosen host.
No upper room can hold them,
Nor temple, as of yore;
The circling seas infold them,
They spread from shore to shore.

Then come with sudden power,
O rushing Wind of Grace;
Sweep through our land this hour,
And fill the ample place.
Come to the crowded churches;
Come to the busy mills;
Come where the miner perches
His hut among the hills.

Where two or three are kneeling,
And breath of praise or prayer
From lowly roofs is stealing
Upon the evening air—
Where'er Thy truth is spoken,
Where'er a child is taught,
Where'er a heart is broken—
Thy saving work be wrought.

O many-voiced nation,
Oh fold of every flock,
Safe be thy habitation
Beneath the Eternal Rock!
But make thy God thy glory,
And take thy tongues of flame,
And tell the world the story
Of Calvary and the Lamb.

What help in a comrade's bugle blast
When the peril of Alpine heights is past?
What need the spurring pæan roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth is eulogy's blandest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in
death?
Nay! nay! if thou hast but a word of cheer
Speak it while I am alive to hear?

—Margaret J. Preston.

A HOME MISSION POEM.

BY REV. GEO. L. SPINING.

Hear ye not God's marching orders
To the poor of every land!
Lo! upon our homeless borders
Soon a million homes will stand.
Westerly the shining star
Of empire takes prophetic way,
Guiding nations from afar
To a new birth in a day.

Where a continent's art'ries meet,
And the world's great heart must be,
Pulsing with each iron beat,
Streams of life from sea to sea—
Where broad rivers silv'ry courses,
Wind through thousand miles of green,
And vast hosts of slumb'ring forces,
Lie like armies in a dream—

Prairies wide for Christ are waiting,
With their hidden harvest store,
And cloud-mantled peaks are standing
Guard o'er mines of precious ore;
Golden-hearted plains and mountains,
Wait the blow from Jesse's Rod,
To smite them into golden fountains
For the kingdom of our God.

Over blooming undulations,
O'er the Storm King's mountain throne,
See the pathway of the nations
In a double iron zone!
Silences so long unbroken,
Save by beasts or tempests' roar,
Thunder now 'neath wheels of commerce,
Rolling on forever more.

Zion, rise! thy cords to lengthen,
Hear the Master's rallying call—
Forward! all thy stakes to strengthen,
Plant thy banners over all.
The mantle of a century
O'er a mighty empire lies,
On whose brow millennial glory
Of the Church of God shall rise.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Sow thy seed o'er all the sod,
By the hands of sons and daughters
Sow this continent for God.
Deeds and dollars turn to treasure,
Sown in Jesus' holy name—
Treasure of eternal pleasure,
Crowns of bright, undying fame.
HANNIBAL, Mo.

Christian mother, look in wonder,
O'er this western plain,
And to see no gospel banner,
Waving forth God's name.
Christian sister, look and listen,
Have you on this field no friend?
Yes, perhaps, a father, brother,
Here in this unfavored land.
Have you not a prayer to offer,
Have you not a mite to give,
Thus to send the gospel message,
To this land that they may live?

"THE YEAR OF JUBILEE."

BY M. CARRIE MOORE, WILMINGTON, OHIO.

[Written for THE HOME MISSION MONTHLY.]

Awake, O Zion! from thy sleeping wake!
And glad hosannas all thy borders shake.
The earth has brought her fullness forth for thee,
And God has crowned the year of jubilee.
Ring out, glad bells, from grand Pacific's slope,
Ring from the golden West, the fields of hope,
Ring full and clear, till harp-like, all the air
Resounds the anthem sweet of praise and prayer;
Sweep onward, where the proud Atlantic shines,

And clouds of incense veil the Eastern shrines—
The altars whence the holy fires were caught,
Whose priests with loving hearts and hands have taught
The wilderness to bloom, and Sharon's rose
To twine its sweetness where the thistle grows.
Ring, bells, from East to West, till nature thrills,
And shakes the mountains stern and laughing hills,
Throbs in the dancing brooks and rivers wide,
Wakes sombre woods and gentle vales that hide
Between the storm-stained granite walls that rise
In calm, majestic worship to the skies.
Hark! how the chorus rises, rushes, swells,
The grand, triumphal chorus of the bells;
But grander, deeper, fuller far than these,
The voiceful incense borne upon the breeze—
The incense which a loving people bring,
And lavish in hosannahs on our King.
All hail! our King, the Christ of God; His throne
The east, the west, the north, the south, shall own,
And all our wide expanse of land and sea
Be joined in Christ for God and liberty.
Awake! O Church of God, gird thee with strength,
For, lo! the bow of promise spans at length
Thy troubled sky. Behold! the night is spent.
The Master bids: "Arise, enlarge thy tent;
Spare not, for thou shalt break forth on the right
And on the left." Lift high thy beacon light,
Lest where the rocks lie hid beneath the glow
Of scarlet lies, which roll in ceaseless flow
From poor bewildered worldly sense; lest there,
Where science spreads her superficial snare,
The wrecked and lost within thy sight sink down,
And thou shalt wear *less stars within thy crown*.
Awake! it is the Pentecostal hour,
When Christ unveils His mighty arm of power,
When idols fall, and unbelievers cry,
"Behold! the very God of gods draws nigh!"
This day, the climax in the burning zeal
Which hastes to fix Emmanuel's gracious seal
On all the world—this day the prospect cheers
Thy backward glance along the fragrant years
That bud and bloom, and pour into to-day
The wine of gladness, for thy hope and stay.
But rest not here; thy *watchword*, *Onward!* still
Devote thy gifts, devote thy matchless skill
To woo the scattered tribes that aimless roam,
Adrift on error's sea, to grace unknown,
And *lost*, if thou, a selfish steward, hold
And in a napkin hide the Master's gold.
For what is thine but *loans in trust to thee?*
And who gave birth to wealth of land and sea?
Whose are the hoary-crested rocks, that yield
The shining ore? and whose the smiling fields
Man reckons for his bread? O Christian, look!
The land before thee lies, an open book,
Whereon may be engraved, "*For Christ;*" and so,
Returning streams of blessing in their flow
Shall reap from present loss eternal gain;
And deeds of sacrifice, when seen more plain,
Will dwindle down to—*it is God's just due;*
And serving well means—*giving largely, too.*

All hail, our festal year! may love divine
Illumine all our work, and *now* incline
The sons and daughters, children of our King,
With psalms and honors all their tithes to bring
Into this house: so glory shall descend,
And future years in songs of triumph blend,
Till dawns the day, the Sabbath of the years,
When Zion wakes no more to sighs and tears,
When o'er our land, and over all the world,
The banner of the cross shall be unfurled.
When angel harps proclaim the jubilee,
And every captive soul from sin goes free.

"All the ends of the world shall remember and
turn unto the Lord."—*Psalms* xxii-27.

Arise and shine, O Church of Christ!
The light breaks in the East.
The trumpet signal sounds afar,
Come to the marriage feast.
God's day is swiftly marching on,
This valley soon shall ring
With shouts of triumph, and with song
We come to crown our King.

On Guadalupe's sacred wall
I stand, and far away
I gaze, on all those idol shrines,
Fast falling to decay.
The light upon the distant hills
Shines fairer than of yore,
The waters of Tezcoco's lake
Are blue from shore to shore.

The mountains in the distance lie
Crowned with eternal snow.
Mountains of peace—the peaks above—
The clouds lie far below.
We wave the Christian's banner here
On Mexico's proud height,
Our King in triumph marches on
To diadem the right.

We do not fear the foe, dear Lord,
For looking unto Thee,
The barriers melt away like snow,
This year of Jubilee.
For Oh! God's day is marching on,
The glimmering lights we see,
The air is stirred with angel hosts,
The darkened shadows flee.

MISS L. M. LATIMER.

MEXICO CITY, Mexico.

"I see the living tide roll on;
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy caps of Labrador,
The Spaniards' land of flowers!
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the northern showers;
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The continent is ours!"

Work, for your mission is grand and great
Work, from the earliest dawn till late;
Work, till the world from its sin is weaned;
Work, till the harvest is fully gleaned;
Work, till the Master shall come again;
Work, and think never of toil or pain.
Rest will be sweet when the day is done;
Glory is sure when the battle is won!

"This land, O God, which thou hast kept,
A large dominion, wild and free.
Which, through the ages past, has slept,
With all its stores, from sea to sea—

Make it an Empire, all thine own,
With glory of the latter days;
Here may Immanuel build his throne,
And fill the forest with his praise."

LUCK AND LABOR.

Luck doth wait, standing idly at the gate,
Wishing, wishing all the day;
And at night, without a fire, without a light,
And before an empty tray,
Doth sadly say:

"To-morrow something may turn up;
To-night on wishes I must sup."
Labor goes, plowing deep the fertile rows,
Singing, singing all the day;
And at night, before the fire, beside the light,
And with a well-filled tray,

Doth gladly say:
"To-morrow I'll turn something up;
To-night on wages earned I sup."
—*Caroline A. Soule, St. Nicholas for March.*

THE INDIAN'S FATE.

By emigration's rapid waves
Far driven from their father's graves,
Hunted as beasts, subdued and slain,
Alike on mountain and on plain,
The scattered red men wildly cry,
And starve and die.

From peaceful homes as captives sent,
In poisonous reservations pent,
Where children, wife and sinewy brave
Find but the refuge of the grave,
The prisoned red men feebly cry,
And pine and die.

When, with the courage of despair,
Like tigers roasting in their lair,
From death's corral they break away,
Swift soldiers then pursue and slay.
In vain the hunted red men cry,
And freeze and die.

Americans, is justice dead?
Has pity from your bosom fled?
Say you, whose garner God has filled,
That Indians must be starved or killed,
In vain must they for mercy cry,
And starve and die?

—*From the Council Fire.*

"On the altar lay the offerings,
Costly gold and silver piled;
Various hands the gifts presented—
Trembling age and little child.

"By the altar sat the Master,
Seeing all, yet saying naught;
All were reckoned, all accepted,
That from love to Him were brought.

"Some from out their bounteous store-
house,
Gladly gave the precious gem;
By the Master's hand entrusted,
Lovingly restored by them.

"Smaller gifts had others offered,
Great, compared with what re-
mained;
In the Sanctuary's perfect balance,
Prouder tributes oft they shamed.

"Some, to whom no earthly riches
By the Master had been given,
Laid their lives upon the altar,
Tasting here the joy of heaven.

"Patient toil and faithful service;
Childhood's praise and manhood's
choice;
Strength for labour or for conflict,
Busy pen or living voice.

"Help us, Master, all who love Thee,
May we seek Thy praise alone;

THE WEST.

BY SAMUEL J. BAYARD.

THE twilight hour is come: the red sun sinks,
And leaves his gorgeous mantle on the skies.
Thou glorious arch! I will repose mine eyes
On thee: for there my troubled spirit drinks
Sweet hope. Beneath thy mighty span there lies
The beautiful, the bright, the teeming WEST:
Home of the free—asylum of the oppress'd.
Here is thine altar, liberty! thy steeds,
Thy chariots, and thy buckler; and when bleeds
A prostrate world, here shall stand up the brave,
And wave thy starry banners far and free.
Land of the west! my chosen home—my grave
Beneath thy skies and virgin sod shall be:
Thou art my refuge, I will sleep with thee.

Our Country.

BY REV. E. T. WINKLER, D. D.

Our land, with mercies crowned,
This wide, enchanted ground,

O God, is thine :
Our fathers knew thy name ;
The trophies of their fame—
Our heritage—proclaim,
A Power divine.

Far in the purple west,
Thy hand with beauty drest
These fertile plains,
These rivers dark and deep,
These torrents down the steep,
These mighty woods that sweep
From mountain chain.

Dear Native Land, rejoice !
Raise thou thy virgin voice
To God on high ;
From all thy hills and bays,
From all thy homes and ways,
Let symphonies and praise
Ascend the sky.

And thou Almighty One,
At whose eternal throne
She bows the knee ;
In all the coming time,
Bless thou this favored clime,
And may her deeds sublime
Be hymns to thee.

SEEKING LOST SHEEP.

How many sheep are straying,
Lost from the Savior's fold,
Upon the lonely mountains.
They shiver with the cold.
Within the tangled thicket,
Where poison-vines do creep,
And over rocky ledges
Wander the poor, lost sheep.

O, who will go to find them ?
Who, for the Savior's sake,
Will search with tireless patience
Through brier and through brake ?
Unheeding thirst and hunger,
Who still, from day to day,
Will seek as for a treasure,
The sheep that go astray ?

Say, will you seek to find them,
From pleasant bowers of ease ?
Will you go forth, determined
To find the "least of these ?"
For still the Savior calls them,
And looks across the world,
And still He holds wide open
The door into His fold.

How sweet 'twould be at evening,
If you and I could say,
"Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The sheep that went astray ;
Heart-sore, and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And lo ! we come at nightfall,
Bearing them safely home."

—The Presbyterian.

HER MISSION.

BY MARY BRAINARD.

Not to the millions of the dark-browed nations
Beyond the sea,
To bring them tidings of the great salvation
Her work might be.
Though in the deep love of her young devotion,
She longed to go
And bear the Cross beyond the distant ocean,
But Christ said No.

She longed within the rich man's lordly palace
To tell the tale,
She thought the sweet words of the holy Jesus
Would there prevail,
She said the cold heart of the child of fashion,
Will melt and weep
When I shall tell them of his sure compassion,
His love complete,
O might she to the weary in the palace
In mercy go,
And offer to their lips, loves golden chalice
But Christ said No.

She said "Oh ! to the wretched and the lowly
He sendeth me,
To tell him of a purer life and holy
My work shall be,
Down by the side of earth's poor outcast children
Will I go now,
O grant me Christ to bear thy blessed image
Upon my brow,
O joy to give thee to hungry missions
Of want and woe,
O joy to tell them of a Father's mercy,"
But Christ said No.

Is there no work for thee O blessed master
In all thy hands ?
Must I stand ever in thy busy vineyard
With folded hands ?
He pointed to the little ones around her
"Feed my lambs ?"
And little lisping lips that called her mother
She taught to pray,
And little glancing feet she followed daily
Lest they should stray,
And little busy hands her own hands guided
In doing good,
Christ said "she hath, the patient careful mother
Done what she could."

Rockford, Sept. 19, 1878.

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HOME MISSION POEM.

BY REV. H. D. GANSE, D.D.

God of the men that quailed not
At any face of clay;
God of the grace that failed not
Through all their pilgrim way;
Like Israel thou didst lead them
Through waters deep and red;
Like Israel thou didst feed them
With Christ, the heavenly bread.
And here their sons are planted,
And here thy churches stand;
Their martyr-prayer is granted—
This is Jehovah's land.
Ring out from tower and steeple,
Ye wilderness of bells!
And shout, ye thankful people,
The Lord among you dwells—
Not where some Zion riseth
More glorious than the rest;
No spot our King despiseth,
Nor knoweth east nor west.
O'er prairie, stream and city,
Deep vale and mountain high,
His sovereign, saving pity
He spreadeth like the sky.
Oh, spreading sky, be bended;
Come, Holy Ghost, again,
Swift out of heaven descended,
And bearing gifts to men.
For lo! our land is teeming
With an unnumbered host;
The scattered tribes come streaming
As to a Pentecost.
No upper room can hold them,
Nor temple, as of yore;
The circling seas enfold them,
They spread from shore to shore.
Then come, with sudden power,
O rushing Wind of grace;
Sweep through our land this hour,
And fill the ample place.
Come to the crowded churches;
Come to the busy mills;
Come where the miner perches
His hut among the hills.
Where two or three are kneeling,
And breath of praise and prayer
From lowly roofs comes stealing
Upon the evening air—
Where'er thy truth is spoken,
Where'er a child is taught;
Where'er a heart is broken—
Thy saving work be wrought.
To native born and stranger
Send out the searching grace,
Till the wild forest ranger
Shall time his steps to praise;

Till all their sons and daughters,
Of every hue and tongue,
Shall, like the noise of waters,
Lift up their sounding song.

Oh, many-voiced nation,
Oh, fold of every flock,
Safe be thy habitation
Beneath the eternal Rock

The Missionary's Call.

My soul is not at rest; there comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream at night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The
vows

Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered my
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,
"Go teach all nations," from the Eastern world
Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear,
And I will go. I may not longer doubt
To give up friends and home, and idle hopes,
And every tender tie that binds my heart
To thee, my country. Why should I regard
Earth's little store of borrowed sweet? I sure
Have had enough of bitter in my cup
To show that never was it His design
Who placed me here that I should live at ease,
Or drink at pleasure's fountain. Henceforth,
then,

It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My earthly lot, bitter or sweet my cup;
I only pray, "God fit me for the work,
God make me holy, and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife." Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path,
Till I my earthly pilgrimage have done;
Let me but know I have a Friend that waits
To welcome me to glory, and I joy
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness,
And when I come to stretch me for the last,
In unattended agony beneath
The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes
From Afric's burning sands, it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other world than this;
I know I shall feel happier than to die
On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven—
If one that has so deeply, darkly sinned,
If one whom ruin and revolt have held
With such a fearful grasp, if one for whom
Satan has struggled as he has for me
Should ever reach that blissful shore—O how
This heart will flame with gratitude and love,
And through the ages of eternal years,
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine!

—From "Alone With Jesus."

SUNSET ON THE MOUNTAINS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Over the scarred old mountains—
Grand with their peaks sublime,
That stand like dauntless warders
Watching the fields of Time—
The light of the sun falls softly
As, rich in the dying day,
The chorded rhythm of color
Tenderly melts away.

We stand in a kingly presence;
And comes to our souls the sound
Of old to the prophet spoken—
"Lo! this is holy ground."
The lofty hills are temples
Where, through the outworn years,
The cloud of a golden glory—
The glory of God appears.

The trail of a royal purple
Fringes the meadows low,
And the velvet slopes of the pastures
Are bathed in an amber glow:
Far over the blushing orchards
And the ranks of the standing corn,
Tremulous pulses of opal
On the lucent air are borne.

In the flow of the brooklet mirrored,
The feathery elematis
Leans low to the drooping grasses,
With the thought of a phantom kiss.
Mists of the shadowy aster
Float over the highway side,
And the golden rod enfolds them
As the bridegroom folds the bride.

A measureless tide of beauty
Flows down from the isles of the sky—
Where tints of divinest painting
In mingled splendor lie—
Down to the passionate sumac
That flames in the sinking sun,
And the homely bloom of the yarrow,
Whiter when day is done.

Into the Holy of Holies
With reverent feet I pass;
My spirit follows the sunlight
Up to the sea of glass
Where, higher than these old mountains,
Vast and hoary and lone,
It breaks with a tranquil music,
On the steps of the jasper throne.

O, land of a peace immortal,
Land of a light unbound,
With never the dusk of a shadow
Nor the jar of a broken sound,
Some night of the nights that are coming,
By the verge of the sunset way,
We shall pass "beyond these voices,"
To the long, eternal day!

A touch, a sigh, a silence,
Our fetters broken at last,
We shall see the King in His beauty,
The time of our waiting past.
In the outer court of His palace
We bow, when the altars high
Of the solemn hills are blazing
In the glow of the sunset sky.

—*Christian at Work.*

LINES

TO A BROTHER ON HIS LEAVING HOME FOR THE FAR WEST.

FARE thee well, brother, swiftly the gale
Is bearing thee far from thy own native vale;
Swiftly the steam courser speeds thee away
From the fond hearts that love thee, and plead for thy stay.

Thy path will be over the hills of the West,
Where bright lakes are sleeping, like fair children at rest,
Where broad rivers are sweeping, in torrents of foam,
Their path to the ocean, their storm-beaten home.

Thou art leaving the graves of thy kindred behind,
The friends of thy childhood, the faithful, the kind;
And the heart of thy mother with anguish grows wild,
As "Farewell," she murmurs, "God bless thee, my child."

Thou art gone from the woodland, the vale, and the hill,
Thou hast left a lone void that time never can fill,
Until it restore thee, thou absent, loved one,
To the vale of thy childhood, the joys of thy home.

When evening has spread her deep mantle abroad,
And pure hearts are offering their incense to God;
When the lustre of moonlight lies bright on the hill,
And thoughts of the absent our lone bosoms thrill;

Then will my heart turn to that brother afar,
As turns the lone seaman to his guiding star;
And to that great Being, who is mighty to save,
Whose power stills the tempest, whose strength rules the wave,

I will breathe one petition, and offer one prayer
To keep thee from sorrow, from guilt, sin, and care;
And at last, that thy spirit may tranquilly rest
At home, with its God, in the realms of the blest.

Dedicatory Hymn.

BY REV. H. D. GANSE.

Sung at the dedication of the Madison Avenue Lecture Room,
March 2d, 1875.

FATHER of lights, and Thou, atoning Lord,
Thou, too, blest Spirit, only Source of grace,
Upon these walls Thy holy name record,
And with Thy presence hallow all the place.

No pomp of worship bring we here to Thee
From countless crowds, or pealing pipes and strings.
We rear a covert where our souls may flee,
To hide beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

A place where sighs may breathe, and tears may fall,
A place where griefs are soothed, and sins confessed;
A heavenly place, where Christ is all in all,
And aching hearts find solace on His breast.

A place secure, for infant feet to tread;
Where in the Sabbath calm our Lord may come,
To feed the children with the children's bread,
And point their footsteps to the children's home.

Then meet us, Father, with Thy look of love;
Hasten, dear Lord, with blessings in Thy hand;
Swift out of Heaven come down, O heavenly Dove,
And leave us never, while these walls shall stand.

Bring down, this very hour, Thine angel guests—
Thy peace, Thy love, the joy of sin forgiven;
And mark the Bethel where Thy ladder rests—
This house of God, this open gate to heaven.

HOME MISSIONS, No. 2.—L. M.

Thou gracious Lord, Eternal King,
The heavens above thy glory sing;
So may the earth her voices raise,
And sound aloud Jehovah's praise.

Then let the Church in all this land,
Protected by thy mighty hand;
Present her daily sacrifice.
In temples pointing to the skies.

There God, the Father, shall be known,
And worship rendered to the Son.
And to the Spirit praise be given,
Who purifies the soul for Heaven.

Thou Holy Spirit of the Lord,
Send forth thy truth thy saving word,
With power divine at thy command.
To every home in all the land.

Oh! let the churches now awake;
Throughout the land for Jesus' sake.
With mind and will and means complete,
Till all shall sit at Jesus' feet.

This Mission land, so vast, so great,
Demands much work in every State;
Great harvest fields already white,
To these, the reapers we invite.

Oh! Jesus, Lord of all this land,
Send reapers forth at thy command.
Yes; reapers, now, lift up your eyes;
Fruit, unto life, shall be your prize.

Dear Jesus, Master, Lord of all,
We would obey thy righteous call.
And yield ourselves, and all we have,
To thy great work, lost souls so save.

Wayside Service.

BY ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH.

When shall I learn the Master to obey?—
That service lies along the daily road,
Wherein the soul may hold its upward way,
Through all the hours on wonted cares be-
stowed.

Forget not now, my heart,
Those many days when, as the Son of man,
His blameless life on common tasks was
spent;

Nor from the world apart,
And held within the all-embracing plan,
While he about his Father's business went.

By Joseph's side he uncomplaining wrought,
As other laborer might for laborer's wage.
He, Son of God, no loftier service sought,
Than such as may the lowliest one engage.
Rejoice, O heart of mine!

Break out in song!—there is no menial task,
No work but promise has of large reward,
With peace and hope divine;
Nor once forget, in all ye do or ask,
That servants are not greater than their
Lord!

—N. Y. Observer.

HOME MISSIONS, No. 1.—7s.

Messiah's Reign.

Great Messiah take thy sway,
Let the Church thy call obey;
Lead thy host, thou mighty King,
Then thy praise all tongues shall sing.
Marshal all thy forces now,
To thy scepter all must bow,
Ride in conquest through the land,
Guide thy forces by thy hand.

Wake thy Zion, God of might,
Let her shine in beauteous light.
Wake her up to greater zeal,
Till thy work her hands shall fill.
Oh for hearts to work for thee,
Oh for eyes the work to see.
Jesus, lead us to thy field,
Armed by faith, with sword and shield.

Christ, the way, the truth, the life.
Call thy Church from worldly strife;
Hear! the Master calls to thee,
"Work to-day, and work for me."
Oh, for grace to meet thy call,
Humbly at thy feet we fall,
Blessed Jesus we would be.
Near thy side and follow thee.

Let thy people now awake.
To the work for Jesus' sake,
Lamps all burning, lights all bright,
Shining forth with heavenly light.
Then we'll go at thy command,
With thy truth through all the land;
Saving truth to every home,
Bidding all to Jesus come.

Gracious spirit of the Lord,
Send thy truth, thy saving word;
Let the darkness of the land,
Disappear at thy command.
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Triune God in whom we trust,
Power to save from thee must come.
Bring, oh bring, lost sinners home.

WHAT SHE COULD.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

In a quiet and darkened chamber,
Shut out from the happy sky,
And the pleasures that make it so sweet to live,
And make it so hard to die,—
Lay one with her meek eyes heavy,
And her hands on her heart a-strain,
Because she could do no more, than bear
Her burden of hopeless pain.

On the pillow of sleeping childhood,
Harassed with the wearing day,
A mother emptied her tired arms,
And dropped on her knees to pray.
A sob to her lips kept rising,
That her strength had but sufficed
For the needs of home, when all the while,
She had wanted to work for Christ.

At her seams, through the long, long summer,
One sat with a drooping head,
And sighed as she thought of her fresh, young life
Just slipping away for bread.
But the tear that dropped on her needle
Held in it a prayer:—"Ah, who,
Dear Lord, hath labored so little for Thee,
And there is so much to do?"

"They perish for lack of knowledge:"
'Twas a maiden heard the call;
And the sacredest things the soul holds dear,
She freely renounced them all,
To sit with the dusky Hindoo,
In her sad zenana's gloom,
And tell her the story of Bethlehem,
The manger, the cross, the tomb

And yet unto each, as she suffers
In patience, and prayer, and trust,—
As she ministers, lavishing life and love,—
Or toils for her daily crust,

LOVE'S WARNING.

BY MRS. GEORGIA HULSE M'LEOD.

"Is the young man safe?"—2 SAMUEL XVIII, 29.
O BROTHER, brother, stay thy hand!
Touch not the glass, I pray,
'Twill lead thee, dear, in paths of sin,
From home, love, far away.
We two alone are left to-night
Of all the household band—
Some sailing on the stormy sea,
Some in the better land.

'Tis scarce a year ago, beloved.
When, with her dying breath,
Our mother blessed her youngest born—
O love, strong e'en in death!
Her dying eyes were turned on thee;
Then was thy promise given
To follow where her footsteps led
To live for God and heaven.

Canst thou forget that dying prayer,
That dying look of love?
As if she saw thy promise-words
Safe registered above.
Her trembling hand was on thy head,
Her words came low and sweet—
"Father Almighty, keep him safe
Till in Thy home we meet."

Safe! safe, alas! thou canst not be,
Wandering as thou art now;
The fiery draught has left its stain
Upon thy heart and brow.
Oh, stop! think, ere it be too late—
Too late forevermore!
Turn back with me from haunts of sin
To home's dear sheltering door.

O God, bring back the wanderers
To shadowed earthly homes;
Oh, speed the day with tidings glad,
That Thy pure kingdom comes.
Blot out Rum's curse from every land,
O'errule all earthly powers.
Thine shall the praise and glory be—
The joy and blessing ours!

Baltimore, 1880.

COLORADO STATE.

BY T. O. BIGNBY.

In the lookout towers of the nations to-day,
Gazers, solemn, and wise, and gray—
Searching the fields of their visions keen,
Searching if aught that is new may be seen,
Suddenly pause, and, with glowing eyes,
Carefully scan the Western skies,
They sagely peer through the mystic air
That shrouds the "Plains" so broad and fair;
Through the purple tints that softly lie,
On mountain tops, sublimely high,
Through the burnished gold and ocean blue,
That radiant, wondrous, beauteous hue,
Which tints far Western skies with light,
Strangely pure and heavenly bright.
They gaze through these to the brown and
gray,
Of the plains and mesas, and still away,
To the dark blue shade and purple deep
Of the Rocky Mountains, grand and steep!
And as they gaze, these mountains high,
These broad gray plains and mesas high,
The rivers, streams, and valleys sweet,
Together blend and strangely meet,
And form a grand and radiant State,
Named COLORADO, bright and great!

THE CENTENNIAL HYMN.

The following Hymn, written by John G. Whittier, will be sung at the opening of the great "Centennial Exhibition" to-day:

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and thee,
To thank thee for the era done,
And trust thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by thy design,
The fathers spake that word of thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toll beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good will.
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

O! make thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

The only remark we make on this production is, that we are surprised that a man possessed of Mr. Whittier's admirable taste and fine feeling, did not see the impropriety of introducing a name which originated in heathen fable, in a hymn of praise to the One living and true God.

SAINTLY WOMEN.

BY REV. I. N. TARBOX, D.D., IN THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

With gentle looks, and hearts made calm by sorrow,
I see them moving on their earthly way,
They wait, in patience, what may come to-morrow,
Faithful to all the duties of to-day;
They watch around the bedsides of the dying,
And soothe the sufferers with their quiet cares,
They seek the homes where new-born grief is crying
And mingle service with their silent prayers.

The bloom of youth—the blush of early roses,
Has faded, long ago, from off their cheek,
But in its stead, a holy peace reposes,
A heavenly beauty, angel-like and meek:
The mirth and song—the choral of the dances,
Have died away amid departed years,
The eyes look upward now, with loving glances,
And death itself is shorn of all its fears.

It is the same old, ever-blessed story,
Of holy women clinging round the cross;
They had not seen the Lord's transfiguring glory,
But they were with him in his shame and loss;
Around his grave, with ointments and sweet spices,
They hovered, as the birds about their nest;
For love, like theirs, dies not in cold surmises,
But kindles courage in the humblest breast.

The costliest service human hands can render,
Comes without cost—is never bought and sold:
It flows from human hearts, by love made tender,
And moves above the purchase-power of gold.
On the same paths where selfish greed is stalking,
Rating all virtue at a market-price,
These saintly feet unselfishly are walking,
To comfort pain and heal the wounds of vice.

Then tell me not that earth is wholly barren,
While these angelic souls still linger here;
Sweeter than roses in the vale of Sharon,
Are their kind deeds, besprinkled with a tear,
And heaven itself above their path is bending,
To watch their acts of mercy, day by day,
And angel bands are on their steps attending,
To shed a glory o'er their shining way.

Jewels versus Bread.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

BY REV. J. E. STEELE.

[Lady musing.]

"I cannot dress in rich attire,
Nor can I costly jewels wear;
I've seen the widow in her room,
Feeble, and pale, and in despair,
And at her side, and at her feet,
Are children with no bread to eat.
I've seen, and felt, and wept, and said,
Oh, what are gems compared to bread!
The smallest jewel that I wear
Can keep that household from despair:
For Jesus' sake I give it free,
For Jesus gave Himself to me."

"The hungry, starving, ask for bread;
Oh, Lady, spare that little gem,
And think of God's great gift to thee—
The Saviour born in Bethlehem;
And He has placed before thy door
His hungry, starving, dying poor.
And, Lady, He has said to thee,
Thy love to them is love to Me.
Then heed thy Saviour's loving word,
And with thy jewel serve thy Lord.
Thy gem, when turned to bread, has power
To feed the poor in sorrow's hour."

WEST MILTON, N. Y., January 5, 1874.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

They stood alone, our Pilgrim sirs!
Behind, that waste of ocean;
Mid wintry wilds, lit Freedom's fires,
To God paid their devotion;
The roof which arched them was the sky,
God's light upon their faces;
Their prayers lifted and praises high;
Made glad the desert places!

They stood alone! They left behind
The work of kings and sages;
One perfect thought within their mind,
The bloom of all the Ages;
One perfect thought: That man is man,
His Father, God above him!
No king nor priest to mar His plan;
They worship best who love Him.

They stood alone! God in them stirred!
The seed-corn of the nations;
Through faith in Him the step they heard
Of coming generations!
They see the forest wilds give way,
They see the desert blossom;
The harvests, with their golden ray;
Her gold gives up earth's bosom.

The prairies catch a richer bloom,
Where e'er their sons are sowing;
And famished peoples ask for room
To glean their overflowing;
Before their touch, the Golden Gate
Obedient back is swinging,
And there Pacific waters wait,
A hymn of welcome singing!

They stood alone! They walk in white
Upon the page historic!
No fracture there, no stain to blight
That simple structure Doric.
They builded better than they knew?
'Tis so of all God's builders;
His perfect plan they carried through;
Ah! that man's thought bewilders.

Their faith was better than our sight,
They knew the sure foundation;
They struggle forward toward the light;
God makes them, thus, a nation.
Content to be but stepping-stones,
Where the great Builder lays them;
Their simple faith He thus enthrones;
Their work, their work shall praise them.

—*Pilgrim Press.*

Manitoba Visited.

Is this the land upon whose name
My thoughts in early days oft pondered,
Can I believe this is the same
To which I now at length have wandered?

Is this the happy hunting ground
I pictured in my boyish fancy?
How strange the contrast I have found,
Tis changed as by some necromancy.

No more the noble red man roams
In quest of elk and moose and bison,
We see nought but the white mans' homes
Rising against the far horizon.

The plough upturns the virgin soil,
And fields of grain are densely growing
To recompense the settler's toil
And all the cares of spring-time sowing.

The telegraph and railway train
Are working wonders in their motion,
Linking as with an iron chain
The eastern and the western ocean.

My thoughts turn from the dreamy past
To active scenes now of the present,
And future times would fain forecast
With scenes of life e'en still more pleasant.

When all this wide extended plain
Shall teem with human habitations,
Where peace and righteousness remain
The strongest safeguard of the nations.

J. B. S.

TOILING ALL NIGHT.

BY MISS HATTIE NOYES.

"Master, we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing."—LUKE 5:5.

All night in the darkness toiling,
And seemingly all in vain,
In a land that sits in the shadows
Of sin, and death, and pain.

And our hearts sometimes grow weary,
Our thoughts are with sadness fraught,
For doubt and discouragement whisper,
"Ye but spend your strength for naught."

But the eye that never slumbers,
That watches the sparrow's flight,
Sees beyond the midnight darkness
The glow of the morning light.

So our faith and hope grow stronger
With thoughts of His boundless love,
And the darkness around us brightens,
In the light that shines from above.

For the Master will come in the morning,
When the long dark hours are past,
And the work that has seemed so fruitless
He will crown with success at last.

He knows all our trials and weakness,
But with Him is infinite power,
And His promise, "Fear not, I am with thee,"
Is ours in the darkest hour.

“TIRED.”

SOMETIMES, when the day is over,
And the shades of evening come,
I am *very worn* and *weary*,
Wishing I *were safe at home*.
Tired of all the day's hard struggle
And the busy cares of life,
With the anxious thought within me
Comes the wish to end the strife.
Then I hear the blessed promise,
Soft as angel's voice, and low :
“ *This thy mission, I will help thee,*
“ *Thou hast precious seed to sow.*”
Then the thought that *Jesus loves me*,
And I bow my heart in prayer ;
For I *know* the blessed Saviour,
Always comes to meet me *there*.
And a calm comes o'er my spirit,
Peace the world can never know ;
And the tired and weary feeling,
Far from me will always go.
Sisters! let us toil and labor,
Though the fruit we may not see,
And our service for the Master
Will our *greatest pleasure* be.

December 11th, 1872.

E. W. T. E.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

God of the nations, in whose sight
Are all who dwell on land and sea ;
We raise our song, we lift our prayer
To Thee, our Father's God, to Thee.
We praise Thee for our heritage
In this blest land of peace and light ;
We thank Thee, 'Thou did'st hear and save.
When dangers threatened dark as night.
More dark, more dense, than e'er before
Again the clouds of danger rise ;
From every point they gather fast ;
The land we love in peril lies.
From every nation, clime and tongue
Come heathen to our very doors ;
While thousands here would fain destroy
And drive the gospel from our shores.
From North to South the cry rings out ;
From East to West, from sea to sea ;
The work is great, the lab'ers few ;
Redeemer, Christ, we come to Thee.
Open our eyes to view the need—
Lift up our eyes Thy strength to see ;
Thou bring'st the people unto us ;
Help us to bring them, Lord, to Thee.

—Mrs. G. M. Lane, in *Tidings*.

THE PRAIRIE.

BY THOMAS FISHER.

TWILIGHT curtain'd the far-water'd plains of the west,
The landscape grew dim to the wanderer's eye,
All was still where the prairie-bird guarded his nest,
The sun's path was red o'er the place of his rest,
And the vapours that loom'd on the verge of the sky
Were bright as the hunter's dream'd land of the blest.

The bones of the bison were bleaching around,
The herds had lain down 'mid the wild-flower's bloom,
And heaven's wide coneave seem'd vacant of sound
Save where some lone prowler's fierce howl rent the
air,
The breath of the desert was fraught with perfume,
And the brief fly of summer in gladness was there.

I had sealed the steep cliff o'er the eddying wave,
Whence the love-martyr'd maid, in her beauty, had
 leap'd,

And encamp'd on a spot where the fair and the brave,
In the dust of the desert, all silently slept;
Where the Osage had dug, for their chieftain, a grave,
Where their hazel-eyed matrons in madness had wept.

The still heavens glitter'd with many a star,
The lone dewy desert grew darker and drear,
I shrunk in my robe, for my home was afar,
And my heart's sombre musings were blended with
 fear;
Kind sleep bless'd my eyes, such as wanderers know,
When their perils are sooth'd in oblivion of wo.

Deep visions stole o'er me, with tragic-wrought
 power,
Like glad sunset groupings of years that have past,
Restoring the magie of many an hour,
Too fleeting to tell, and too lovely to last.
Proud races of chieftains, their loves and their rage,
On the prairie's vast outline burst bright on my eye,
Like the song-storied glories of earth's early age,
Like a vast pictured legend portray'd on the sky.

The season's rich dramas of bloom and of change,
Each rife in its redolent beauty and prime,
Gave shadow and light to the bison's wide range,
And varied the still, pauseless fleeting of time.
The winter's hunt-scenes o'er the far drifted snow,
The fawn's happy frolics 'mid spring's blossoms past,
The flower-fly's flight in the summer sun's glow,
And autumn's sweet songsters, the lonely and last.

The hunter's gay smiles on his fond mother's breast,
His nurture, his gambols in life's happy morn,
The spells of his manhood's impassion'd behest,
The flash of his eye on his battle steed borne,
The victor's shrill joy, the still death of the foe,
The feats of the brave and the right of the strong,
Swell'd my heart with high pulses of joy and of wo,
But no prairie minstrel has told them in song.

How swept o'er the wild-grass the whirlwinds of war,
How the vulture for ages has nourish'd his brood
On the flesh of the proud and the fearless of yore,
Till the cliffs of Missouri were dyed with their blood.
Or how, when the autumn moon's tranquildest gleams
Gave wilder enchantment to beauty's kind glance,
The glad hunter, tranced in his heart's dearest dreams,
Seem'd to reap in life's fancies the joys of romance.

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